

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
THE GREAT EARL OF CORK



W. & L. G. & Co. N. Y.

"The Great" Earl of Cork.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS
OF THE GREAT
EARL OF CORK

BY
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'LIFE AND LETTERS OF ENDYMION PORTER'

'God's Providence is my Inheritance.'



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P R E F A C E

Most of us have been so long accustomed to think of Ireland as 'the distressful country,' the land of 'old, unhappy far-off things,' that we feel an incredulous surprise on hearing of a man who actually won name and fame in Ireland, and whose own fortune prospered while he shed prosperity around him.

By a happy chance we are able to become intimately acquainted with this exceptional man. In the diary which the piety of his descendants has treasured at Lismore, we can read how Richard Boyle thanked God for enabling him to do good works for the commonwealth, and prayed, 'God damn Redmond Fitzgerald for turning pirate'; we can see the kindly old man sending away an erring maidservant in his own coach, though no feeling of Christian charity could make him either forgive or forget the rough words of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and the injuries of the Earl of Strafford. We learn to smile at his hot temper, to aspire with his ambitions, to grieve with his sorrows, till, when we close the last page of the record of his life, we feel that we are bidding farewell to a familiar and honoured friend, rather than to a forgotten worthy, who loved and hated three hundred years ago.

In his own day he was called the Great Earl of Cork as invariably as though it were a part of his title; now his very name is forgotten, save when some Munster antiquary points to a squalid hamlet or a desolate seashore, and tells that here the Great Earl of Cork had his linen factories, yonder he

mined for silver, and there stood his sheds for curing pilchards, in the days when he had made the land to prosper.

In England he now is only known as the ancestor of sundry noble families: the Duke of Devonshire descends from his eldest son, and his third son is the ancestor of the Earl of Cork and Orrery, and the Earl of Shannon. From his eldest daughter is descended Lord Barrymore of Barrymore; from his second, Lord Digby of Geashill and of Sherborne; and from the third, the Duke of Leinster. Save in the pages of genealogists, the name of Richard Boyle is unknown to the public, and the few historians who mention him misrepresent his actions and misinterpret his designs. There is but one exception; Mr. Mahaffy, the editor of the *Calendar of Irish State Papers for 1629-32*, gives Lord Cork the credit for having been both a useful and an efficient public servant.

The Great Earl of Cork was not born great; he achieved greatness in the teeth of as many difficulties as ever faced a hero of romance. He was but an obscure young lawyer, 'without,' he says, 'a penny of certain income,' when the great Elizabeth opened his prison doors, and swore that she found him a man fit to be employed by herself, and that she would so employ him.

When once he had the chance of showing what he could do, Boyle's future was assured, and he served Elizabeth and her two successors so faithfully, that when Cromwell sheathed his sword after reconquering Ireland, he declared that had there but been an Earl of Cork in every Irish Province, the rebellion he had just crushed would never have broken out.

Boyle's good work in Ireland was still remembered in the days of the Restoration. John Evelyn then wrote of him as 'a person of wonderful sagacity in affairs, and no less probity,

by which he compassed a great estate, and great honours for his posterity.'

But although Boyle did compass a great estate and great honours, his ambition was not merely set on winning an Earl's coronet; he came to Munster resolved to show what the English rule in Ireland ought to mean, and to convert a country devastated by war and famine into a rich and contented portion of the Queen's dominions. Under his fostering care, comfortable farmhouses sprang up in the deserted valleys, lonely sea-bays were changed into harbours crowded with fishing-smacks and merchantmen, among the barren mountains were seen the glow of his iron forges, his water-mills and salmon weirs were found on every stream. In the eastern part of the Province he rebuilt the towns that had been ruined in the Desmond wars, and among the impassable western forests he founded the frontier towns of Bandon, Clonakilty, Enniskeane, and Castletown, to hold the settled country secure against the raids of the wild tribes of West Carberry and Kerry.

The hard usage which Boyle has received at the hands of modern historians is owing to their having merely reproduced the accusations brought against him by certain of his enemies, without troubling to inquire on what grounds these accusations were founded. Boyle was too strongly marked a character to go through life without making plenty of enemies; unfortunately one of the chief of these was the Earl of Strafford, and whatever Strafford said of Boyle was believed and repeated by Archbishop Laud. Considering that Strafford, when he arrived in Ireland as Lord Deputy, made no secret of his intentions of filling the King's purse from the coffers of the Munster millionaire, the charges which he brought against the millionaire as a means of extorting money should be estimated

at their real value. But neither Strafford nor Laud could really forgive Boyle for being a survival from 'the spacious days of Great Elizabeth.' The churchmanship he had learned in the sixteenth century pleased the Archbishop as little as the Tudor system of governing Ireland satisfied Strafford.

The only people who had a real ground of complaint against Boyle were the Irish Roman Catholics, for Boyle as a statesman was not in advance of his age, and religious toleration had not then been invented. Even with all our modern enlightenment, our rulers find it a difficult matter to deal wisely with the customs and creeds of primitive subject races, so we can hardly blame an Elizabethan ruler of Ireland for having little patience with Irish habits, and little reverence for Irish holy places, and honestly believing he was doing his best for his new subjects by forcing English civilisation, language, and religion on a nation that abhorred all three.

But Boyle's religious intolerance was not by any means so far-reaching as has often been imagined. It was only with the Romanist priests, and members of religious orders, that he had any quarrel, and the severity with which he treated them was rather political than religious, for priests and friars were always believed to be emissaries from the Queen's enemies in Spain or France. With the Roman Catholic gentry Boyle was always on the best of terms. They feasted in his house, while they jested on the duty of observing fast-days; they even carried practical jokes on their host so far as to inveigle him into witnessing a popish wedding; in fact, as true Irishmen, they found in their difference of religious opinions only a fresh reason for making merry.

But however much we may regret the severity of Boyle's handling of the Romanist priests, there can be no doubt of the wisdom as well as kindness of his government of the

English whom he settled in Munster. It has been said that the Elizabethan poor law introduced the principle of socialism into England. There was something of the same feeling always present in Boyle's mind. He expected his English tenants to be as keen as he was himself for the service of the commonwealth; the tradespeople were to be always on the look-out for new manufactures, the farmers for improved breeds of cattle, the trained bands to be drilled in readiness to defend the settlements. In return he, their ruler, provided them with grammar-schools for the children, with apprenticeships for the growing boys and girls, and with almshouses for the sick and old. They should all do their duty to the State with quiet minds, untroubled by anxiety for the future of their children or fears for their own old age.

The position of the Earl of Cork in Munster was indeed unique. English intruder though he was, he exercised a patriarchal jurisdiction as complete as that of a Celtic chieftain; his neighbours of both creeds consulted him as an oracle, and flew with pride on his errands; their daughters refused to marry till assured of the great Earl's approbation; his tenants carried their troubles to him with complete confidence in his paternal interest; the clergy obeyed him as they would have done a bishop. Wealthy, good natured, and domineering, he was the moving spring of all that was said and done in Munster for well-nigh fifty years.

There appears, however, to be an undefined suspicion in some minds that it was impossible that Cork could have honestly come by such enormous wealth. These critics forget that a new country gives the best chance to new men, and fortunes may there be made by energy and industry without needing the assistance of dishonesty. Boyle was so fortunate as to come to Ireland when it was practically a new country;

he was one of the earliest to develop its natural resources, and he reaped the reward of his industry and acuteness. His undertakings indeed prospered so amazingly, and his rise was so rapid, that he himself never considered it due to his own efforts, but devoutly ascribed his good fortune to Divine benevolence, and chose as his motto 'God's providence is mine inheritance.' But he was never troubled by any doubts of the honesty of the ways his wealth was come by. When in his will he gave the list of his lands, he set down after each piece of property the price he had paid for it, or the amount for which it had been mortgaged to him, and ends: 'Every half-year God by his great mercy and bounty hath and doth enable me, either by purchase, mortgage, or leases, to increase my livelihood.'

Land purchase in a new and sparsely settled country was naturally something of a speculation, and Boyle was always shrewd enough to look out for good bargains. He was a lawyer, and the letter of the law was sacred to him; but so long as the letter of the law was on his side, he never hesitated nor scrupled, and held on to what he believed to be his rights with the tenacity of a bulldog.

Yet, once the battle was won, he constantly discovered, with English inconsistency, that he was very sorry for his defeated antagonists, and, in his own words, 'like a kind fool' tossed them a fair share of the prize he had clutched at so savagely but a little time before.

The chief source of information about the Earl of Cork, his life and surroundings, is Dr. Grosart's selection from the *Lismore Papers*, in ten volumes, privately printed by permission of the Duke of Devonshire from manuscripts preserved at Lismore Castle.

The first five of these volumes contain the Earl of Cork's

diary from the year 1611 to his death. The other volumes, which constitute the second series, contain letters to the Earl from his family and friends, with, in many cases, drafts of his replies.

Lord Cork also wrote a short autobiography of which he was evidently proud, as manuscript copies of it appear to have been circulated among his friends, and are found in many collections, under the name of 'The Earl of Cork's True Remembrances.' It carries his history up to the year 1632.

The autobiographies of his children, Robert Boyle, and Mary, Countess of Warwick, the *Life of Lord Orrery*, by Morrice, and the *Lives of the Boyles*, by Budgell; the *Carew MSS.*, the *Betham MSS.*, the *Domestic State Papers* and *State Papers for Ireland*, *Strafford's Letters*, the *Verney Memoirs*, the contemporary *Pacata Hibernia*, and the eighteenth-century *History of the County and City of Cork*, by Dr. Charles Smith (edit. 1893), with Caulfield's *Council Book of Youghal*, and Dr. Hayman's *Handbook*, all help to fill any gaps left in the diary, and offer such a wealth of material to the student that the task of selection is well-nigh hopeless.

A sketch of the Great Earl's life and a series of beautiful portraits of the Boyle family will be found in the *Orrery Papers*, lately brought out by the Countess of Cork and Orrery. Her volumes carry the history of the first Earl's descendants to the end of the eighteenth century.

The spelling of the extracts from contemporary records in the following pages has, in most cases, been modernised. The Earl himself thought spelling a matter of so little importance that he would spell the same word in half a dozen different ways on a single page of his diary; it therefore seems most convenient to present his writings in a form that may let them be easily read by the general public. Antiquarians have the

most important of the originals ready to their hand in Dr. Grosart's folios.

I beg to return my best thanks to the Duke of Devonshire for his kindness in permitting me to have portraits at Lismore and Hardwick photographed; to Lord Frederick Fitzgerald for his leave to copy the portrait of Lord Kildare in possession of the Duke of Leinster at Carton; to Lord Barrymore for permission to photograph the portrait of Lady Broghill at Fota; and to Lady Cork for allowing me to take the portraits of the first Countess of Cork and the first Earl of Orrery from her *Orrery Papers*. I have also to thank Mr. James Penrose for his help in arranging for copying the Lismore pictures.

I wish also to express my sincere gratitude to the Earl of Shannon for the loan of books, and to Dr. Copinger for the loan of manuscript copies of the Earl of Cork's will and of his septpartite conveyance of property. Among many generous helpers in my work I have especially to thank the Rev. E. Barry, P.P., Mr. James Coleman, Mr. Denham Franklin, and Mr. C. M. Tennison for much useful archæological and genealogical information.

I have also to thank Mr. J. H. Ingram for the information, given while these sheets are passing through the press, that Richard Boyle was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, entering it in 1580. His brother John had entered it in 1578.

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CHAPTER I

FORTUNE MY FOE

1588—1599

‘Fortune my foe, why dost thou frown on me,
And will thy favours never greater be?
Wilt thou, I say, for ever breed me pain,
And wilt thou not restore my joys again?’

Old Song : Bagford Collects.

IT was midsummer eve in the year 1588. On the Devon coasts anxious eyes were straining to see the sails of the Spanish Armada, black against the sunset ; and away in Ireland the Lord Deputy was watching with even keener anxiety, lest any of the Irish chieftains whom he had threatened or bribed into submission should raise the flag of rebellion and welcome the Spanish invaders into the country.

On that ominous midsummer eve, a young Englishman landed in Dublin, coming, as he said, ‘to seek his fortune in a foreign land.’ Foreign indeed were the sights that met eyes used only to the peaceful hop-gardens of Kent and the venerable courts of Cambridge. The walls of Dublin were manned, as in time of war, with sentries watching lest Irish freebooters should carry their raids up to the very gates of the capital, and out through the gates were marching the stiff ranks of English pikemen, despatched to struggle through bogs and woodlands in chase of the agile Irish kerns who scorned their clumsy antagonists. High before the stranger as he landed towered

the purple mountains that girdle Dublin Bay, whose glens and moorlands were battle-grounds whence sometimes the English soldiers brought back Irish heads to blacken on the walls of Dublin Castle, and whence sometimes they never returned at all, swallowed up in the labyrinth of greenwood that kept the secret of their fate too well.

Even within the protecting walls of Dublin, the crowd must have struck the newcomer as strangely foreign : the inevitable old Irish beggar-women, minstrels, and jesters loitering wrapped in their great mantles, with their tangled hair half hiding their keen Celtic faces—minstrels or spies, who knows which they were, probably both, and thieves and murderers to boot, for they carried long skeens hidden under those convenient cloaks. A stranger had need to walk warily in Dublin in the days of Queen Bess.

But these loitering rogues were not the only Irishmen he saw as he passed along the narrow streets ; many gallant figures he would meet, wearing English ruffs and jaunty little English cloaks, nobles and gentlemen who had been educated in England, and seemed Englishmen but for a touch of loftier pride and a gleam of wilder wit than were to be met with even in Elizabeth's court : poor and proud, many of them come to Dublin to see if they could raise money on the lands of their forefathers, or bribe some government official to wink at their annexing the lands of their neighbours.

And these government officials, what a picturesque company they made, headed by burly, overbearing Lord Deputy Perrot, who men whispered had too much the disposition and the face of King Harry the Eighth to have come by the likeness by chance. Then there was the Secretary of State, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, who had seen the massacre of the Spaniards at Smerwick Bay, and who nowadays lightened

his political labours by translating Italian novels and discussing couplets with Ludovic Bryskett, the friend and tutor of Philip Sidney. And to Bryskett's cottage, just outside the city walls, came often Edmund Spenser, riding up from his Munster hermitage to compare sonnets with his host and talk over the plan of the *Faery Queen* with Sir Geoffrey, and perhaps to tell tales of his wild Irish neighbours to the veteran St. Leger, who lived hard by.

The keen eye of the young newcomer, Richard Boyle, must have watched the shifting pageant of Dublin life with some anxiety, for his purse held but twenty-seven pounds, three shillings, and at home in England were two sisters who depended on him; so it behoved him to catch Dame Fortune by the forelock, if he and they were not to starve together.

Poor though he might be, his father, Roger Boyle, came of a good old family, settled in Herefordshire since the days of the Conqueror, and most of the west country squires called them cousin.¹ But Roger Boyle had been a younger son, and bound to earn his living, so he had travelled eastward and settled at Preston near Faversham in Kent, and there he had found a bride, Joan, daughter of Robert Naylor of Canterbury, and two sons and two daughters were born to them. The second son, Richard, afterwards to be so famous, was born in Canterbury the 3rd of October 1566. He was but a child of ten when Roger Boyle died, leaving his widow little in the world but her four children, and yet a third son to be born soon after the father had been laid in his grave in Preston church.²

In spite of her small means, the widowed Mrs. Boyle managed to send her eldest son, John, to Benn't, or Corpus

¹ Humphry de Binville of Pixeley, Ledbury; Domesday Book; Grosart, *Lismore Papers*, 2nd series, vol. v.; Robinson, *Mansions of Herefordshire*, p. 94.

² Hugh, died in the wars in foreign parts unmarried.

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Christi College, Cambridge; and in 1583 when her second boy Richard was seventeen and had learned all the grammar a neighbouring clergyman could teach him, he succeeded in gaining a scholarship at the same college.

From Cambridge the elder Boyle took holy orders, and Richard was admitted to the Middle Temple, where the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir Richard Manwood, made him his clerk.

But Richard soon found that neither wealth nor fame were to be gained by drudging at a copying desk, and when his mother's death loosed the only tie that held him to England, he determined in his own words 'to travel into foreign kingdoms and to gain learning, knowledge, and experience, abroad in the world.'

Never has a new country been opened but young Englishmen have been the first to explore its resources. A hundred years ago they sailed to the East Indies to shake the Pagoda tree; to-day they rush to Klondyke or Rhodesia; in the seventeenth century they started for Ireland.

For the Ireland in which Boyle had landed was practically a new country, and he knew that there was plenty of work awaiting a pushing young lawyer. The English settlers there were busy suing out their Government grants of land or arranging purchases from the original owners, and when the strong hand of the Government prevented the native chieftains from deciding their differences by hard knocks, they were ready enough to use the English law to ruin each other.

A part of the island was already occupied by a civilised population who lived in good houses and tilled the soil and engaged to some extent in trade and manufactures, and in these counties English settlers, and Irish nobles who had been educated in England, owned stately castles, and lived much

the same life as ordinary English gentlemen. But these enclosed lands embraced but a small portion of Ireland ; the best part of the country was still covered with primæval forests, rich in furred beasts and wild honey and valuable timber, or stretched away in unenclosed plains of the greenest pastures in the world, where the cattle of a few half-naked herdsmen ranged at liberty. The Anglicised Irish were few ; the greater number of the small chieftains had little more breeding than the wild tribesmen who boasted to be of their kin and to share their rights over the lands of the clan. Outside civilisation had just penetrated so far as to show these chieftains, that when they could not snatch wealth by the strong hand, or accept it as a bribe, they had an excellent opportunity of making money by selling or mortgaging the lands which too often were not theirs at all, but the property of the tribe at large. Besides these lands offered for sale, the estates forfeited during the frequent rebellions could be purchased on easy terms from the Government, and Richard Boyle guessed that he might become a landed squire like his forefathers without needing a very long purse to help him.

The new country, it is true, could not rival the Kentish hop-gardens, or the Herefordshire orchards, but it boasted rivers rich in salmon and in pearls, seas teeming with fish, and mountains stored with gold and silver, copper and lead ; not, indeed, to be had for the picking up, but only waiting for the right man to come and develop them.

But although it might be a land of plenty, Ireland was certainly not one of peace. The English settlers had thought it quite a simple matter to decide the fate of those whose forefathers had owned the land : if they were wise, and submissive, the new possessors were ready to have them well dressed in English clothes and taught the English religion and

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made decent and comfortable in English fashion ; if they were so unaccountable as not to appreciate such opportunities for improvement they must go, vanishing as many another noble race has done before the march of an alien civilisation.

But the native population were neither disposed to alter nor to vanish, and the whole country, when Boyle entered it, was simmering with rebellion. No sooner was an explosion smothered on one hand than it broke out on another. The only distinctly visible leader was the Earl of Tyrone, but any day any chieftain might be found at the head of an Irish rising. English and Irish soldiers alike were half naked and half starved ; and while the wild Irish flayed and mutilated their captives, the English racked their prisoners in Dublin Castle or hung them alive in chains. There was, it seems, but one voice that ventured to protest that massacres were not diplomacy. Sir Geoffrey Fenton told the Queen and Council plainly that affairs in Ireland could not be 'carried on in just rule and frame' if there were 'too great an antipathy and dissimilitude of humour between a people and their governor.'¹ It is well to remember the name of the one humane statesman in Ireland, for Sir Geoffrey was destined in after times to be Richard Boyle's most beloved and trusted counsellor.

Into this new country came Richard Boyle, a good-looking young fellow of twenty-two, something of a fop in his dress, after the fashion of young men of his time : wearing a new suit of Milan fustian, laced and slashed with taffety, a rapier and dagger by his side, on his wrist a gold bracelet that was worth ten pounds, and two rings on his fingers ; one, a diamond given him by his mother on her deathbed, which he called his lucky ring, and afterwards bequeathed as an heirloom in his family ; the other a great gold ring given him as a

¹ Bagwell, *Ireland under the Tudors*, iii. 97, 158.

parting present by his godfather, Richard Boyle of Maisemore, emblazoned with the Boyle arms in gules and argent on a crystal. Further wealth he had none but the money in his purse, and, he tells us, 'competent linen and necessities, two cloaks, a doublet cut upon taffety, and a pair of black velvet breeches.'¹ To quote his own words again, 'I was but a younger son and a private gentleman' when 'it pleased the Almighty by His Divine providence to take me, as I may say justly, by the hand, and lead me into Ireland.'

Probably before settling down to look for work in Dublin, the young man made an expedition into County Meath, for there, in a splendid mansion that in old days had been the Abbey of Mellifont, lived Sir Edward Moore, a gallant Kentish gentleman who had been granted Irish estates in reward for his good services, and whose advice had first turned Richard Boyle's thoughts to Ireland. There Boyle made acquaintance with many fine folks and struck up a special friendship with young Lady Moore, Sir Edward's daughter-in-law.

On his return to Dublin he found yet another Kentish fellow-countryman, Anthony St. Leger, descended from a former Lord Deputy St. Leger, at whose house he met Sir Anthony's kinsman, the gallant Warham St. Leger, afterwards Lord President of Munster; so even at his first landing Boyle was not a complete stranger in a new country.

But at first he had to make his living as best he could, taking odd jobs of copying out memorials, or drawing up cases for more fortunate lawyers; but before long, his talent and industry made their mark, and he gained the post of Deputy to the Excheator General of Ireland, John Crofton.

It was indeed a prize for the young man to obtain a

¹ *True Remembrances.*

settled position as a Government official, but the work Boyle had to do was not of a sort to increase his popularity.

The office of the Excheator was to investigate and enforce the feudal claims of the Crown on forfeited lands, lapsed titles, and wardships, and it was natural that those who lost by these demands should be ready to accuse the Excheator's clerk of tyranny and exaction, and hint that those who fared better did so by having bribed Mr. Boyle to stand their friend. They also quickly suggested that Boyle could not have risen in the world so fast simply from his own merits, and that he must have brought forged letters to introduce him to Dublin patrons. Boyle's family friendship with Sir Edward Moore was a very simple answer to this accusation, and he was so little disturbed by the tattle of Dublin gossips, that he decided to make his home in Ireland, and sent over for his sisters to come and join him. The young ladies, however, did not remain long in Dublin; whether by the good services of St. Leger and Spenser, or by the power of their own charms, they soon found husbands, gentlemen of good property in the rich south-east corner of Ireland, Mary marrying Richard Smyth or Smith of Ballynetra, and Elizabeth, Pierce Power of Lisfinnon Castle.

Not far from the married homes of the Boyle girls lay the lands that had been granted to Edmund Spenser, and we cannot doubt that it was at Ballynetra or at Lisfinnon that the poet first saw a golden-haired Elizabeth Boyle who came over from her home in Hereford to visit her cousins. There he wooed her with sonnets, and on the sands of Youghal he wrote her name, and at last, in the old cathedral of Cork, she became his wife, and he dedicated to her that glorious Epithalamium to which we cannot but still fancy 'the woods of Mullah answer and their echoes ring.'

But these were Munster pastorals : away in Dublin Richard Boyle's history was less romantic.

The varied pieces of work that had fallen into his hands had given him clues to a great many secrets of politicians and underhand dealings of their followers, and guilty consciences began to fear that he knew too much for the safety of some people in power. He afterwards admitted quite candidly, that although he had made a collection of papers showing what great abuse and deceits were done her Majesty by a principal officer in the kingdom, he had no intention of making them public. It would have been absurd for a poor and unknown man to start a crusade on behalf of official purity, but when he was attacked he let out a good deal in self-defence that his enemies would have wished to keep concealed.

However, in 1592 it seemed an easy matter enough to crush this upstart young lawyer who knew too much for the peace of mind of his betters, and Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam threw him into prison on a charge of embezzling records. When questioned, Boyle said simply he thought the Deputy had some other purpose ; and certainly the accusation gave a convenient pretext for rummaging through Boyle's private papers, the search being committed to a man named Crosbie, who soon afterwards appeared in open rebellion against the English. When this very respectable agent had secured the documents incriminating his employers, Boyle was let out of prison on bail, but he was soon after rearrested on a variety of charges, ranging from having stolen a horse nine years before to being in the pay of the King of Spain !

He gives his own version of these proceedings in his *True Remembrances*. He says, ' When God had blessed me with a reasonable fortune and estate, Sir Henry Wallop, Sir Robert Gardiner, Chief Justice of the King, and Sir R. Bingham,

Chief Commissioner of Connaught, being displeased at some purchase I made in the province, all joined together by their lies, complaining against me to Queen Elizabeth.'

He was accused of having kept a wardship in his own hands; to which he answered that the ward was granted to him in reward for his services, and was killed in rebellion before he had profited £10 by him. It was further said that about 1594, one Rawson had failed to get his grant of land passed to him till he had paid such heavy bribes to Boyle that he found it cheaper to sell all the lands to Boyle outright for a very low price, and that when the council in England sent two letters to inquire into the case, Boyle bribed the messenger, Deane, with an annuity, to tear up the letters, and further gave Rawson a gold hat-band and eighteen gold and pearl buttons as a pledge that he would pay him £100 to conceal the matter; of which £100 he afterwards cozened Rawson. Boyle replied that Rawson had been discontented with certain lands granted to him, and had sold them to him in the ordinary way of business. It was true that letters from the English council had been destroyed, but the deed was done by Sir R. Gardiner's follower Deane, who was then encouraged by Sir Henry Wallop to join with Rawson in laying the blame on Boyle and blackmailing him, till friends urged Boyle to pay them their demands and get leave to go home in peace.

The peace he bought was not worth much. He was soon after thrown into prison for alleged contempt of court in not having entered his appearance in the council-book, and three other several times he was imprisoned on equally frivolous charges.

All these accusations and counter-accusations are profoundly uninteresting. Few people would care to ask with how much mud one obscure person spattered another obscure

person in the year 1592, were it not that some modern historians have implied that Boyle's early career was blackened by many unspecified crimes, and it is therefore well to rake up the old dust-heap for once and see how shabby and how unsupported the accusations against him were.

They say 'Love laughs at locksmiths.' Certain it is that in spite of imprisonment and examinations, Boyle found liberty and leisure enough during these troubled years to woo and win a wife for himself, and to gain a larger estate by love than he ever did by law. There was a certain Mr. Apsley or Annesley—people were quite indifferent in those days as to how names were spelt, and apparently as to how they were pronounced;—this gentleman, however his name was spelt, was a wealthy landowner in Limerick, and had two daughters, who, on the drowning of his only son, became co-heiresses of their father's estates. It was said by gossips that young Apsley had drowned himself, and that the suicide's property should have escheated to the Queen as his feudal superior, had not Boyle made himself useful to the Apsleys by concealing the real manner of the young man's death; but as the English council afterwards heard this charge, and laid no claim to the estates, it is probably only another of the lies that were invented to discredit Boyle.

One of Mr. Apsley's daughters had carried the estates of the Hospital or Preceptory of Awney, a foundation of the Knights of St. John in County Limerick, into the family of Sir Valentine Browne, one of the commissioners for settling Munster land grants.¹ The other daughter, Joan, the heiress

¹ There are differing accounts of the first owners of Hospital. Miss Hickson says the family of Brown were of old Anglo-Irish descent and hereditary wardens of Awney, and a Brown heiress brought the estates to Sir Thomas Browne, whose son John married Barbara, niece of Richard Boyle.—*Ireland in Seventeenth Century*, ii. 96.

of Galbally, it is said, was 'charmed by Mr. Boyle's conversation, and although her fortune was vastly superior to his, her indulgent father suffered them to marry.'¹ This marriage, as Boyle wrote, 'was the beginning of his fortune.' Her lands of Galbally were worth five hundred a year, and he suddenly found himself a well-to-do country gentleman, and connected with half the great people of Munster.

Yet fortune was still his foe : this gleam of prosperity was but a rift in the clouds. He married in 1595, and had one short year of married happiness ; then his young wife was laid in Buttevant church with her dead baby beside her.

Joan bequeathed all her property to her husband, but he had only obtained this time of comparative freedom by leaving bail for his return to Dublin, and on her death he was obliged to surrender himself there. He was at once committed to prison, where he remained till Burgh the Lord Deputy died, when the Council said Boyle's fate was no business of theirs, and he therefore assumed there was no reason for his remaining in jail any longer, and so departed home !

He tells us that he had by that time realised that his only chance of peace would be to go into England and justify himself at headquarters ; but his plans for the future were taken out of his hands, for in October 1698 'the general rebellion of Munster broke out, all my lands were wasted as I could say I had not one penny of certain revenue left me, to the unspeakable danger and hazard of my life, yet God preserved me, as I recovered Dingle and got shipping there which transported me to Bristol.'

The outburst of the rebellion, strange to say, seems to have been quite unexpected and found the English of Munster totally unprepared to defend themselves ; although they were

¹ Birch.

quite aware that the Deputy was put to it to hold his own in Ulster against the Earl of Tyrone, and that the Munster Irish whose estates had been forfeited in former wars were only waiting their chance to rise and recover their property. This chance came suddenly. The English army in the north suffered a crushing defeat, and Bagnal its leader was slain. Instantly Leinster sprang to arms, the south followed suit, and 'the English settlement of Munster melted away like a dream.'¹ Spenser and his wife escaped with their bare lives from the flames of Kilcolman Castle, but one child perished in the fire, and all their worldly wealth was lost. When every one fled, bail or no bail, Boyle naturally fled too. It is really laughable to find such an escape spoken of as 'breaking bail,' and if Boyle was a malefactor it is certainly odd that he should have chosen the Queen's court as his place of refuge!

When the Munster refugees reached England, they had to turn where they could for a living. The storm was so sudden that even those with money laid by, or with rich and powerful friends, were unprovided for their immediate needs, and Spenser died, if not absolutely of want, yet in the extremity of poverty. Even Boyle's courage failed. It seemed vain to fight longer against fortune: his wife was dead, her lands lost, there was nothing to call him back to Ireland, and he had made up his mind to return to his old drudgery as a clerk of the Temple, when his happy star brought him into the company of an old acquaintance of his undergraduate days, Anthony Bacon, and Bacon knew where a man from Ireland would be welcome, and introduced him to the Earl of Essex. Essex was at this time at the topmost height of court and popular favour; he had wrung from the Queen her consent to his expedition to Ireland as 'general of our gracious

¹ Bagwell, *Ireland under the Tudors*, iii. 304.

Empress,' and was now in the full tide of preparation. Lack of confidence in himself was never one of Essex's failings, yet even he was ready to hear the experiences of a shrewd man just back from that distressful country, and Boyle never forgot how 'his lordship very nobly received me.' Essex at once gave him work to do in 'issuing out his patent and commission for the government of Ireland,' and Boyle's Dublin enemies saw with dismay that the storms they had hoped would swamp him had only driven him to a safe harbourage in Essex House.

'Sir Henry Wallop,' Boyle writes, 'being conscious in his heart that I had sundry papers and collections of Michael Kettlewell's, his late under-treasurer, which might discover a great deal of wrong and abuse done to the Queen in his late accounts' (it seems that Crosbie had not secured all the dangerous documents when he ransacked Boyle's papers), 'and suspecting if I were countenanced by the Earl of Essex that I would bring these things to light, although I vow to God until I was provoked I had no thought of it,—yet he, to utterly suppress me, renewed his former complaints against me.'

So just when Boyle was beginning to draw breath from his misfortunes, he was once more suddenly attacked and conveyed close prisoner to the Gatehouse and all his papers seized. There in prison he remained till the Earl of Essex was gone to Ireland, and for two months after ; and now Wallop could not doubt that he had Boyle at his mercy ! Essex was safe out of the way, and Boyle's friends, witnesses, and relations, all were far across the sea, either reduced to poverty or fighting for their lives against the rebels.

But Boyle's courage and resource were not yet at an end : he was fighting with his back against the wall, and driven from one great person to another, he boldly appealed to the highest,

‘and with much suit I obtained the favour of her sacred Majesty to be present at my answers.’

The old accusations were now all brought up against him anew, and so ingeniously arranged, as to make it to the Queen’s interest to decide against the prisoner. If he were proved guilty, it might be possible for the crown to be the richer by fines to the amount of £2700, and the best part of the Apsley estates. For lack of his papers and his witnesses it was only possible for Boyle to meet many of the counts by a simple denial; but he made his denial boldly and forcibly enough to be heard, and carried the war into the enemy’s country by declaring he could reveal embezzlements by the treasurer¹ that would advantage her Majesty £40,000! And ‘if ever,’ he ended, ‘I had or corruptly received of Harry Chamberlain any horse, let me be hanged, and if ever I compounded to make a benefit by granting any of her Majesty’s lands, I am content to be hanged, drawn and quartered.’²

Did the great Queen’s thoughts fly back to the day when, young and friendless, she wrote on the window at Woodstock:—

Much accused by me,
Can nothing proved be,
Quoth Elysabeth prisoner.

Perhaps some memory of those days may have returned to awake sympathy for the prisoner who was holding his own against the world, with nothing but his wit and courage to back him. At any rate when Boyle ended his appeal, having, he declares, ‘fully answered and cleared all their objections and delivered such full and evident justifications for my own acquittal,’ the Queen swore a royal oath, ‘By God’s death,

¹ Sir H. Wallop.

² Betham MSS., quoted in Ware’s *History of Ireland*, i. 618, also Add. MSS., 19,832, f. 6 . . . 12.

these are but inventions against this young man, and all his sufferings are for being able to do us service, and these complaints urged to forestall him therein, but WE find him a man fit to be employed by ourselves, and WE will employ him in our service, and Wallop and his adherents shall know that it shall not be in the power of any of them to wrong him, neither shall Wallop be our treasurer any longer.' 'And hereupon,' continues Boyle, 'directed her speech to her Lords in her Council these presents, and commanded them presently to give her the names of six men out of whom she might choose one to be Treasurer of Ireland, her election falling upon Sir George Carew of Cockington. And the Queen arose from Council and gave order not only for my present enlargement, but also discharging all my charges and fees during my restraints, and gave me her royal hand to kiss, which I did heartily, humbly thanking God for that great deliverance.'

Can anything be more romantic since the days of Aventine and the Fair One with the Golden Locks! And, as the proper end in a fairy tale, the handsome hero, delivered from prison, was commanded to come to court. 'And it was not many days before her Highness was pleased to bestow upon me the offer of Clerk of the Council of Munster, and to recommend me over to Sir George Carew.'

Boyle's rise was so sudden and unexpected that it cannot be wondered that he devoutly believed that Providence had indeed taken him by the hand. Not one misfortune had he sustained that had not really worked for his good. If he had succeeded at the Temple, he would have lived the life of an ordinary London lawyer, but his failure sent him to Ireland: there he might have settled down as a comfortable country gentleman but for the rebellion that drove him to England; and in England he might have been forgotten but for the

persecution of his enemies obliging him to appeal to the Queen. Even the imprisonment that prevented him following Essex to Ireland also prevented his sharing Essex's fall, and kept him in England till he could begin his new career under the patronage of a much safer friend than Essex, the wise and valiant George Carew, a courtier who knew how to keep the Queen's favour to the day of her death, and a soldier whose stubborn courage wearied out even the spirits of Irish insurgents.

CHAPTER II

‘PACATA HIBERNIA’

1599—1601

‘ Were now the general of our gracious Empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword . . .’

Henry V., Act v.

WHEN Boyle landed in Kerry as Clerk to the Munster Council, he was no richer in coined money than when he fled to England at the outbreak of the rebellion. But he had arrived in England as a fugitive, a ruined landowner, and a prisoner who had broken bail ; he returned to Ireland buoyed up by the hopes and ambitions of the men who were resolved to create a new Munster. The history of the way in which they pacified Ireland was told by Carew himself in his *Pacata Hibernia*,¹ and although there are but two allusions to Boyle by name in that brilliant narrative, it makes us realise, as no other book but the *Faery Queen* can do, in what sort of times Boyle lived, what manner of men were his comrades, and under what teacher he learned the art of government.

This Munster war was but a fresh outbreak of the flames that had been smouldering there since the time of the great Desmond rebellion, and now had wakened to fresh life at the call of Tyrone and Red Hugh O'Donnell from Ulster.

¹ *Pacata Hibernia* was published under the name of Carew's son, Sir Thomas Stafford, but Boyle always speaks of it as Carew's book.

The English had hoped that Munster was pacified, when, sixteen years before, the luckless old Earl of Desmond had been run to ground by the English in a herdsman's hut, and his silver head struck off and sent to blacken on London Bridge. His only son, young James Fitzgerald, could see it plain enough from the window of the prison in the Tower where he was kept caged from his childhood. The poor boy was the Queen's godson, and as the true representative of the great Desmond name was a valuable piece of property, so the Queen saw that he was carefully educated, though he was as carefully kept a prisoner.

But away in Munster the Desmond clan cared little for the death of one earl or the imprisonment of his heir; a fresh head of the family was found in ‘the Sugan Earl,’ as he was derisively called, ‘the Earl of Straw,’ who had neither money nor wit, and was but a straw-puppet for the wily Earl of Tyrone to use as he chose. Yet against this puppet the resources of the English in Ireland were taxed to the uttermost, for behind him stood a greater than Tyrone—the shadowy form of Philip of Spain. ‘Spain,’ said a candid Spanish captain to one of Carew's officers, ‘Spain owes England something for encouraging the rebels in the Netherlands. Ireland matters little to us, but we like to pay our debts.’

In July 1599 Carew, the Lord President of Munster, ‘my faithful George,’ as the Queen called him, was threatening the Irish fortress of Carrigfoyle in Kerry; and there Richard Boyle joined him, and did not come empty-handed, for he writes: ‘I bought of Sir Walter Raleigh his ship called the *Pilgrim*, with which I took a freight of ammunition and victuals, and came in her myself by long seas.’

At Carrigfoyle Boyle took the oath of his office, and was, he says, ‘made Justice and Quorum through the Province.

And this was my second rise that God gave me to my fortune. As Clerk to the Council I attended my Lord President in all his employments.'

Very varied employments these were, and although Boyle was too prudent to record his share in them, we may be assured that he helped Carew to choose the russet jerkins which enabled his soldiers to steal over the hillsides unobserved by their keen-sighted enemy; that he was present at the secret meetings, and wrote the secret letters by which Carew sowed dissension between the jealous Irish chieftains; that he drafted the terms of negotiation with the Spanish invaders and rode near the Lord President when he surveyed the fortifications of Dunboy and was nearly carried off by a cannon-ball. Boyle had not, however, the glory of entering on his duties at the storm of a fortress, for strictly speaking the Lord President did not lay siege to Carrigfoyle at all. Its keeper was wise enough to take warning by the storm of the Castle of Glyn, five miles off, and surrendering his post, was richly rewarded, and kept his oath till a convenient opportunity arrived for breaking it.

And so the Munster campaign dragged on. The Irish swore and were forsworn. They broke their word to Spain, to England, to each other. They fought like heroes and lied like Cretans, and still the grim figure of Carew moved forwards, negotiating, bribing, fighting, and at last annihilating, without haste and without rest. And through the dripping woods of oak and arbutus and yew, up glens knee-deep in Osmunda fern and across moorlands knee-deep in heather or in snow, the russet-clad English soldiers dragged their guns, till one grey robber fortress after another surrendered or was stormed, and now stands forgotten, an empty shell over-looking an empty sea.

And all this time, this same grim Lord President Carew was writing back sentimental letters to her Majesty at Greenwich. ‘When I compare the felicities which other men enjoy, with my unfortunate destiny to be deprived of the sight of your royal person . . . I live like one lost to himself and wither out my days in torment of mind!’ The rough draft of this effusion among Carew’s papers is even more ecstatic and gives ‘divine’ person instead of ‘royal’ person!

And the Queen answers: ‘My faithful George, how joyed we are that so good event hath followed so toilsome endeavour, laborious cares and heedful travails you may guess, but we can best witness, and do protest that your safety hath equalled the most thereof,’ and so on, epistle after epistle! Raleigh cynically comments on Elizabeth’s tenderness: ‘The Queen thinks she wants George Carew. Let her have George Carew!’

Indeed valentines are cold compared to such correspondence, and yet these preposterous compliments do not strike one as entirely insincere. During her long reign Elizabeth had set herself to personify England with such success that in addressing her Grace with religious fervour, her subjects merely felt they were using the ordinary language of loyalty and piety. Britannia had not then taken her place upon our pennies. In the sixteenth century there was no need for a helmeted lady with a trident to typify England, and poets hymned the ‘Virgin thronèd by the West’ with a fervour that in our less romantic days seems to verge on absurdity, if not on impropriety, and felt no shame.

In the year 1600 the Queen determined to try if it would be possible to make use of the feelings of loyalty usually cherished by the Irish for their hereditary chieftains, to pacify the unhappy country. Young James of Desmond was brought

out of the Tower and received at Court, and then despatched to Carew under the charge of a sober, discreet gentleman, Captain Price, to see if a boy earl might not be as much to the taste of the Munster Geraldines as an Earl of Straw. But although the poor bird was let out of his cage in pretended liberty, Carew had him by a leash, and was given absolute power by Cecil either to make him or mar him as would be most to the English interest. Boyle had an important part to play in this experiment, but he discreetly left it to Carew to relate as much of the secret service business as he thought well, and said no word himself of his employments.

As soon as young Desmond arrived in Ireland Carew put him under Boyle's care, and knowing that the Clerk of the Council would keep a sharp watch on such an important charge, ventured to let the young Earl leave the English headquarters and travel into the disturbed districts to try his fortunes among his own people. Boyle preserved no private record of this journey. He reported only to Carew, and it is only Carew's words that tell the story.¹

'The President, to make trial of the disposition and affection of the young Earl's kindred and followers, at his desire consented that he should make a journey from Moyallo² into the county of Limerick, accompanied with the Archbishop of Cashell and Master Boyle, Clerk of the Council (a person whom the Lord President did repose much trust and confidence in, and with whom he then communicated and advised about his most secret and serious affairs of government); and to Master Boyle his lordship gave secret charge, as well to observe the Earl's ways and secret carriage, as what men of quality and others made their address to him : and with what

¹ *Pacata Hibernia*, edit. 1633, p. 91.

² Mallow.

respects and behaviour they carried themselves towards the Earl: who came to Kilmallock upon a Saturday in the evening, and by the way and at their entry into the town there was a mighty concourse of people insomuch as all the streets, doors and windows, yea, the very gutters and tops of the houses, were so filled with them, as if they came to see him that God had sent to be that comfort and delight their souls and hearts most desired, and they welcomed him with all the expressions and signs of joy, every one throwing upon him wheat and salt (an ancient ceremony used in that province upon the election of their new mayors and officers as a prediction of fulness, peace, and plenty). That night the Earl was invited to supper at Sir George Thornton's, who then kept his house in the town of Kilmallock, and altho' the Earl had a guard of soldiers who made a lane from his lodgings to Sir George Thornton's house, yet the confluence of people that flocked thither to see him was so great as in half an hour he could not make his passage thro' the crowd; and after supper he had the like encounters at his return to his lodging. The next day being Sunday the Earl went to church to hear divine service, and all the way his country people used loud and rude dehortations to keep him from church, unto which he lent a deaf ear: but after service and the sermon was ended, the Earl coming forth of the church was railed at and spit upon by those that before his going to church were so desirous to see and salute him: insomuch as after that public expression of his religion the town was cleared of that multitude of strangers, and the Earl from henceforth might walk as quietly and freely in the town, as little in effect followed or regarded as any other private gentleman.'

That Sunday decided the future of the Queen's Earl. He

had no inducements to remain in his native land, and having been, Carew says, 'tenderly brought up in England, he did not well agree with the manners and customs of Ireland' (one is thankful to hear the tender mercies of the Tower of London had been so great); and being also bitterly disappointed at 'seeing how much he was deceived in his hopes, he desired the Lord President to give him leave to go into England, which the President readily did,' being much disgusted that the poor pawn had proved of no use in his game. James of Desmond gladly turned his back on his native land, his intriguing relations, and alienated clansmen; but the doom of the Geraldines was on him, and the only home he found in England was under the English sod. Possibly the hardships of his life in Ireland had been too great for the town-bred youth to survive for many months, but most men believe that scene at Kilmallock church was the deathblow of the last Desmond as surely as if his clansmen had stabbed him with their daggers.

In reading the records of those times, it is startling to discover that James of Desmond is not by any means the only Elizabethan who died of a broken heart. We picture them to ourselves as unscrupulous, reckless soldiers, as hard as iron, and as insensible as a millstone; and yet we find, among many others, a Lord Deputy of Ireland, Burgh, who died of grief at the loss of a foster-brother who had rescued him in battle at the cost of his life; Sir Thomas Norris, President of Munster, who was believed to have died of disappointed ambitions; and, perhaps saddest of all, young Roger Hervey, Carew's cousin and right-hand man, who died at Baltimore, 'his heart being overwhelmed with an inundation of sorrow and discontent' at some blame laid on him by the Lord Deputy for the mismanagement of his artillery. Do not these passionate Renaissance figures breathe the very atmo-

sphere of Shakespeare's plays? Alas! it was even whispered that *Measure for Measure* had been played in real earnest in Munster, and the Lord President had taken the part of Angelo.

Fortunately Boyle was made of tougher fibre than his contemporaries: he bent before the tempests that broke them, and rose again triumphantly when the danger was past, and all he had to do with tragedies was to pay actors to perform them before him in the hall of his country house.

The Deputy and Carew had little time to regret the failure of young Desmond to pacify Ireland, for a greater danger was before them. In September 1601 tidings came that a Spanish fleet was on the sea, and that Tyrone and Red Hugh O'Donnell were hurrying from the north to join their foreign allies.

The Spaniards established themselves at Kinsale, and the English leaders gathered what forces they could, and, encamping on the landward side of the town, while Captain Button guarded the entrance to the harbour, proceeded to besiege the invaders, although the English troops died off like flies in the wet Irish winter. Tyrone was an experienced soldier, and was well satisfied to let ‘General November’ fight his battles for him; but the climate suited the invaders as little as it did the English. The fiery Spaniards despised Tyrone's waiting game, and so persistently urged him to strike a decisive blow that at last he was obliged to yield to their desires and, against his own better judgment, offer battle to the deputy.

The Irish army was more hopeful than its general, and as they advanced, the soldiers were chiefly busy in discussing how they should dispose of the prisoners they were presently to take. But they found too soon that the English, whom they had imagined disabled by famine and sickness, were still

very ready to fight, and had, as usually happened, been warned by a traitor of the Irish intentions. Without waiting for Tyrone's advance, the deputy's troops charged, led by Lord Clanrickard and Marshal Wingfield. The Irish, unprepared for their attack, resisted but for a short time, and then turned and fled, many of them being so carried away by panic that they did not even wait to strike a blow.

The Spanish veterans in Kinsale, hearing shot and seeing banners advance, concluded that the Irish were on their way to join them, and sallied forth to find, to their rage and disgust, that their allies were fled, and the banners they had hailed were but captured trophies in the hands of the English.

The Deputy's victory was decisive: the Spanish officers accompanied their victors back to Cork, and found the comforts of civilisation and the society of their English enemies infinitely more to their taste than siege fare and the company of their Irish allies.

Mountjoy and Carew might rest on their laurels. Ireland was at their feet, and her last ally was weary of her. Tyrone led his troops back to the north, and Red Hugh sailed for Spain with the flower of the Munster Irish, there to lay his broken heart in an exile's grave. The general of the Spanish forces returned home to be received by his King with such coldness that his proud spirit could not survive the mortification, and he also died, yet another brave man sacrificed to the syren charms of the 'distressful country.'

The news of the surrender of Kinsale was sent off to England without delay; but Carew had no fancy to let the deputy's messenger, Sir Harry Danvers, be the first herald of victory. He himself must find a swifter envoy, and tell the tidings in a more romantic fashion if he were to keep up his character as Gloriana's lovelorn champion.

He had not to seek far to find a fitting man to do his errand. His clerk, Richard Boyle, needed no spur when he knew his haste might ‘catch the skirts of happy chance.’ Even in these days of steam we could hardly better the speed with which he crossed the Channel, rode post to London, and was the proud bearer of the good news to the English Court.

He tells in his memoirs, ‘I made speedy expedition to the Court: for I left my Lord President at Shandon Castle near Cork on the Monday morning about two of the clock, and the next day being Tuesday I delivered my packet and supped with Sir Robert Cecil at his house in the Strand.’

With the wind against him, Boyle might have waited three weeks or three months at Cork; but with a strong breeze in his favour it was quite possible for him to embark at two in the morning, and slip across the Channel to Bristol in twenty-four hours. The harbour was full of swift sailing-ships that were practised in making their best speed to escape pirates or to do a little piracy themselves, and one of them might well accomplish a feat which was equalled by the common sailing-boat that carried Mrs. Delaney in 1754 in thirteen hours from Chester to Ireland. Once arrived in England, relays of horses were easily got; Boyle would take the London road from Bristol, and riding hard all the next day, might well arrive in London by supper-time.

This feat was by no means unique. About fifty years later the Duke of Ormond left London at four o’clock on a Saturday morning, sailed from Bristol at eight o’clock on the Sunday morning, reached Waterford in twenty-five hours, and dined at his own house at Carrick at three o’clock on Monday afternoon.¹

When Boyle did reach London little time for rest was

¹ *Carte. Ormond*, i. 19.

allowed him. Cecil kept him in discourse, he says, till two o'clock in the morning, and woke him up at seven to attend him to Court, 'where he presented me to her Majesty in her bedchamber, who remembered me, calling me by my name, and giving me her hand to kiss, telling me she was glad I was the happy man to bring first news of the glorious victory.' Boyle had ridden his race to good purpose !

He continues : 'And after her Majesty had interrogated me upon sundry questions very punctually, and that thereon I had given her full satisfaction in every particular, she gave me again her hand to kiss and commanded my despatch for Ireland, and so dismissed me with grace and favour.' How the glamour lingered round the great Queen to the last, and how well Carew selected his messenger !

But Boyle's stay at Court, triumphant though it was, was a short one. There was still work on hand for Carew and his staff, and Boyle hurried back to find him preparing to reduce the last Munster fortress, the far-famed castle of Dunboy. But when the troops retired to their winter quarters in October, Boyle was once more despatched to Court to act as Carew's mouthpiece in the discussion of Irish affairs. The letter he carried from the Munster Council stated that 'Boyle, by his sufficiency and understanding of the country, is well able to give satisfaction.'¹ The country might be considered at peace, '*pacata Hibernia*,' Carew proudly wrote : others might sigh, 'They make a wilderness and call it peace.' Munster had now to be re-peopled, re-organised, almost re-discovered, and Carew understood that a shrewd man who understood the local conditions might be very useful to the English council.

But Cecil knew the slippery ways of the world too well to

¹ *Carew MSS.*, Lambeth.

give his confidence easily, and at first all the praise contained in the letters of introduction did not prevent Elizabeth's minister looking rather coldly on the plausible young lawyer. Boyle had powerful enemies at Court, who only spared him as long as luck was against him; and in spite of his good service in Ireland, he might have fared badly if his patron had not happened to be one of the few men whom the suspicious and lonely Cecil would trust.

The minister's affectionate letters to Carew, full of hints and cautions and wise suggestions as to how her Majesty was to be wheedled into doing what was wanted, give an extraordinary idea of the tension at which people lived in sixteenth-century England. Life seemed an endless game at dice. Poverty, dishonour, death, seemed to merely wait on a chance throw, while another chance might endow an unknown adventurer with wealth, rank, and power, everything that heart could desire in an age when desires were boundless. Boyle's future still hung on a mere thread.

In one of Cecil's letters to Carew, after explaining his latest diplomatic wiles with some pride, he made a passing allusion to Carew's messenger. ‘Boyle is accused by Crosby,’ he wrote, ‘for I know not what of cozening and concealing; one barrel little better herring than the other. Let me know therefore whether you would have him favoured or no. Truly this fellow seems witty.’¹

It was Crosbie who had rummaged through Boyle's papers a dozen years earlier, and though he had failed that time, he still hoped to find some fashion of ruining Boyle. Fortunately his enmity was so unconcealed that his accusations were rated at their true value. The Vice-Chamberlain, Sir John Stanhope, wrote to Carew, ‘for Boyle, there hath been great

¹ *Cal. Carew MSS.* (1602), p. 364.

working against him, and many means moved to put me in it, by telling me you were weary of him and would give way to any such course ; but I was loth to meddle in that kind with any under your protection, and now he is come, am satisfied not only to deal myself but to stop any other course against him I shall hear of.'

But it was not easy now to win the Queen's favour by a ready repartee or a graceful compliment. Elizabeth was grown old and irritable, and impatient of the greedy and time-serving fortune-hunters who filled her Court. She remembered Boyle no longer as the messenger of Irish victories, but as a shiftty lawyer who had never thoroughly cleared himself of a hundred and one petty accusations made years before. Luckily Carew's influence was great, and Stanhope was ready to keep him informed of the intrigues of Boyle's enemies. He wrote again on the 19th of November : 'I received your kind letter by your officer, Mr. Boyle, who hath been diversely assaulted here by such as would have shadowed their private malice with pretext of the queen's service, who indeed are hardly incensed against him. But their clamours ceasing to pursue him by some good course taken by himself and his friends, her Majesty, I think, will easily both forget and let fall any hard conceit she had of him. Myself was as much pressed as anybody to incense the Queen against him, the rather because the examination of his causes had been formerly referred to me. But the slight proof I then saw produced against him and your assertion of the trial you had made of him, made me unwilling to be made an instrument to punish one who perhaps otherwise in sundry services hath deserved well.'¹

The great Cecil soon became really desirous to help

¹ *Cal. Carew MSS.*, p. 393.

Carew's favourite and mollify the Queen. He wrote on December 22, 1602: 'Although I have not heard more general imputation thrown upon any man than there hath been upon this bearer, yet when it came to the point, I saw no man that could or would object any particular. Nevertheless, because it is not easy to put out of a prince's mind matter of accusation till there be some purgation, I have offered the Queen from him this much, that if any man shall hereafter come forth to charge him, he shall be ready to answer upon any warning. This did a little stay her, but it is true that none of all this could have so much swayed her judgment if it had wanted your testimony, of whose discretion she is so well persuaded. I do, therefore, now return him to you, better than he came in opinion of those that knew him not, which is much I can tell you, in our world. And now for myself, I must confess I have found him to be sufficient in all things wherein he hath dealt, for your own particular, both diligent and affectionate.'

If Boyle had succeeded in nothing else, to have won such words of approbation from Cecil was enough to send him home in triumph. But he had yet another success to score. Before he left Ireland, Carew had determined to give him all chances of making his fortune, and Boyle in his *True Remembrances* tells the story of how the Lord President 'propounded unto me the purchase of all Sir Walter Raleigh's lands in Munster, offering me his best assistance for the compassing thereof, which he really performed, for upon my departure for England, he wrote by me two letters, one to Sir Robert Cecil, wherein he was pleased to magnify my services and abilities, and concluded with a request that he would make intercession with Sir Walter Raleigh to sell me all his lands in Ireland, that were then altogether waste and

desolate. To Sir Walter Raleigh he also wrote advising him to sell me all his lands in Ireland here untenanted, and of no value to him, mentioning withal that in his lordship's knowledge, his estates in Ireland never yielded him any benefit, but contrarywise stood him in £200 yearly for the maintenance and support of his titles. Whereupon there was a meeting between Sir Robert Cecil, Sir Walter Raleigh, and myself, when Sir Robert Cecil mediated and concluded the purchase between us, and accordingly my assurances were perfected.' ¹

So having become the lord of forty-two thousand acres of land, and having won permission for Carew to return to England, Boyle, in January 1603, received his letters for the Munster Council, and kissed the Queen's hand for the last time: he never saw her again. Gladly he must have said farewell to the fading glories of Elizabeth's court, and turned his back on 'England and yesterday.'

And yet in after years it is not from Boyle that we hear of Elizabeth's suspicions or caprices; his memory only counted over the times she had given him her gracious hand to kiss and called him by his name, or dwelt on the glorious day when she swore to his disconcerted enemies that she found him very fitting for her service.

In Munster Carew welcomed Boyle with joy and bade him ride with him on his parting journey to Dublin, that, having provided his young friend with an estate, he might proceed to find him a wife. Boyle describes very quaintly how Carew 'dealt mighty noble and father like with me, persuading me that it was high time for me to take a wife, in the hope of posterity to inherit my lands, advising me to make choice of Sir Geoffrey Fenton's daughter, and that (if) I could affect her, he would treat with her parents to have the match between us.'

¹ See *Carew MSS.* i. 452, and *True Remembrances*.





Portrait of Catherine Fenton

Catherine Fenton
wife of Richard 1st Earl of Cork.

Sir Geoffrey Fenton was, as we have seen, the man above all others fitted to be a counsellor to Boyle in the new position he had won in Munster, and in England also he could exercise some influence, for he belonged to the Fentons of Fenton, in Nottinghamshire, and his mother was a Beaumont of Coleorton ; while through his wife, Alice Weston, he was connected with the powerful Lord Treasurer of England, who later rose to be Earl of Portland.

Before Carew sailed for England he saw Richard Boyle contracted to Katherine Fenton on the 9th of March 1603. Four months later the young people were married, and the Lord Deputy knighted the bridegroom on his wedding day at St. Mary's Abbey. Boyle himself records :—

‘The 25th of July I was married to my second wife, Katherine Fenton, the only daughter of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, principal Secretary of State and Privy Councillor in Ireland, with whom I neither demanded any marriage portion, neither had promise of any, it not being in my consideration ; yet her father, after my marriage, gave me one thousand pounds in gold with her. But that gift of his daughter unto me I must ever thankfully acknowledge to Almighty God as the crown of all his manifold blessings, for she was a most religious, virtuous, loving and obedient wife unto me all the days of her life, and the happy mother of all my hopeful children, who with their posterity I beseech God to bless.’

In after years Lady Clancarty told a pretty story of her grandfather Richard Boyle's first meeting with his future wife. How Mr. Boyle, ‘coming to advise with Sir Geoffrey Fenton and finding him engaged with another client, and seeing a pretty child in her nurse's arms, entertained himself with them till Sir Geoffrey came to him, making his excuse for making him wait so long. Mr. Boyle pleasantly told him he had

been courting a young lady for his wife. And so it fortuneed that sixteen years after it, Mr. Boyle made his addresses in good earnest to her and married the young lady.'¹

The story is none the less probable for being romantic. It was however but fifteen years from Boyle's landing in Ireland to his marriage, yet that was long enough to let the pretty child grow into a young woman, and long enough also to change a certain penniless Mr. Boyle into Sir Richard and a Munster landowner.

For all Carew's proud boast that he had pacified Ireland, life in Munster was seldom so peaceful as to be monotonous. Scarcely had Boyle returned to Cork after his betrothal than a messenger came riding south in all haste from the Lord Deputy to bring the news of Queen Elizabeth's death, and to proclaim the accession of King James.

Although the Clerk to the Council of Munster had not yet begun to keep a formal diary, he wrote a humorous little sketch of the opera comique proceedings that ensued.² For the Mayor of Cork stoutly refused to proclaim the new king. Some historians suggest that this outbreak of Cork independence was due to the merchants' irritation at the debased money forced on them by England, but according to the Lismore Papers the mayor and recorder said nothing at all about base coin, but a great deal about the poverty and absurdities of the Scottish king, and the rights of the Spanish Infanta to the crown, and 'delivered many decidedly rebellious speeches,' to which Mr. Boyle replied 'he marvelled they should break out in such a passion,' and Recorder Mead retorted that whether he himself broke out or not, many thousand men were ready to do it. So when the Commissioners from Dublin assembled at the High Cross with drums

¹ Evelyn, *Diary*, iv. 412.

² *Lismore Papers*, II. i. 1.

and trumpets to proclaim King James, they waited in vain for the City Fathers, who at last sent a message that they had no fancy for such haste in proclaiming the King of Scots; they knew well the very stage-players in England jeered at him for being the poorest prince in Christendom, and Cork had once before proclaimed a stranger, Perkin Warbeck, King of England, and gained little by such precipitation! And these were no idle words: the citizens flew to arms, while the mayor endeavoured to seize the forts that commanded the town. The Commissioners could but send off for help to the Lord Deputy and Wilmot the commander of the English army in Munster, and proclaim the King as best they might from a hill outside the city; while inside the mob burned the Ten Commandments and English Prayer Books out of the cathedral, and carried a crucifix in solemn procession through the streets. Then, having had their little holiday, and the Lord Deputy's army drawing near, ‘the mayor,’ writes Boyle in his report, ‘cast about to make his peace,’ and sent a formal complaint that Sir Charles Wilmot had endeavoured to surprise the city and ‘banish the crown of England,’ and entreating as a loyal subject for help against the English general's treasonable designs! The audacity of the message seems to have tickled the Deputy, and finding, Boyle says, ‘that Limerick and Clonmell did not run into such joyous ways as Cork,’ the authorities were content with hanging a few of the noisiest rioters and imprisoning Recorder Mead, who being then tried by an Irish jury, was pronounced innocent, and retired to Italy to live comfortably on a pension from the King of Spain, while the clerk to the council rode off to Dublin to his wedding, doubtless murmuring, like Browning's legate, ‘I have known four-and-twenty leaders of revolt.’

CHAPTER III

A NEW MUNSTER

The small property has a tendency to fall into the great one, as the small drop of water, as it runs down the pane of a carriage window, always joins the larger.—SCOTT.

WHEN Carew wrote that Ireland was pacified, he meant that the old Munster, with its forests and bogs, its fairies and saints, its wandering harpers and semi-regal chieftains, was to be swept away, and a clean, prosperous, commonplace province was to emerge, new created by English hands. This was the intention of the conquerors, but something, call it fate or romance or the genius of Ireland, was too strong for them; it was not Munster that changed, but the English settlers who changed, and became, the most of them, *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, more Irish than the Irish.

However, with the cessation of war, forests were cleared, towns were built, new industries sprang up, and trade flowed in at new seaports, while Boyle's estates grew round the nucleus of Raleigh's three seignories, till they reached from Dungarvon on St. George's Channel to Dingle on the Atlantic. The Munster gentry, impoverished by war, by confiscations, by hospitality and the 'Castle Rackrent' style of living, which was as common then as two centuries later, were, alas! only too ready to sell, and Boyle was always ready to buy. Equally anxious to sell were the English settlers who had been tempted over to people the desolated country, and grew weary of

waiting while the land commissioners discussed the validity of titles and the dimensions of grants, and were often thankful to fly back to England before starvation came upon them. Court gentlemen, such as Raleigh and Grenville, who had dreamt of dwelling in feudal state among their English settlers, had pleasanter business on hand in England than the drudgery of reclaiming the wilderness, and were ready to dispose of their land grants to the first bidder. When Boyle could not buy land outright, he was ready to acquire leases or mortgages ; any expedient was welcome that would enable him to fill up the gaps in the circle of his estates.

It has been the fashion among writers on Ireland to imply that Boyle spirited away the lands of his neighbours by some mysterious sort of double-dealing, but if they had taken the trouble to look at Boyle's own records, they would have discovered that no conjuring tricks were necessary to bring land into the market when it was mortgaged three or four deep, and that estates were hardly likely to command a high price when the title-deeds were either missing, or strongly suspected of being forged.¹

The most important purchase of land that Boyle ever made was the property he bought from Raleigh. These estates had involved their first owner in a clean loss of two hundred pounds a year, and it was obvious that matters could not mend while Raleigh lived in England, and left his Irish speculations to be carried out by agents. His brilliant and restless intellect could devise schemes enough to enrich fifty Boyles, but he sickened of the drudgery necessary to realise his own plans. The chance of finding wealth beyond the dreams of avarice doubtless lay in Munster, as Dr. Johnson said it lay in Thrale's brewery, but the fortune could be only

¹ For details of land purchases, see Appendix.

found if it was sought. Boyle indeed bought the land from Raleigh, but to the land he brought his own far-seeing designs, plodding business habits, wise expenditure, and careful thrift, and he became a millionaire by as inevitable a law as that water rises to its own level.

He signed the agreement with Raleigh on the 7th of December 1602, covenanting to pay the purchase-money in three instalments, the first £500 at once, £500 at Michaelmas 1603, and the last payment at Easter 1604.¹

But before the second payment was made Elizabeth was dead and Raleigh's star had set. His estates were declared forfeited, and as Boyle's purchase was only partly concluded, it was not at all clear who was at the time the actual owner of the property. Naturally, when there was any doubt, the Crown would not lose the chance of making money, and the king laid claim to the thousand pounds still due.

But Boyle was not inclined to leave Raleigh in the lurch and pay his thousand pounds to the King, for him to grant 'to some Scotchman,' as Raleigh bitterly put it. Sir John Ramsey, afterwards Earl of Holderness, offered to procure a full discharge of the debt for five hundred marks down, but Boyle, by going himself to London and spending £200, whether in fees or in bribes, succeeded in gaining permission to pay the money to Raleigh, which he said he gave to the prisoner 'in his greatest extremity, at one entire payment, before it was due.' In addition to the £200 expended in London, Boyle said afterwards that he had to disburse £3700 to clear entangled titles which Sir Walter, before selling the estates, had bound himself to do for the purchaser.²

¹ Hayman's *Guide to Youghal*; *Carew MSS.*, i. 452.

² Boyle to St. John; *L. P.*, ii. 2. 158-60. Boyle to Carew Raleigh; Smith, i. 85. *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, p. 175. See also King James's patent for all the Raleigh lands in Ireland, dated 1604, May 10, now at Lismore.

By extraordinary good fortune, this first property which Boyle bought in Munster was the easiest of development. Raleigh's grants lay where the river Blackwater opened a way from the fertile inland country to the harbour of Youghal, the seaport of Munster that lay nearest to England. In the pleasant town of Youghal Raleigh had lived whenever he visited his Irish estates, renting a pretty house in whose garden is still shown the arbour where he smoked the first tobacco brought into Ireland.

Before the days of Raleigh this house had been occupied by the Warden of the College of Youghal. The College was not a place of education, but had been founded, like the collegiate churches that are still found in England, to provide a body of clergy to officiate in the churches of the neighbourhood, the Warden, eight fellows and eight choirmen serving eight churches, and the College exercising large Church patronage and enjoying a good revenue. It is necessary to know something of the history of the College, for it afterwards came into Boyle's hands, and brought him more trouble than any other possession he ever acquired.

When other religious houses were being dissolved in the year 1597, the Warden of Youghal considered what he could do to save at least some part of his livelihood, and is said to have endeavoured to make friends for himself after the fashion of the unjust steward in the parable. He gave a long lease of the College and its lands to the Vice-President of Munster, in return for an annuity to himself and the fellows. He seems, however, to have made a very bad bargain, for the stipend granted was only £6, 13s. 4d. apiece! The pittance is so small, that either Warden Baxter must have received a private present to make the bargain worth his while, or the boasted

wealth of the College must have been lost during the war that had just ended.

After the vice-president, Sir Thomas Norris, died, the College buildings in Youghal passed into Raleigh's hands, and the Church patronage was granted by the Crown to Sir George Carew.¹ Boyle when he succeeded Raleigh bought the advowsons from Carew, and in 1607 succeeded in recovering the College tithes, which he applied to pay the salaries of the masters of the free school he was building in Youghal.

The Warden's house was too small for Boyle's hospitable housekeeping, and he decided to make his home in the ruined college, and although for many years he was only a leasehold tenant, he restored and rebuilt till he had converted the wreck into a mansion worthy of a Munster magnate.

His prudent father-in-law, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, advised him to take counsel's opinion as to the real owner of the College before he spent £2000 on restoring it. He was told that although the earliest lease granted by Warden Baxter to Norris was probably sufficient, it would be no harm for him to get a new lease from the existing representative of the College, and in 1605 the Warden and fellows very readily signed a new lease, relinquishing their rights to live in a ruin and serve a dilapidated church, for an annuity of £20 to the Warden and £10 each to the fellows.

But a few years later, Boyle tells us in his diary, the Warden admitted sundry 'turbulent and contentious men' to be fellows of his nominal College, who neither resided in Youghal nor did any duty there, and they disclaimed the agreement; on which Boyle, who knew very well what a law-

¹ Smith, *Hist. Co. Cork*, i. 56. Patent to Carew, dated Jan. 9, 1603. Boyle's patent, 1604. At which time Sir James Fullarton laid claim to the College as included in a grant to him of Church lands, but Boyle bought him off.

suit meant and always compromised a claim when he could, contented them by doubling their stipends and obtained new Letters Patent from the King.¹

But all this time he was busy building. Two stately quadrangles rose out of the ruins, one of them adorned by a fountain. Behind the College, the hill that sheltered it from the western gales was terraced into gardens 'extream pleasant,' with steps leading up by a pergola roofed with lead to a mossy well and a path running at the foot of the town wall that is still called the Earl's Walk. From it he could look down over the College courts, the spires and houses of the town, and the long strand of Youghal, away to the estuary, and watch his ships sailing in from the open sea beyond.

He did not spend all his thoughts on his own house: the splendid church of Youghal was well-nigh as dilapidated as the College, and he at once set to repairing it. The south chapel, known as the Chantry of our Blessed Saviour, belonged to the mayor and corporation of Youghal, and in 1606 Boyle purchased it from them to make it into a mortuary chapel for his family. The tomb he set up in it was not finished till the year 1619. It stands yet, splendid in many coloured marbles, supporting four life-sized portrait effigies, as well as small figures representing Boyle's children. Boyle is represented in a complete suit of richly ornamented armour, coloured in gold and russet, an earl's mantle of state hangs over his shoulders, and in his hand he holds the purse of the Treasury of Ireland. At his feet kneels his first wife Joan Appsley, dressed in a richly brocaded purple gown; at his head kneels Katherine Fenton, his second wife, in the state robes of a countess. Over each lady is an escutcheon of white marble impaling the Boyle arms, party per bend crenellé argent and gules, with,

¹ 1610. Hayman's *Youghal*.

for Appsey, barry of six argent and gules with a canton ermine in dexter corner, and for Fenton, argent a cross azure between four fleurs-de-lis sable.¹ At the top of the tomb lies the statue of Lady Fenton, in the ruff of Elizabethan days and a large straw hat.

The monument records the names of the seven younger children of the Earl of Cork, the names and arms of his sons-in-law, of his brother, Bishop John Boyle of Cork, and his sisters, Elizabeth Smyth and Mary Power.

When Boyle restored the Chantry at Youghal, he was careful also to restore the tomb of the first builders of the aisle and add the inscription—

HERE LIETH ANCIENTLY ENTERRED THE BODDIES OF RICHARD BENNET AND ELLIS BARRY HIS WYFE THE FIRST FOUNDERS OF THIS CHAPEL WHICH BEING DEMOLISHED IN TIME OF REBELLIO AND THEIR TOMBE DEFACED WAS REEDEIFIED BY RICHARD LORD BOYLE BARRON OF YOUGHALL WHO FOR REVIVINGE THE MEMORY OF THEM REPAIRED THEIR TOMBE AND HAD THESE THEIR PICTVRES CVT IN STONE PLACED THEREON IN ANO DNI. 1619.

Leaving Youghal, we must travel up the Blackwater to reach the place which Boyle chose to be his stateliest home in Munster. At Lismore the rude buildings of a primitive university had once clustered round the missionary church of St. Carthagh. The Danes, the wild Irish chieftains, and Norman barons had plundered and burnt Lismore again and again, and finally, in the days of the Desmonds the war had left the castle and cathedral mere heaps of ruins, and so they remained till they were purchased by Boyle from Raleigh.² Then the castle and its chapel were rebuilt, and plans made for restoring the cathedral and building a free school with lodgings for schoolmaster and usher, and almshouses for old

¹ Hayman's *Youghal*.

² See Pardon of Intrusion to Sir R. Boyle, dated March 1607.

decayed soldiers. In 1638 Boyle mentions paying the quarter's stipend to his Lismore almsmen and ordering frieze gowns for them all, and for three poor widows, besides paying the schoolmaster's salary. But the sorrows and anxieties that came upon him in those years appear to have delayed the building work, as in his last will, when he insured the endowment of the charities, he says the materials for the almshouses were collected, but only the foundations laid.

Lismore Cathedral, like the College of Youghal, had once owned the patronage of many surrounding vicarages, but the war that had destroyed the cathedral had left most of the churches in ruins, and the visitation of 1588 reported that, among others, Tallow had neither income nor vicar. Boyle restored the church of Tallow, and had it, he says, 'galleried round, which church I intend to bestow on the town,' and in 1631 he re-endowed it as a vicarage, at the same time as three other neighbouring curacies which had also lost their property during the wars.

The ruined town of Tallow had also to be rebuilt, and Carrigaline, on Cork Harbour, was greatly enlarged, but the new towns, of which Boyle was justly proud, were all built among the virgin forests of the west.

When Carew's army was marching against the western Irish, he found that 'a garron could not travel through those forests at more than six miles a day,' and the troops had to skirt the coast to find open ground to march over. Boyle at once saw the importance of the ford across the Bandon River, half-way between Cork and Bantry, and he bought an estate from the first settler, Captain Nuce, for £500, and added other lands as he could get them, and laid the foundations of his best-loved town on the bright salmon stream, and built

the famous Bandon Bridge with its six arches and quaint wooden balustrade.¹

In after years Boyle wrote to Secretary Coke with pride and a little pardonable exaggeration, as if he had been the earliest settler in those woodland glades. 'All that are judicial and have carefully viewed both and compared every part of them together do confidently affirm that the circuit of my new town of Bandon is more in compass than that of Londonderry, that my walls are stronger, thicker, and higher than theirs, only they have a strong rampier within, that Bandon Bridge wanteth.² . . . In my town there is built a strong bridge over the river, two large session-houses, two market-houses, with two fair churches, which churches are so filled every Sabbath day with neat, orderly, religious people as it would comfort any good heart to see the change and behold such assemblies. No popish recusant or unconforming novellist being admitted to live in all the town.' The 'unconforming novellist' does not mean a romance writer, but a member of one of the new eccentric sects into which the Puritans were splitting up. Boyle's letter goes on: 'The place where Bandon Bridge is situated is upon a great district of country and was within the last twenty years a mere waste bog and wood, serving as a harbour and retreat for woodkerns, rebels, thieves and wolves, and yet now, God be praised, is as civil a plantation as most in England.'³

Perhaps her inland position may be one reason why Bandon has not maintained her equality with her northern sister,

¹ See Bennett's *Bandon*, p. 5; also *Lismore Papers*, 1st Series, Nov. 1618, May 1619, July 1624, June 1630-1, for purchases from Becher and Gookin.

² Parts of the thirty-feet high town wall still remain. A bastion abuts on the river and another portion encloses Ballymodan Churchyard.—R. Day in *Cork Arch. Journ.*, 1902.

³ Smith, i. 215.

Londonderry, but for a while she held her own bravely, and her linen manufactures and her bellicose Protestantism were quite equal to those of the Londoner's settlement. Bandon men are said in a local legend to have carried their objection to Popish Recusants so far as to write up on their town gate

‘Jew, Turk or Atheist
May enter here, but not a papist.’

One morning a grim and apt rejoinder was found under the Protestant inscription—

‘Whoever wrote this wrote it well,
The same is written on the gates of hell.’

Even Bandon men could not get the better of their Celtic neighbours when the war was one of wits.

When Boyle passed to westward of Bandon, and built Clonakilty, he hoped it might become the capital and seaport of that part of County Cork, and it was incorporated so early as 1613 under a mayor or sovereign and a recorder. Boyle built a large church for the town, and its linen trade made it more or less of a commercial centre, but it never justified its founder's expectations. It does not appear to have been fortified, and Boyle's interest and pride in it never equalled his feeling for Bandon. One of the solitary mentions of the town in the Diary is in 1620, when Boyle wrote: ‘This day I perfected my deed to Humphry Jobson, his wife Margaret and William Jobson their cursed son, of the town and plough lands of Clonakilty for their three lives, reserving to me certain lands and tenements after twelve years are expired.’

Enniskeane, and Castletown Kinneagh, away inland among the mountains near the source of the Bandon river, are now mere villages, but no doubt at the time when Boyle founded

them he proposed that the triangle of English settlements, Enniskeane, Castletown, and Bandon, should act as a line of defence against that wild western country, where the peasants still point to the narrow chasm of the Leap River and say : ' Beyond the Leap, beyond the law.'

CHAPTER IV

A FAMILY PARTY

1603—1632

. . . his mother

Watches his steps with the eyes of the gods; and his wife and his children
Move him to plan and to do in the farm and the camp and the country.

KINGSLEY, *Andromeda*.

SIR RICHARD BOYLE and his bride made their first home at Youghal, and set about rebuilding the ruined college house and transforming it into a mansion worthy of the ambitions which were taking shape in Boyle's dreams.

Sir Richard's diary chronicles the purchase of fine furniture for the great house: a piece of tapestry for the long chamber cost £55; one bedstead was green and gold, another was parcel gilt with a quilt and curtains of tawny taffety, another bed was blue, and yet another had valances of black velvet. But there was thrift with all this grandeur, and Sir Richard gave 'the outside of a skarlett gown to make a counterpane suitable to my skarlett bedd.'

Sir Richard and Lady Boyle's own appearance must have been quite as gorgeous as that of their house: the list of splendid clothes sent over by Mr. Dobson, the London tailor, in 1604 and 1607 fairly dazzles the imagination.

'His worship' had a doublet and Gascony hose of satin at 14s. 6d. a yard, well stiffened out with canvas and lined with murray-coloured 'tafeta sarsenet.' Sir Richard's tastes were,

however, more rich than gaudy, and his cloak, although trimmed with silver fringe and buttons, was only marble coloured, lined with russet.

It was my lady who had many bright-coloured dresses. Mr. Dobson sent her a petticoat made of seven and a half yards of carnation velvet lined with four and a half yards of green say, and 'trimmed round seven times with silver lace and fringe.' This amazing garment cost £8, 11s. She also had an orange tawny petticoat trimmed with silver lace and lined with green baize, and also a 'bodes of whitt sticht taffita' that cost a pound, and was well stiffened with ninepenny worth of whalebone. These smart clothes were packed in a hamper, and another gown in a trunk that was charged extra, nine shillings. We can hardly believe that almost three hundred years have passed since those trunks arrived when we read the tailor's letter. We all know that tailor's excuses so well. 'I understand,' he writes in 1608, 'that you doe mislyke the fashion of the sleeve, but I do assure you it is the special fashion that men of your sorte do wear.' 'For my lady's kirtle sleeves and stomacher perhaps shee may think that I forgott myself that I did not lace the kirtle in silk and have lace at the skirte as well as I did the bodeys and sleeves, butt I did it because she may weare that kirtle with any other gowne or that gowne with any other kirtle.—My wyfe hathe sent my lady a little fallinge band to weare with her standing collar under her ruffe band, only to showe her the fashion.'

But on the whole Lady Boyle inclined to the same sober colours as suited her husband, tawny, murray-coloured, and black. One 'new years guift' that he gave her consisted of a 'murray-coloured satin petticoat that is embroidered, and an apron, that cost altogether £14.' One of her black velvet gowns was given to her by a tenant as a fine for renewing a

lease. Lady Boyle appears to have had her own purse, and did her own borrowing and lending among her cousins, although her careful husband kept the accounts for her in his diary.

Ready as Sir Richard's friends were to oblige him, one of them, Mr. Rowley, rebelled in very masculine fashion at being asked to select clothes for the family. His letter is quite pathetic in his vehemence. 'I have sent you by my brother-in-law, Mr. William Gilby, all such things as you desired me to buy for you except the cloak, which sort one tells me is out of fashion and needless here or in Ireland, all of which I have with as great care provided as if they had been for myself, assuring you that neither for myself nor any other I will not for more than I will speak it, undergo the like again ! Because they be full of trouble and things for the most part out of my knowledge, so that I am enforced to trust them who will be sure to deceive the wariest. [Lady Boyle] in her last wrote for a fan which I will shortly send her, but now they are not to be gotten at any rate by reason of my L. of Salisbury's installation, and other occasions. The sum these things amount to is £90 1s. 4d. My brother is a meer stranger in the country, and has come to dwell at Castle Haven which I have bought. I am in good hope to draw a good store of merchants to Munster.'

Among the English merchants who were encouraged by Boyle to come over to Munster was his goldsmith cousin, Barsie, of Plymouth. But Irish goldsmiths were still skilful with the deftness and artistic feeling handed down from the prehistoric days of the Tara Brooch, and the gold collars of the legendary heroes ; Boyle did not need to send to London for his wife's jewellery, but writes in his diary that 'I delivered to Mr. Ross to be made into a jewell for my wife, thirty small

diamonds and twenty-eight small rubies, which were set in a feather of gold, and at that time I delivered him thirty Orient pearls to be holed and six Irish pearls, which she wears in a necklace.'

There was no lack of festivities at which to show these brave clothes and jewels; weddings and christenings come thick in the records. Boyle's English cousins soon flocked over to share his rising fortunes, and Lady Fenton, who had been twice married, brought a tribe of relations to swell the family circle. She was the daughter of Sir Richard Weston, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and of good English descent, but her first marriage was with Hugh O'Grady, Bishop of Meath, 'a very honest zealous man,' Sir Henry Sidney called him, and a member of an old Irish family. By her second marriage Lady Fenton had but one son, William Fenton, who was much younger than Boyle, and seems to have always looked up to his brother-in-law with affectionate deference. He married an Irish heiress, Margrett 'neen' Morris Gibbon,¹ who was a ward of the Earl of Thomond. William Fenton bought the wardship of his bride for £1000, selling his manor of Clontarf and his house in Dublin to Boyle to raise the money, and was married at the College of Youghal in 1614 by Mr. Snoswell, the preacher.

Old Lady Fenton was to Boyle the most delightful mother-in-law possible, and took him to her heart as though he had indeed been her son. After Sir Geoffrey's death, she made her home in Munster, adoring her grandchildren, riding on visits with her daughter, helping Sir Richard to arrange his furniture, and laying wagers with him over his new apple-trees, till she died full of years and honour in 1632. She was

¹ 'Neen' was the feminine mark of descent in Ireland. A son would have been Mac or O'Gibbon, unless the Norman form of Fitzgibbon was adopted.

buried in Youghal church, where her effigy in a large hat crowns the imposing structure that Boyle erected over his family vault.

A son and heir was born to Sir Richard Boyle in the College House on the first of August 1606, and was christened Roger, in memory of the Boyle grandfather who died long years before in Kent. His godparents were his father's old companion in arms, Sir Allen Apsley, his uncle Sir Thomas Browne, and his grandmother Lady Fenton.

The following year a sister came to keep him company, and on Palm Sunday was named Alice after her grandmother. In all, Boyle was the proud father of seven sons and eight daughters, of whom almost all lived to grow up. It may be more convenient to give a list of them together.

Roger, born 1606. Died 1616.

Alice, born 1607. Married David, 1st Earl of Barrymore. Died 1668.

Sarah, born 1609. Married first Sir Thomas Moore, secondly Robert, Baron Digby of Geashill. Died 1633.

Letitia or Lettice, born 1610. Married George Goring. Died 1642.

Joan, born 1611. Married George, 16th Earl of Kildare.

Richard, 2nd Earl of Cork, 1st Earl of Burlington, known during his father's life as Viscount Dungarvon, born 1612. Married Elizabeth, eldest of the two daughters and co-heirs of Henry, Lord Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. Died January 15, 1678.

Katherine, born 1614. Married Arthur Jones, afterwards Viscount Ranelagh. Died 1691.

Dorothy, born 1617. Married first Sir Arthur Loftus, secondly Mr. Talbot. Died 1668.

Lewis, Viscount Kinalmeaky, born 1619. Married Elizabeth Fielding, daughter of the Earl of Denbigh. Killed at the battle of Liscarrol 1642.

Roger, Baron Broghill, afterwards Earl of Orrery, born 1621. Married Margaret Howard, third daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. Died 1679.

Francis, afterwards Earl of Shannon, born 1623. Married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir R. Killigrew, Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Henrietta Maria.

Mary, born 1624. Married Charles Rich, afterwards Earl of Warwick. Died 1678.

Robert, born 1627. Died 1691.

Also Geoffrey and Margaret, died infants.

In recording the birth of his children, Sir Richard was always careful to note under what planet their lives began, and the exact hour of the twenty-four. Horoscopes and nativities were calculated with care in those times—it would be interesting to know if any of the astrologers chanced to prophesy truth concerning the varied careers of Boyle's children.

After giving the full list of his sons and daughters in his *True Remembrances*, Boyle concludes :—

‘The Great God of Heaven I do humbly and heartily beseech to bless all these my children, whom he hath in his mercy so generously bestowed upon me, with long and religious lives, and that they may be fruitful in virtuous children and good works, and continue to their lives’ end loyal and dutiful subjects to the King’s Majesty and his heirs, and approve themselves good patriots and members of his commonwealth, which is the prayer and charge of me their father in the 67th year of my age, 1632.’

In 1613 Sir Richard was sworn Privy Councillor for

Ireland. He had been Privy Councillor for Munster since 1606.

He had now plenty to occupy him both in Dublin and Munster, and to his hurried journeys up and down Ireland we owe the few letters that are preserved from Lady Boyle. Good as her handwriting was, she was not much of a letter writer and had her little jokes about the bad spelling which shocked her accomplished husband. Yet my lady's spelling is no worse than that of most people of her day, and a great deal better than that of her lord and master in his diary. The little letters she wrote on the rare occasions when they were separated, are so sweet and womanly, that we must almost regret that the husband and wife were so seldom apart that very few of these love-letters were written. As Lady Boyle made such a point of her spelling, it would be ungracious to modernise it.

LADY BOYLE TO HER HUSBAND, 1604.

‘MY OWNE GOOD SELF,—I had ouste set pen to my paper to writ you a challinges of unkindnes for not writing unto mee, but when I remembered the foundatan of your good nature, from which all kindness doth floue unto me, I withdrew my hand, and do contenneally pray that my desearves maye never be any cause for you to restren your wonted loue to mee, and will by God's help strive as much aganct any thought which may hinder the meres of your loue tourward mee as the strength of my weake capassiti can attane unto. It doth much glad mee to heare from you, but I protest there is nothing in the world that would more reioys mee then to see you. And thearfore good sweet heart, for the time that I am depriued of your company which I hope will be but shart, let me heare from you, and let mee know sartynty in your next letter when you

will come downe, and so being in hast I rest from Dublin the X. of April your assued louing wife, Kathrn Boyle. I sent to Mr. Leger for the mony and he brought me forti ninepences, but I would not receve them. I pray you commend me to my sister Smeeth and my brother, my ungel James, Mr. Wally and his wife, my cosen Seggorson [Seckerstone?], my brother William, my cosen Richard Boyle, and all my friends. I pray you remember my cosen Morgel his money.'

(Probably the ninepences were some of the base money which was to be recoined. Carew wrote about this time to tell Boyle that silver Horn pennies were not current in England.)

LADY BOYLE TO HER HUSBAND, 1609, Dublin, March 18.

'MY OWNE GOOD SELF,—I know it will much amuce you to see me so forword in writeing for you weare wount to impute my slackenes in writting for a gret faute unto mee. But becace I am not emploded in commonwelth bisness as you are which I will axcept for a excuse although I thought that all the bisness in the world would not have made you to forget your poure scab I have written these fu lines as my aturneiese to soliced a answare. so knoing that there needes no matter of seremony betune us I will comprehend all in this owne word that I loue you, for which thinge I hope I needs not to make my pen the mesinger of my heart to assure you of it, and so I reste and will remain your ever loving wife Kathern Boyle.

'This letter was of my owne speling and threfore I pray you all the imperfections that are in it rather wink at them then loke intoo. My cosen Apsli [Apsley] hath sent me a hogcet of whit wine which wee wil drink for his and your sakes. Sir John Douddol was heare and made great brages

that he would complain of you for sewing¹ for him, and pray you to remember him, for my father hath undertaken to get anything of my Lord debetui [Deputy] that you will spi out for him in Mounster. I hope you will bestow Ardmour upon him for his good servis. I pray you commend me to all my good friends in Mounster.'

This letter doubtless refers to certain Raleigh lands at Ardmore, which an army officer, Sir John Dowdall, held, and refused to surrender. But the stout Sir John was not a rich man and was the father of twenty-four children, so Boyle had only to exercise a little patience, and in 1614 he was able to buy Sir John out, and remain on friendly terms with him in spite of his 'brages.'

Boyle chronicled all his journeys to and fro with care, saying, 'I began my journey in the name of God and lay the night I left Lismore at Clonmell, the next at Gowran, the next at Kilcullen, and the next in Dublin.' He must almost have lived on horseback in those days, but Lady Boyle also had her little jaunts to tell of, and how, after being in Cork for the christening of Bishop Boyle's little Katherine, she and Lady Fenton rode on to Bandon, returning to Cork next day. Her next letters are dated fourteen years later, but they begin as before, 'My own good self.' Added years, and sorrows, and joys only knit this married pair the closer together. She now had married daughters to send news of, and an earl for a son-in-law, and her letter is addressed, 'To my best beloved the Earl of Cork this to be delivered.' The Boyle fortunes had flourished.

¹ Doubtless 'sueing.'

THE COUNTESS OF CORK TO THE EARL,¹ Oct. 1623.

‘MY OWN GOOD SELF,—hearing of this bearer by chance I thought it fit to let you know that my daughters Barry and Lettice I thank God are I hope now past the worst. The rest of the children are, blessed be God for it, in good health. The Lord preserve both them and us so still. John Pyne is now very dangerously ill of the small-pox in the house. He is so unruly that I much fear his recovery. I have here enclosed sent you a letter I had from Crosby touching Dick. I sent him word to keep the child from cold, and to get Mr. Goden to teach him at my Lady Parson’s house till your return home. [Dick was now eleven, probably it was fear of infection of small-pox that kept him off at Lady Parson’s house at Youghal.] So praying the Almighty to send you a safe and speedy return home, and to bless us with a joyful meeting in all health and happiness, I rest as by my duty I am bound, yours to command till I die.

KATHERIN CORKE.

My mother commends her love to you.

Lismore, this 22 of October, late at night.

These later letters are dated from Lismore Castle, for Youghal was not long the only residence of the Boyles in Munster. The ‘Dick’ alluded to is the second son, named Richard after his father. He was born at Youghal in 1612. His christening must have been sufficiently dignified, for the great Earl of Thomond rode over to stand godfather, with Sir Richard Aldworth of Newmarket, who had married a distant cousin of the Boyles. The godmother was a niece of Sir Geoffrey Fenton’s who had married Sir Laurence Parsons,

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3, 75.

Boyle's trusty friend, and his right-hand man in most matters of business and politics. He was at one time attorney-general of Munster, and was also receiver of Youghal, where he rented Sir Walter Raleigh's house from Boyle. There was a good joke against him one Christmas when he brought a handsome present to Sir Richard of three dozen buttons of goldsmith's work, and behold the 'buttons were japes that proved but copper gilt and enamel'! Boyle wrote it all down in his diary, and we may be sure Sir Laurence was not easily allowed to forget it.

The Jack Pyne whom Lady Cork spoke of as having small-pox was the son of one of Raleigh's original Devon settlers, the man who was a thorn in the side of Raleigh, of Boyle, and of every ruler of Munster, till long years after Boyle's son Broghill threw him into prison to answer for betraying his countrymen to the native Irish. But Jack Pyne did not live to see that day. Lady Cork writes again to her husband:—

'MY OWN GOOD SELF,—I have received your letter on Friday night at supper which was both pleasing and joyful to me, pleasing because it came from you, joyful because it assured me of your health and safety, for which I heartily pray God long and happily to continue and increase. Jack Pyne departed this life the 23rd of this month, about nine o'clock in the morning, and was buried the next day at Mogeely church by his mother, for so his father desired. I have hear enclosed sent you some letters which myself and Mr. Whalley have received for you. My mother with my Lord Barry and the children who, thanks be to God, are in good health, remember their love and duty to you. So entreating you to believe that there is nothing in this world I more desire to

enjoy than your company at home which I protest shall be very welcome to me, in haste I rest your obedient wife,

KATHERIN CORK.

Lismore, this 26th of Oct. 1623.

That year there were great changes in the Boyle household. Sir Richard strongly disapproved of children being brought up at home, as he believed the inevitable petting would weaken both their minds and bodies. We know from his youngest son Robert's autobiography, that the babies were put out to nurse and cradled after the country fashion in a 'pendulous satchell.' It is quaint to imagine the future Earls and Barons hanging like Indian papooses to the beams of an Irish cabin, but the plan seems to have succeeded. Even when they outgrew their swinging cradles, they were not allowed to remain long at home. Alice, the eldest daughter, was but eight years old when she was despatched to Cork to be brought up under the care of the wife¹ of Sir Randall Clayton of St. Domenic's Abbey, Cork. Other little sisters followed Alice in their turn; and good Lady Clayton, who had no children of her own, took them all to her heart, while the girls loved her as a second mother.

But the journey from home of little Roger, the eldest son, was a far longer one. His father wrote in his diary, 'May 1613. I sent my eldest son, Roger Boyle, whom I beseech God to bless and prosper, from Youghal to my brother John Boyle into England, and with him William Supple my ward, under the charge of my servant, George Annesley, to whom I gave £10, and other £4 to bear the children's charges from the seaside to my brother's home.'

¹ Anne, daughter of Paul Herring of Exeter.

John Boyle was now a prebendary of Lichfield and lived at Stanmore ; he was a poor parson with a large family of boys and girls, and eked out his living by working a farm ; but he was a kindly, warm-hearted man, who doubtless did his best to make the little strangers feel at home. The following year Sir Richard Boyle was in England on political business and came to Stanmore to stand godfather to his niece Barbara Boyle, to whom he brought 'a double guylt bowle with a cover which cost me £7 sterling.' He considered that Roger and Will were now ready for a plunge into a wider world, and took them away with him to Deptford, where they were to attend a day-school, and board with their kinsman, Mr. Christopher Browne of Sayscourt.

Hard as old Lady Fenton found it to part with her eldest grandson, 'my jewel Hodge,' as Sir Geoffrey called him, it was a great pleasure to her to know he was in the care of the Brownes, and she wrote her approval of the plan in her own outspoken, warm-hearted fashion. Mrs. Browne was Sir Geoffrey's sister-in-law, the widow of his eldest brother, Captain Edward Fenton, who had sailed with Drake and Frobisher, a very valiant and accomplished gentleman, but choleric withal, for he clapped Captain John Hawkins into irons on a certain voyage, and further threatened to stab him, by which Captain Fenton lost court favour and had to retire into private life. He lies now, peaceful enough, in Deptford Church under a wonderful geographical monument erected to his memory by Richard Boyle. His widow, Thomasine Gonson, married as her second husband Mr. Christopher Browne, and was mother of the ambassador Sir Richard Browne, and grandmother of Mrs. Evelyn, who brought the Browne estates of Sayscourt to her horticultural husband John Evelyn.

Under the care of his kind great-aunt little Hodge began his school life and carried it bravely in Deptford. Mr. Browne's account-book tells of all that was provided for the schoolboy : his winter dress was a baize (or thick flannel) gown faced with fur, and for high days he had an ash-coloured satin doublet, hose, and stockings, with silk garters and roses to match, an ash-coloured, embroidered girdle, and a cloak of the same colour trimmed with poppins or squirrel's fur. A smart little silver-grey figure he must have been with his satin suit set off by a taffeta pickadel or ruff, and carrying his little sword in a green scarf. He wore out five pair of shoes in a year, and his book of French verbs cost sixpence.

The following Christmas his father sent Hodge and his cousin Dick Browne an angel of gold each as a token. These beautiful coins, stamped with a figure of the Archangel Michael, were Sir Richard's favourite presents to his children and grandchildren. Hodge did not forget his Irish friends, and wrote more elegant epistles than did his mother. The great Earl of Thomond was so well pleased with one of these schoolboy letters that he must have carried it over to Youghal, for it is preserved among the Boyle papers.

The little gentleman of nine writes with all the grace of an accomplished courtier :—

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I hope your Lordship will not impute it to negligence that I have omitted to salute your Honour with my first letter, it not seeming reasonable to commit that tender of my humble service to writing, which your Lordship being then so neere I was rather in dutie bound to performe by my personall attendance upon the same. So hoping in your honors favourable pardon, in prayer to Almighty God for the continuance of your Lordship's health,

I rest, desiring to become your Lordship's more worthie
servant and soldier,

ROGER BOYLE.

If it were not too much presumption to (trouble) your honor with the recomendations—humble duty to my most deare Father, my Mother and grandmother, I know, coming from your Lordship it would find much the better acceptance.

May 1615.

But this fair promise was to fade all too soon. Six months later came a letter from Mr. Ball of London, the godfather of Sir Richard's second boy, which the mourning father endorsed, 'signifying the moste sorrowfull news of the too soon and ever to be lamented death of my son Hodge Boyle.'

Mr. Ball writes very kindly, saying the little fellow had been a child of good disposition, and Mr. and Mrs. Browne took great pains and watched day and night over him, 'but all availed not, for his time was come and there is no doubt he is with God.'

Mr. Browne naturally wrote more warmly of his little charge :—

'When I consider so many towardly parts in him, so am I very much afflicted with the thought of mine own evil hap and misfortune, that in my house under my tuition it should so befall him.' Mr. Browne adds : 'His frugality may appear in this, that his sorrowful aunt hath yet remaining in a purse in gifts and tokens sent him, which he called his stock, above the sum of forty shillings.' Mr. Browne tells that a physician and apothecary were fetched by boat from London to attend on the child, and encloses the bill for the strange medicines with which they dosed him, cordial powders of unicorns' horns and bezoar stone, and then comes the account for the funeral

expenses, the white gloves given to his schoolfellows and sent to his cousins, John Boyle's children, the scutcheons and the black cloth that draped the pulpit, and the wine and 'confectured stuffs' for the banquet.

As soon as Hodge fell ill, Mr. Browne sent for Dr. John Boyle, who started at once to visit his little nephew, but met yet another messenger on the way urging him to hasten. The long letter which he wrote to Youghal when all was over must have carried some comfort to the sorrowing parents. He says :—

'I found the child in body much weakened, and in countenance altered strangely, yet talking with him and finding his sense, speech, and memory all quick and ready, I conceived hopes, as we are apt to hope what we wish, of his recovery and health. . . . After supper coming up to him again I found his speech and memory still perfect ; his devotion strange, breaking into his prayers of his own accord ; and only this cause of doubt more than before, a thicker and weaker drawing of his breath. In this he continued till ten o'clock at night, and then breathing out powerful comfort till he had power to breathe no longer, commended by many zealous prayers to God, under my hands, without the least resistance to death, sweet soul, he made a blessed exchange of this frail and sinful life, so dying as I never beheld infant more sweetly to fall asleep, than he easily and without pang or pain yielded himself to eternal rest.

'The physician is a gentleman very worthy, learned, and honest, and one that attended your child with his whole art, care, and carefulness. And for the care of Mrs. Browne, it was such and so singular, as being sickly herself, yet she continually attended him in her own person, lodged him evermore in her own chamber, and so nearly and dearly tended

him as never was mother more careful. It was strange to me to see such affection in strangers, and gave me undoubted assurances as of the child's sweet and winning behaviour as of their singular good and loving natures. For pretty Hodge, sweet soul, he hath left earth but gained heaven : he is gone from his native father, but gone on high to the Father of us all ; he is pulled from his mother's joy, but tenderly kept in the Lord's arms ; he is missing in his grandmother's bed, but blessedly reposed in Abraham's bosom. But I intended a letter, not a volume ; fearing therefore to seem tedious I take leave, and leave you all to the God of peace and of all true consolation, who comfort you daily with the grace of His Spirit, and prepare you more and more to the glory of His kingdom.'

Little Roger was buried in Deptford church near his great-uncle, Captain Edward Fenton ; and when his father was in England in 1628 a tomb was erected over him with an epitaph,¹ touching in spite of its dog Latin :—

H. S. E. Rogerus Boyle, Richardi comitis
Coreagiensis Filius primogenitus qui in
Hibernia natus in Cantis solo Patris natali
Denatus, dum hic Ingenii cultum capescit
Puer eximiæ Indolis, præcocitatem ingenii
Funere luit immaturo Sic luculenti Ter-
reni Patrimonii factus exhaeres, coelestem
crevit hereditatem.²

Dr. John Boyle travelled to Ireland the year after his

¹ 'Roger Boyle, eldest son of Richard, Earl of Cork, born in Ireland, died in Kent, his father's native land, where he was being educated. He was a boy of singularly brilliant parts, and he paid for the precocity of his intellect by an early death. Thus he lost the succession to a rich patrimony upon earth and obtained an inheritance in heaven.'

² Lodge's *Peerage*, Archdale's edit.

nephew's death. The poor doctor's luck seems to have been as persistently bad as that of his brother Sir Richard was good ; he could not even pay a visit to Youghal without being stopped by pirates on the way. Fortunately the pirates of the Irish seas were not all of the Teach and Blackbeard sort ; they did a little trading when the piracy business was slack ; and when they did stop a ship, they took their toll as genteelly as a Hounslow Heath highwayman would have done. So good Dr. John was quit for his fright and the loss of eight pounds in gold, which his brother made up to him on his arrival at Youghal. He could indeed ill afford the loss of eight pounds, for he had a hard struggle to live, and never would have been a doctor of divinity if Sir Richard had not paid his university fees, and sent him 'two brace of buck for his doctor's feast.' The open-hearted Irish hospitality made his visit at Youghal a memorable holiday time for him, and his gratitude to Lady Fenton is positively touching. He wrote to her when he reached home again :—

'Scarce anything in Ireland gave mee greater content than that, being of no neer alliance but in myself a meer stranger, unknown, unseen, undeserving, I was yet received of your Ladiship as a very worthy guest and accepted though most unworthy for your adopted son. And your ladiship's goodness cannot be confined within those narrow boundes of Ireland but . . . followeth mee even to my owne house . . . and not mee alone, which am but that half of myself which you saw there, but my wife also the other half which I left at home—and accordingly you have sent for me cassock and stockings, a covering from top to toe, and for her a large fine mantell, a couvering from the head to the heel. What is this, good Madam, but to cover all over and to compass round about with your favour, inwardly, outwardly, with fervent

affecon, with warm garments at home, here, there, everywhere, to have in mind and to do good. God, the fountain of all good, make to flow unto you daily the full current of His grace.'

No doubt Lady Fenton and Sir Richard had many a consultation over his brother's affairs. Sir Richard could not be happy till he had the best part of his relations imported to Ireland and settled around him, and it was clear that his first business ought to be to get Dr. John a good Irish appointment. Just at this time the see of Cork became vacant, and the Boyles and all their friends strained every nerve to get him the bishopric. Accordingly his name was laid before the King, and he himself journeyed to court in the autumn of 1617 to see what fortune he might win there. He wrote in November to report his adventures to his brother, and his experience gives rather a shocking view of the way Church patronage was exercised in the days of good King James. All began well: he arrived without mishap at the royal hunting-box of Royston, and the great Earl of Buckingham himself laid his name before the King, and James promised his favourite that Boyle should have the place, but first he 'would hear of his sufficiency.' So far so good: fair words and excellent intentions were never wanting to the British Solomon, and Dr. Boyle preached at Huntingdon with approval and applause enough, 'but the King came not, the old pain in his great toe was no little hindrance.' Yet the prince was there, 'and told the King that one Dr. Boyle had preached, and that the sermon was well boiled and concocted thoroughly, and the Bishops of Winchester and Durham also added their testimony,' and there the matter ended! Nothing more was said of Dr. John's appointment, and one of the King's chaplains applied for the place. So Dr. John, observing that

'promising in general to be thankful did nothing but hinder my suit,' decided to make himself friends with the unrighteous mammon, and went to a great lady and offered her a hundred pieces for her help! Whereon the great lady—her name is not given, but she was connected in some way with Lady Boyle—was very civil and even affectionate, but explained that she did nothing for nothing, and she must have five hundred pieces, or not a word on the doctor's behalf. Poor doctor! He says sadly, 'I told you before of a kiss; was not that kiss bitter sweet? And I protested against the new term pieces; had it not been better for me if we had kept the old word pounds?' Was this a jest on the relative value of coins, or did he imply that the great lady, like Shylock, demanded her pound of flesh? He explains no more, but tells that Mr. Browne of Deptford encouraged him to persist, and even offered to go security if Dr. Boyle had to borrow the money. And apparently the great lady got her money and did her business, for Sir Randall Clayton, being at court, wrote on the 28th of November to convey the joyful news that 'Dr. Boyle is now Lord Bishop.' Sir Richard of course paid all the fees necessary for his brother's institution, writing to Mr. Browne to advance £210, which was repaid the following May.

The new bishop was not able to enter upon his functions for nearly a year after his appointment; he waited till summer was over that he might get in his hay crop and dispose of his farm. He arrived in the autumn of 1618 with his wife and children, and bringing with him, in the good-natured Boyle fashion, the family of Mr. Hall, 'of long time preacher under me,' whom he hoped to provide for in Ireland. He wrote to urge Sir Richard to come to him as soon as possible, as he was overwhelmed with the complications of the revenues and rents of the see, and was also anxious as soon as possible to unite the

see of Cloyne with Cork, as Cloyne, the 'five mark see' as it was called, was too miserably poor to be held by any man alone. He succeeded in this endeavour, but it is the only act that marked his term of office. Good fortune had come to him too late; his health was broken by the struggle with poverty, and after two years he died. Sir Richard writes sadly in his diary for July 1620: 'My eldest and only brother, Dr. John Boyle, was brought dead from Cork and interred in my vault in my new chapel at Youghal. God grant him and me a joyful resurrection.'

Naturally, the care of Bishop Boyle's widow and children fell upon his brother. Sir Richard was equal to any amount of arranging and matchmaking, and they were all provided for in due time. It was hardly possible for a woman to remain long a widow in a time when the struggle for life was so unscrupulous, and Sir Richard, as the head of the family, only waited two years before he found a new husband for Mrs. Boyle, and chronicled with due solemnity: 'January 1622. My brother the late Bishop of Cork's widow was by me given in marriage to Sir William Hull, and married together in the study at Youghal by Mr. Goodwin.' This was a suitable and excellent match. Sir William Hull was a very great gentleman indeed: he was Vice-Admiral of Munster, and was now settled in the far west of Cork at Leam Con Castle, near Crookhaven. The fisheries there were worked by Sir William, in partnership with Boyle, and they frequently joined in other speculations.

Sir William was a widower, and it was not very long before there was a second link between the families, for his daughter Mary married her stepmother's son, Edward Boyle, and Sir Richard settled on them some of the lands forfeited by Teague O'Mahony in the Desmond rebellion.

Meanwhile Sir Richard's own family was increasing. On April 10, 1616, he heads an entry in his diary, 'Laus Deo,' and chronicles the birth of his third son. At this time a fine English gentleman, Sir Thomas Somerset, was staying at the College House, busy courting a great lady of the neighbourhood, and he was so grateful for Sir Richard's services in his suit that, when he returned to England, he sent his own servant all the way over to Youghal expressly to bring a covered double-gilt standing-cup as a christening gift for the baby, Geoffrey.

There is a tradition still preserved in Youghal that Geoffrey Boyle was drowned in the well at the end of the Earl's Walk, in the College gardens; but a letter from Mr. Whalley, the steward and land-agent, in January 1617, telling of the child's death, disposes of this tradition, unless indeed it had been let drop into the spring, and so caught a cold of which it died. Mr. Whalley says: 'It may please your lordship,—the Almighty God, in His great mercy to your lordship's younger son, hath been pleased, about two of the clock this afternoon, to give an end to his affliction, wherein the Lord hath showed His exceeding great love to the child in regard of the extremity of his misery endured with unexpected strength and quietness. The ladies have religiously given him up to the Lord who, without all doubt, hath received him into His bosom.' 'God make me patient and thankful to His Divine Majesty,' adds the bereaved father after the entry of the date in his diary.

NOTE ON CHAPTER V.

The children of Dr. John Boyle, Bishop of Cork, and his wife, Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Matthew Lucy, were :—

1. John, married Anne ———
2. Edward, married Mary Hull.
3. Barbara, married Sir John Browne of the Hospital or Commandery of Awney.
4. Mary, married Stephen Crow.
5. Kate, married William, son of Sir Robert Tynt.

The Earl of Cork's sister, Mary Boyle, married Sir Richard Smyth of Ballynetra, and had :—

1. Sir Percy Smyth, married 1st Mary Mead ; 2nd Isabella Ussher.
2. Boyle Smyth, died unmarried.
3. Katherine, married 1622 Fitzedmund Supple.
4. Dorothy, married 1st Rev. T. Burt ; 2nd Arthur, son of Mr. W. Freke of Sareen, Hants.
5. Alice, married 1st W. Wiseman of Bandon ; 2nd Redmond Roche. Mr. Wiseman was son of S. Wiseman and Katherine, eldest daughter of the poet Spenser.

The Earl's other sister, Elizabeth Boyle, married Pierce Power of Lisfinny Castle, and had :—

1. Roger, usually called Hodge.
2. Richard.

CHAPTER V

A MUNSTER RULER

‘Keep ye the law, be swift in all obedience,
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford ;
Make ye sure to each his own,
That he reap where he hath sown.
By the peace among the people let men know ye serve the Lord.’

RUDYARD KIPLING.

WHEN Boyle settled down at Youghal as a married man, he began the real work of his life. His ambition was not merely to found a family, and to make himself the richest man in Ireland: he was determined to make Munster a prosperous member of the British Commonwealth.

There are few exciting episodes in the story of steady industry by which he gradually became the ruling power in Munster. Only those who know the tact and energy needful to reorganise society and administer justice in a newly conquered country can appreciate the qualities which enabled Boyle to change the ravaged province into a land of peace and plenty.

In spite of Carew's victories, the life of a resident magistrate in Ireland was not quite that of an English justice of the peace; his duties rather resembled those of a sheriff in Arizona in the days of Apache Indians and cattle thieves. One time comes the curt entry in the diary, ‘Leg wounded, and robbed at Whitchurch’; and when he reported to Cecil that the country was tending daily more to stability, he had

to admit that the O'Mores and O'Connors had only refrained from the open warpath that they might make 'nightly stealths on their neighbours' flocks and herds,' 'from which,' he adds, 'these frontiers have not been free even in peaceable times.'

His neighbour, Sir Richard Aldworth of Newmarket, wrote him¹ an account of his judicial labours that reads like a page from one of Lever's Irish novels. Aldworth had been in the neighbourhood of Youghal without calling to visit Boyle, and he wrote to explain that all his time had been occupied by the riots of the M'Carthies. Donough M'Carthy had carried off fifty cattle belonging to his uncle, by order of the Court of Wards, as he alleged. The uncle procured a replevin, got himself and his friends sworn in as special bailiffs, and carried off sixty cows in return—not however from Donough, but from 'divers poor people who had nothing to do with the matter.' The Celtic ingenuity that procured orders from the Court of Wards, and the authority of writs, as a cloak for raiding, gave Aldworth plenty to do, and he lamented that his wings were so clipped by those in authority that he had only his own servants to help him to enforce justice. But as his very name counted for a good deal, he had to bustle about the country, and leave Lady Aldworth to support his dignity when he was from home. He wrote that he was now hurrying back with her to Newmarket, as, if he were too long away, 'it would be rumoured all over Kerry that I had quit the place, which would breed such an uproar as would not easily be satisfied.' In December he wrote again in high spirits at having returned 'from my extreme foul journey out of Kerry, where I have begun the reformation of the Irish habit, and executed

¹ *L. P.*, 1624.

by martial law Teige O'Dullany, the Leinster rebel.' Some kerns of County Limerick, who had fought with Sir Valentine Brown's servants, had escaped him, almost miraculously, and no one would betray who had helped them to get out of the country, but otherwise all was extraordinarily quiet for winter-time, only twenty-one cows stolen near Mallow, 'which cows were driven hard all night, and being very closely pursued, were recovered in the morning, tired, and placed in a glen, near an ancient suspected place in Barret's country.'

Boyle himself had to do some of the cattle-thief hunting, for his estates bordered on Condon's country, where the Condon clan held that stolen beef tasted sweetest. Sir Richard Aldworth had discovered this nest of thieves, but left them for Boyle to deal with, who wrote to the Lord Deputy from Lismore to tell how last night with six servants he had hunted Mr. Patrick Condon, and followed so hard as to oblige him to forsake his horse and swim over the 'great river of the Bryde,' and how pursuing him from place to place all night long, they caught him after a twenty-mile chase, and sent him off under a strong guard to Cork jail.¹

Sometimes there were cattle thieves to punish, sometimes there were pirates to hang, sometimes too voluble an Irishman had to be admonished to 'restrain his tongue and depart the country'; but whatever the assize list might be, the coming of the judges always filled Lord Cork's household with delightful bustle. He was proud to escort them round to his settlements, and spent five pounds on entertaining them at the first assizes ever held at Tallow. The judges' dinner at Youghal was more sumptuous still, as the Earl of Thomond contributed a monumental pasty made of a whole 'fatt stagg baked' for their entertainment.

¹ *L. P.*, Boyle to St. John, 1618.

This was all very dignified and regular, but at the petty sessions the crimes and the punishments were delightfully unlike the conventional calendars of English magistrates' meetings. Not only had interpreters to attend, to translate for the native Irish, but the punishments were often carefully chosen to suit the crime. There is an account in 1624 of how Boyle's ward, Will Supple, was assaulted by Jack Strongman (a most appropriate name), who 'gave him a sudden stroke with a cudgel, and maimed him.' So Lord Cork, in consultation with Lord Barry, Sir John Leeke, and Sir William Fenton, had the culprit 'into the study at Youghal, where kneeling, he delivered his sword and a cudgel to W. Supple to strike him if he pleased, and also a written and sealed acknowledgment of his fault !'

One of the most startling breaches of the peace recorded in the diary was committed by a lady, and a very great lady too, Lady Ellen Fitzgerald of Dromany, aunt of young Lady Fenton. 'It was on St. Valentine's day, 1622,' writes Lord Cork, 'that she went out with thirty armed men, and took Garret Fitzjohn prisoner, and carried him to the castle of Dromany, and terrified and threatened his uncle Tom.' As these gentlemen were Fitzgeralds, perhaps Lady Ellen considered she was exercising family or feudal jurisdiction ; but the authorities did not agree with her, and a pursuivant was sent to Dromany to call her ladyship to order. 'But,' writes Cork, 'he was not suffered to come within the gates. So I gave the pursuivant half a piece. But the last of the month the fat sergeant-at-arms came with warrant for her and the rest of her riotous servants.' The fat sergeant seems also to have succeeded in getting Garret out of prison, for in September of the same year Cork was helping him and his uncle Tom in their ploughing 'by reason of their poverty,'

lending them eight horses. Four years later Lord Cork writes: 'I first gave Garret Fitzjohn's second son of Camphire, two cows, and after distrained them for my rent of O'Kill, and now as a help I bestow on him other two cows'; an interesting example of how Boyle's ingenuity solved the Irish rent difficulty.

The domestic squabbles of the M'Carthies and Fitzgeralds did not however seriously disturb the comfort of the dwellers in Munster; on the whole the province seemed settling down into the quiet prosperity of an English county; but Carew's anxieties were awakened by the very progress of which the Munster rulers were so proud. He feared that the native Irish, in becoming more civilised, better educated, and better trained in arms, were not becoming more reconciled to the English rule, but only the more efficient enemies. There were fewer breaches of the peace because, forgetting their old feuds, they were uniting in enmity to England, and the long cessation of war had but left time for those idle younger sons to grow up, whom Spenser had found neither able to live quietly themselves, nor suffer their dependants to live quietly either, and who were now, it was rumoured, in constant communication with the exiled Irishmen in Spain.¹

In 1607 Sir Geoffrey Fenton wrote to warn Boyle of 'the daungers which the tyme doth threaten on all sides,' and advises 'you do so carrie your owne Tennents and followers, as they beinge furnished with armour and weapons may be hable to stand upon a firm keeping'; and busy as he was over his multifarious occupations, Boyle never lost sight of the importance of keeping his tenants well armed and drilled. He was a proud man when he had the opportunity of showing

¹ In 1624 Friar Florence M'Carthy, Superior of the Monastery of Timoleague, warned the deputy of Spanish intrigues in the west of Cork.

English visitors the result of his patient years of work. In 1622 Sir Thomas Penruddock, Sir Henry Boucher, and Dr. Price were travelling through Munster as commissioners to inquire into the condition of the Irish army, and Boyle welcomed them at Bandon Bridge and mustered his tenants before them, 65 horsemen and 564 foot, all English well horsed and armed, besides their leaders and officers. After the muster the Provost of Bandon entertained the great men at a banquet, and then they rode towards Kinsale, when 'Dr. Pryce's horse, by the discharge of a piece in his face, cast the doctor down, who had so dangerous a fall as he was a quarter of an hour senseless, and his memory was so for all that night. But the next day I thank my God he recovered and went to Cork, and the other two commissioners to Kinsale, and I defrayed all their charges at Bandon, £8.' A few days later the commissioners saw Boyle's Tallow tenants mustered, 720 foot and 215 horse, all English, well horsed and armed, and 'we dined at Tallow,' says Boyle, 'which cost me £11.'

The feudal tenures by which Boyle's tenants held their farms, not only bound them to appear in arms at the call of their lord, but laid them open to many forfeitures and fines which a harsh landlord could so enforce as to nearly beggar his peasantry. Considering what almost unlimited power a feudal superior had, it is interesting to see how Lord Cork exercised his rights, and to find, 'I gave Hooper of Killeigh's wife all her household stuffs that were forfeited by her husband's flying for clipping money, and kept myself one cow, six beeves, two garrons, and two colts.' 'I gave Mr. Kendall's man the hackney Mr. Piercy rode over the ford of Lismore when he was drowned.' 'Gave unto George Wood, whose father drowned himself within the manor of Inniskeane, all his

father's goods, cattle, leases, and debts, reserving only certain English cows.'

Many a time did the Earl admit that he had been 'a kind fool' to his tenants, as when he agreed to abate five shillings out of the Easter rent of 'the King of Drunkards,' and he seems to have resigned himself patiently to the tenant of the Youghal fish-curing house being two years in arrears. That same year a nice little letter from Cornelius Gaggry of Tircullen shows that one tenant at least appreciated his kind heart :—

'HONOURABLE SIR,—At my last being in Youghal, when you told me you would be at Tallagh the next Wednesday, I did forget to desire you to take my poor house in your way, whereby my wife might provide a dish of broth for you after coming from the cold mountain, and after your hard fit of sickness in the weakest and hardest time of all the year.'

And again in 1635, Lord Cork writes that in his journey to Dublin, 'I lay at Kilkenny at my servant Edward Dean's, who would take no money for my diet and horse meat.'

In 1616 Mrs. Mary Bates of Clonakilty writes to him at Bandon Bridge, quite composedly explaining that she cannot pay her rent, 'for I presumed on your love, and layd yt out in Kerry upon cows : my husband was promised mony yesterday at the bridge to pay the rent, but being disappointed, he was ashamed to look you in the face, for which I am much grieved ; but I beseech you to excuse us both till Michaelmas, and then your whole rent shall be ready.' And in the post-script, 'my husband doth teyer himself with dicthing [ditching] the bogs and will not be ruled, for which I pray your lordship chide him.'

Mrs. Bates wrote a beautiful hand, and was probably a

gentlewoman and friend of the Earl, but another letter from a widowed Mrs. Forest shows he was kind to all conditions. She thanks him for having saved the mill that her husband had mortgaged by lending them £100, and repays the money with 'a wedow's might [mite], which is only thanks for your great kindness.'¹ Even when he was over in England his tenants trusted to the effects of an interview, and Mrs. Taylor of Bandon travelled all the way to Dorset to 'bemoan the poverty of herself and her seven children.' She had stood security for a man named Ticknor, one of the Earl's debtors, and brought the twenty pounds due with her, in gold. Of course the Earl's heart melted at the sight of a widow from his beloved Bandon Bridge, 'and I forgave her her four years' rent, and gave her back the twenty pieces.'

To the end of his life Boyle had to be the active guardian of the safety of his tenants. When Charles the First was king, Boyle writes with satisfaction that he had succeeded in getting the King's pardon 'for my good friend and tenant, Mr. Robert Mead of Broghill, who in Queen Elizabeth's time had killed one George Mead ; for which he was outlawed and his goods granted to one of his Highness' servants, which grant was void in law, as he had none of those goods when the fact was committed. I gave £200 to procure his pardon, and fees £48, 6s.' Evidently the crime, if crime it was, had been forgotten, till some hungry courtier raked up the story of nearly fifty years back, and threatened ruin to an old man.

Lord Cork knew, that, docile and well-meaning as his eldest son had always proved himself, this 'young courtier of the King' must be often away in England, and could not enter into the difficulties of Munster farmers in the friendly gossiping fashion of an old man who had lived all his days among them. He

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 2. 58.

therefore in his will enjoined on him very solemnly, 'that he be a favourable and friendly landlord to all his English tenants, and not to take any advantage or forfeiture of any of the leases I have made, for non-payment of rent at the precise day or place, or upon any conditions or provisions contained in these leases, except they shall prove false, treacherous, unthankful, injurious, or highly abusive unto him, but to be comfortable, forbearing, encouraging and helpful unto such as are honestly inclined, whereby they may find the less loss of me, as being supplied with his favour, countenance, and goodness towards them.'

For the training and edification of his tenants Lord Cork was careful to build and endow grammar-schools at Youghal, Bandon, and Lismore, and restore the old churches or build new ones in the towns and villages scattered over his estates. Indeed, he was not only the chief landowner, merchant, and manufacturer in Munster, but, like his Majesty King James, he appears to have been head of Church as well as State. When the parson of Tallagh delayed so long in Youghal on a certain Sunday in 1625, that he did not reach home in time to preach his sermon, it was to Lord Cork and not to the bishop that he made his excuses. But for some reason or other, the great man seems to have been especially interested in the religious condition of Tallow; he provided an allowance of wine to refresh the gentlemen who came to hear the Wednesday's lecture, and paid for the dinner of the preacher; the vicar of Tallow was usually one of his chaplains, and occupied a house at the nominal rent of two fat turkeys a year.

Boyle was very kind to the Munster clergy after his own fashion, although it was a fashion that found little favour in the eyes of Archbishop Laud, who had no fancy for lectures and sermons.

There are constant notes among the Lismore accounts of money given to poor preachers—£10 to the preacher at Bandon Bridge, twenty shillings to another, and ten pounds rent forgiven to the preacher at Mallow, and eleven shillings given to Mr. Lowther the preacher for his lectures at Youghal. When Mr. Lancaster, one of the fellows of Youghal College, came in 1616 to beg the Earl for preferment, he was given his travelling expenses, and in 1619 the Earl agreed to give him 'as Parson and Vicar of Ardmore' a free gift of half the tithe fish, which formerly had been a due of the dissolved St. Molana's Abbey, to which Ardmore had belonged.

It was indeed necessary for the gentry to bestir themselves, for the long wars had left the Church in Ireland in a deplorable condition. Church lands were devastated or alienated, and church buildings were burnt down, and the stipends were often reduced to such a mere pittance that it was hardly possible to tempt reputable clergymen to accept them. English University men were not disposed to cross the sea, and risk poverty and the discomforts of life in a new country to minister to the English settlers, while the needs of the native Irish were not even considered; their own priests were banished, and the newcomers could not speak their language. Spenser describes these poor peasants as lapsing into a sort of heathenism, their religion consisting only of pilgrimages to holy wells or ruined shrines, where they recited half-forgotten prayers whose meaning they had never known.

One of the first rays of the dawn of more enlightened days came in a letter from Boyle to Sir Robert Cecil in 1602,¹ introducing Mr. Daniell, a worthy preacher of God's word, who had translated the New Testament into Irish, and desired to dedicate the work to his sacred Majesty. Mr. Daniell, he

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 1.

wrote, was a natural born subject in Ireland and had studied in Cambridge, and had since planted a church at Galway, 'so the tyme of his mynistry there hath brought on those barbarous people in some measure to taste the sweetness of God's word.'¹

When the children of Lord Cork's tenants had completed their education at his free schools, he did not by any means relax his supervision over them; he was continually giving money to apprentice destitute girls and boys. He was also determined that older people should not remain idle for want of work, and was in the habit of lending money to tradesmen on condition that they should employ destitute people; and when the first employer was able to repay the loan, it was lent to another tradesman on the same terms. The Earl lent in 1635 a hundred pounds gratis 'to Mr. Page, a clothier near Kilmacke, to put the poor people in those parts to work,' and twenty-five pounds to Cook, the clothier at Cappoquin, 'to set forward clothing,' obviously cloth-weaving. Sixteen pounds which he had lent gratis for the poor of Dublin was lent again to Mr. Walter Bird, the sovereign of Clonakilty, to enable him to 'set the peace of the town in spinning,' which seems to imply that it was the ladies of Clonakilty who were most active in breaches of the peace. Certainly from the petty sessions reports towards the end of that century² Clonakilty seems to have been a lively little town, in which the wives were generally to the front when the dignified members of the grand jury took out cross summonses against each other for assault, and one burgess 'did beat, batter, bloodshed and continually strike' the other!

¹ Mr. Daniell only finished the translation begun by Bishop Karney of Orrery and Archbishop Donellan. The New Testament was printed in 1603 with a dedication to King James.

² *Cork Arch. Journ.*, 1896, 321.

But in spite of the little skirmishes on market-days, the Earl's efforts were successful in establishing spinning and weaving at Clonakilty; so lately as 1839 there were four hundred linen-looms at work there, and the weekly sales of yarn were often to the value of a thousand pounds.

When Lord Cork wrote in his diary that he had sent James the Pedlar to the almshouses at Youghal with five pounds a year, and given him ten shillings for his journey from Dublin, he also noted that he twice gave twenty shillings to poor old widows that were beggar-women in Dublin, that they might buy them wool and fall to work and beg no more; and further that he had found a poor Munster girl begging in the streets of Dublin, and given 'the bone-lace woman' ten shillings to apparel the girl and teach her to make bone-lace; so, old and young, the 'knitters in the sun, and the free maids that weave their lace with bones,' all had cause to bless the good-natured, domineering ruler of Munster.

When Boyle had provided for the spiritual and temporal needs of his own towns, his work for the province was not by any means over. He knew well that the quickest way to civilise a country is to make the ways of communication safe and easy, and when he planned the building of a bridge over one of the Munster rivers he always wrote down in his diary: 'God bless me in this good work for the Commonwealth.'

It was indeed little use to have cleared away the impenetrable forests, and hunted down highwaymen and wolves, when rivers could only be crossed by dangerous fords and frail ferry-boats. The great man's own journeys were often interrupted by floods, and when his whole family was on its way to Dublin to welcome the bride of Lord Dungarvan, his coach was upset in crossing the ford on the Four-mile Water near

Castle Connagh, and the youngest son, little Robert, had a narrow escape from drowning. The horses were swept away, and if one of the gentlemen in attendance had not ridden back and picked the child, in spite of his terrified struggles, out of the overturned carriage, the wedding festivities would have been turned to mourning.¹

This ford at Four-mile Water was one of the most important to which Cork turned his attention, and he ordered John Lodden, 'a free mason' of Bandon, to build a stone bridge there over this dangerous stream, 'and it being a work of charity, I am to pay him a hundred pounds.' But in a very few months comes the melancholy entry, 'Saw my new bridge which John Lodden deceitfully built, carried away by the flood.' The Earl of Cork's last days on earth were haunted by that broken bridge, and he left careful directions in his will as to the course to be taken by his heir with John Lodden, who, 'having given his bond of two hundred pounds that he would perfect and perform the work strongly and substantially,' had 'built the said bridge falsely and deceitfully, with ill stones, gravel, lime and mortar.' The Earl therefore bequeathed a legacy of £120 for the building, and, in confidence that the civil war would soon end, expressed the hope that the mayor and corporation of Clonmel, 'after they shall be returned to their loyalty,' would undertake the carriage of the materials. 'And howsoever that the said John Lodden hath failed in this work and the trust that I reposed in him through too much negligence or avarice,' the Earl desired that he should be employed in rebuilding the bridge, that he might retrieve his character.

But the blame of disasters did not always lie with the bridge-builders, for one autumn night's rain often changed

¹ See *Autobiog. of Robert Boyle*.

the sparkling Munster salmon rivers into resistless torrents. One September storm swept both Mallow and Cappoquin bridges down the Blackwater, and the eight hundred tons of choice timber that Boyle had put into Fermoy bridge did not enable it to stand against that flood. Experience showed that it needed solid lime and stone to bridle those torrents, so in his last will Boyle directed that the picturesque wooden bridge that he had erected at Bandon should be replaced by one of strong stone, with the Boyle arms carved upon the balustrade at either end.

CHAPTER VI

AT THE COURT OF THE BRITISH SOLOMON

1613—1628

‘Many will entreat the favour of the prince; and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts.—*Proverbs* xix. 6.’

THE organised plan of resistance to England, which Carew saw growing up among the Irish Romanists, gave its first signs of active life in the Parliament of 1613-14.

King James's government already realised that in the new Parliament they would have no longer to deal with isolated discontented chieftains, but with a united national party that included noblemen, freeholders, and burgesses. Better education, as Carew had noticed, was making the Romanists more intelligent adherents to their own creed, while either from natural feeling of opposition, or from the individualism inherent in the doctrines of the Reformation, the English were tending towards what we may roughly call Puritanism, although it had little in common with the revolutionary Puritanism of the Civil Wars, but rather resembled what would to-day be called ‘Low Church.’ To the good Erastian settlers in Ireland conformity with the Church of England was as obvious a duty for a loyal subject as obedience to the king; the Romanists therefore saw their time had come for making a stand for their own legal existence, and strained every nerve to secure a majority in the coming session.

The government in Dublin, on the other hand, numbered over its probable supporters with great anxiety, and called in Carew to give the benefit of his old experience. He advised them to keep out peers such as Lord Barry and Lord Roche, who were under the thumbs of their confessors, and even carried their clergy with them to the Parliament House to give them counsel; three other Munster peers, he recommended, should be obliged to give their proxies to assured Protestants, and the heirs of Thomond and Audley¹ should be called up to make the majority in the Lords secure.² To make matters safe in the Commons for the government party, it was decided to incorporate several of the newly-built towns, among them Clonakilty, where Boyle had already settled a hundred English families, and his favourite Bandon Bridge, which was given two members. A Youghal man sat for Clonakilty, Boyle himself represented Lismore, and his kinsman, Laurence Parsons, was member for Tallow. With all the names and formalities of a modern Parliament, that Dublin assemblage was wonderfully unlike anything we see nowadays. The members for the Commons were paid regular salaries, the Youghal City Council voted that the burgesses who represented them should receive ten shillings a day for their expenses,³ and in 1615 Boyle notes that he had given five pounds in part payment of the knights of the shire for their Parliament wages out of the lands in his liberties.⁴

But the payment of members was the least remarkable part of this remarkable Parliament. The scene that followed its

¹ If Carew was not ill-informed in believing Lord Audley to be a Protestant, the young man certainly became a Romanist shortly after, as his difference of faith prevented his marriage with one of Lord Cork's daughters.

² *Cal. Carew MSS.*, 1611, p. 98.

³ Caulfield, *Council Book of Youghal*, 22, 38.

⁴ *L. P.*, i. 1. 68.

opening on the 8th of May was more worthy of Donnybrook Fair than of the supreme council of the nation. Careful as the Government had been to pack the House, it was no match for the Irish minority. The Protestants proposed Sir John Davis, an intelligent practical lawyer, to be Speaker of the House, and on a division being called, filed out into the lobby according to custom. The Romanist party, being thus left in possession of the House, closed the doors and promptly enthroned their own candidate, Sir John Everard, in the Speaker's chair! The unsuspecting Protestants, startled by their opponents' triumphant shouts, 'An Everard, an Everard!' rushed back into the House, and a free fight followed. Boyle, his old friend William Crofton, Barnaby Brien, Lord Thomond's son, Adam Loftus, and Edward Moore of Bandon, according to their own account, 'laid their hands gently on Sir John Everard,' and, no doubt with all possible courtesy, seated Sir John Davis on his lap!¹

After such an outbreak, nothing was possible but to suspend the session and refer to England, and both sides hurried over without leave or licence to lay their cases before the King.

His Highness, though ill pleased by such tumultuous deputations, received them, and delivered to them a very long and very learned speech, which the Lord Deputy succeeded in recollecting, 'and put it into writing and showed it to the King, who approved of it for the nearest collection that ever was made of any speech of his.' As quite one-third of the speech was occupied by encomiums of the Lord Deputy himself, his integrity and sufficiency, the report was doubtless a labour of love.

The Lord Chancellor of Ireland wrote to Boyle, who had

¹ *Cal. Carew MSS.*, 1613.

not formed one of the deputation, that 'if Solomon were alive and had had that subject to handle, he could not possibly have exceeded his Majesty's speech!' And then the British Solomon gave judgment, and committed all the Deputy's opponents to separate jails, binding over the peers in £2000 not again to depart their country without royal licence.

The packed Parliament had proved a failure, and although the Irish had shown unexpected aptitude for political organisation, their advance in civilisation went no further, and the Lord Deputy was at his wits' end to discover some way of weaning them from their habits of harvesting their crops by burning the straw instead of threshing the grain out of it, and of tying their ploughs to their horses' tails instead of harnessing the poor beasts in civilised fashion. The Irish fiercely resisted any interference with these cherished customs, and it appeared to the Deputy and Sir John Davis that, as example is better than precept, the settlement of English farmers among them was the best hope of teaching the Irish less primitive methods of husbandry.

It was admitted that the Munster settlement, with the exception of the grants which Boyle had acquired, had not been a success, but the settlement now planned in Ulster was to be quite different, and vastly superior to the old Elizabethan colony.

The design, as was usual with King James, was admirable. Any landowners who might unfortunately be dispossessed of their property were to be properly compensated, a certain proportion of land was to be set aside to support churches and schools, and the Ulster chieftains were to be won over to friendliness by free permission to exercise the Romish religion and to fill their households, in defiance of sumptuary laws, with their clansmen and retainers. So much for the

theory ; unfortunately it was carried into practice by commissioners, whose first care was to fill their own pockets, and who then diverted attention from their misappropriations by laying claim to lands as crown property without the slightest foundation for the demand.

But while the plans were being matured, the King took an immense amount of trouble over them, and consulted all the experts he could hear of. Among others, Richard Boyle received his Majesty's commands to repair to court. A journey to England was no small matter, and Sir Richard made his will and set his affairs in order before embarking at Youghal. He left Youghal on the 5th of August 1613, and arrived, as he wrote, ' God be praised, safely at Tenby, the 7th day in the evening, and rode the next day, being Sunday, towards London, and came thither the 20th of August.'

Boyle was personally unknown to King James, but young Sir William Fenton was in England, and being already a courtier of some experience, had warned his brother-in-law that gifts were as essential a part of the introduction to the British Solomon as ever they had been in the days of the Queen of Sheba ; so Boyle had already paved his way to court by a present. The most acceptable offering in those days, whether to king or esquire, was a good hawk, and Boyle's eyries on the Blasket rocks, at Crook Haven, and in O'Leary's country, supplied him with many a cast of merlins or goshawks to despatch to his friends. In the July before this visit to England, Boyle had sent his servant, John Watt, to England with five pounds in his purse to present his Majesty with a right royal present, a cast or pair of goshawks, a cast of tercels of goshawks, a cast of falcons, a cast of tercel gentles, and a cast of merlins. Fenton had described the arrival of these precious hawks in a letter that

reads like an extract from *The Fortunes of Nigel*. The court was then at Bath, and when John Watt arrived with the birds, 'the King came down into the yard in his pantables to see them, who liked so well of them, after he had seen them, and felt them all severally on John's fist, that he swore by his soul he never saw a finer present of hawks nor better brought in his life.'

Doubtless the falcons had been excellent advocates for Boyle at court, but he now brought with him also weighty letters of introduction. Sir Francis Annesley, who afterwards as Lord Mountmorris quarrelled with every one from Falkland to Strafford, was at this time a good friend of Boyle's, and wrote of him to Sir Humphrey May, 'I protest if his estate were six times as much as it is, I should think him very deserving of it, for he employs the fruit of it altogether to the strengthening and beautifying of the commonwealth.' Ridgeway, the Lord Chancellor, also wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury, describing Boyle's 'preferment of the public good to his private profit,' and the excellence of his plantations. 'If other undertakers may be induced to follow the like course, his Majesty's charges might be abated and the kingdom well secured against foreign attempts.' The Lord Chancellor also wrote to the Earl of Northumberland recommending Boyle as the one of all the Munster undertakers who had laid the best foundation of a civil plantation of English tenants, and could bring into the field 'a colony of four or five hundred foot and sixty horse, all mere English, which live together in as civil and orderly a fashion as in any part of England.'

It was many years since Boyle had been in England, but happily for him, not only was young Fenton there to welcome him, but the good friend who had forwarded his fortunes under Elizabeth was still a favourite under the new monarch.

Sir George Carew was now Earl of Totnes and Chamberlain to Queen Anne of Denmark, and was as ready as in the old days to do a good turn to Boyle. And with Carew was his son, Sir Thomas Stafford, who was perhaps the nearest and dearest friend that Boyle ever had.

Boyle therefore had the support of two accomplished courtiers in England, and at home in Ireland he had a shrewd, almost too shrewd, friend, Sir Laurence Parsons, who sent after him a letter of advice about the management of the Ulster affairs, which is as complete a guide to the wiles of diplomacy as any tiro could desire. He begins with a number of useful hints on legal points, telling Boyle on which of the Ulster estates it would be most difficult to assert the royal claims, as the King would have in some cases to bring an action against each petty freeholder. O'Rourk's country must not be overlooked, 'for it is a den of thieves, and will never give either Connaught or Ulster peace till it is planted with English settlers'; but then he winds up with personal matters, reminding Boyle that it always pays to talk of the papists, and he must not forget to say that if he gives way for a plantation to be made in Wexford [where apparently he had property], it is only because of his great love for the Lord Deputy and not for any personal advantage.

The court was still at the Bath, as it was called, when Boyle arrived in London, and by Fenton's advice he followed it west. But for some reason or other he was not given an audience at Bath, and after spending a week there, went on to Bristol, where he always had much business to do with the merchants who received his iron and pipestaves.

On the first of October he was back in London and had 'a long and gracious conference with the King's Majesty at

Hampton Court,' and a month later at Royston he had an hour's gracious and private conference with the King in his bedchamber 'concerning Ireland and the government thereof, where after his Highness had delivered me many speeches of great grace and comfort, he gave order to Sir Humphrey May to make his warrant to the Lord Deputy to have me sworn one of his Privy Council of Ireland.'

Having given his information and received his reward, Boyle saw no reason why he should loiter in England when a hundred different reasons were calling him back to Ireland; so after, as we have already seen,¹ settling his son, little Hodge, at Deptford school, he started for Dublin, travelling by Daventry and Stone, and embarking on the 12th of February 1614 from Hillbree Island, at the mouth of the Dee. The winds were contrary and he was driven back, but on the 14th he put to sea again and reached Dublin in safety on the 15th, when 'I delivered his Majesty's letters to the Lord Deputy, and was that afternoon sworn a Privy Councillor of Ireland.'

But for all Boyle's sharp wit and smooth tongue, he was too busy a man to play the courtier with real zest, and Sir Thomas Stafford wrote soon after his return home to warn him that his departure from England had been too sudden, and he had better write to those lords of the council 'in whose favour you suppose yourself to be interested,' to apologise for not having taken leave of them.

Boyle, we cannot doubt, made suitable apologies and sent suitable presents to appease the great men's injured feelings; he was rather an adept in writing pretty notes of compliment, though he hated wasting time in paying visits. Perhaps as 'music hath charms,' the present of an Irish harp about this time to the Lord Keeper may have had its effect; at any rate

¹ See *ante*, p. 59.

Boyle's fortunes suffered no check. In 1614 he was granted an annuity of £365 as governor of Lough Foil,¹ and on Michaelmas Day 1616 he was 'created Lord Boyle, Baron of Youghal, in the King's Chamber of Presence within the Castle of Dublin,' Lord Louth, Lord Moore, and Lord Killeen assisting the Lord Deputy in the investiture. It was an expensive luxury to be made a baron, and 'th'expense in this journey was £340.' The grant recites Boyle's services in very noble terms.²

1616.—6 Sept. Grant to SIR RICHARD BOYLE, knt., and his heirs-male, of the title and dignity of LORD BOYLE, BARON OF YOUGHAL, in consideration of his having planted a colony in the south of Munster near Youghal, and for his exertions in various arduous public employments.

'Whereas the King's Majesty is the fount and source no less of honour than of justice, and honour is naught save Merit's guerdon, distributed by Justice's right hand to well-deserving men : and whereas, among other grades of honour, the style and grade of BARON hath in it so much of splendour and dignity, that men when promoted to this honour, may justly be counted and considered the gems and brilliants of the Crown, and the pillars of the royal throne : and moreover, whereas Our beloved and faithful Privy Councillor, SIR RICHARD BOYLE, knt., who is sprung of an ancient and noble family, hath deserved exceedingly well of Us and Our realm, in Our kingdom of Ireland, in this respect chiefly, because he hath introduced into the maritime parts of Our Province of Munster, and particularly in the neighbourhood of Youghal, (districts by most wicked traitors almost wholly wasted and

¹ Smith, ii. 59.

² Translation of Latin original given in Hayman's *Handbook to Youghal*.

depopulated) a very excellent Colony, consisting of veteran soldiers, and many other persons, brought by himself out of England, who profess civilised life and pure religion : and because at and over divers localities, he hath erected at his own charges sundry castles and forts fitted and adapted for Our service ; which colony, castles, and forts are the great security, gain, and adornment of said Province, so that the whole of that district is become, through the diligence and prudence of the said RICHARD, more civilised and opulent, and more obedient to laws, human and divine : and whereas the said SIR RICHARD BOYLE, knt., hath proved himself able, active, and distinguished, in discharging difficult duties for the state, and hath exhibited very many services, as well in time of war as in peace, grateful and acceptable to Our most dear Sister ELIZABETH, Ourselves, and the State, which We consider deserving a great reward of honour, Know ye, that We, etc.'

All Sir Thomas Stafford's advice was not sufficient to wean Boyle from over-absorption in his Munster affairs ; in 1623 Secretary Calvert had to repeat much the same warning in writing from Dublin : ' If I may be soe bould to saie yt, I think yt were very necessarie that your Lordship spent one winter here to grace our state, which will be well taken by his Majesty and my Lord. I could yeeld many reasons for this which I shall tell you of hereafter.' Friend after friend echoed the warning. William Fenton, who was knighted the same year that Boyle received his barony, soon suggested that his brother-in-law might with advantage make his new honour a reason for crossing to England to return thanks to the King ; it was time for my lord to show himself once more at court, for while his back was turned his enemies whispered evil things concerning him. Fenton wrote that the King had been led to

believe 'you had done wrong to the Crown to fee so much land as you hold from Wardship,' and that Sir John Denham had said that he 'held Boyle to be a man that had undone many, and would lay hold on any occasion of forfeiture.' Next came the note of alarm from his friend Mr. Henry Peers: 'Your Lordship's estate, and God's providence therein greater than that, which makes you the greater subject of talk unto men and no less of envy.' One of the Roches was actually declaring to Lord Salisbury that the Earl of Thomond and Sir Richard Boyle were passing government grants for so many parcels of land that the particulars contained in a roll of parchment reached sixteen yards in length.¹

A faithful Munster neighbour, Sir John Leeke, who had opportunities of hearing a good deal of Court gossip from his cousin Sir Edmund Verney, also learned that many people were accusing Boyle of the old crime of buying out English settlers, and so weakening the country of the best of its people. A sight of the muster of Protestant farmers at Bandon and Tallow would have been the best answer to such complaints; but considering the way business was done in the Stuart court, all Boyle's friends agreed that he must endeavour to secure the support of some one who had the King's ear, and Sir William Fenton urged him to come over expressly to make acquaintance with the new favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, 'who fails in nothing he undertakes.'

Boyle did not make the journey to England, but he took Fenton's hint, and the following August a cast of falcons and a cast of tercel were despatched to the Duke, and the Duke's mother received a cast of falcons from Lady Boyle. Gradually the acquaintance grew more intimate, till at last Buckingham's brother, Sir Edward Villiers, became one of Boyle's

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*

chief allies. Sir Edward was poor, and Boyle could supply his needs ; but also there appears to have been some extraordinary fascination about the Villiers family that made all who knew them intimately overlook their faults and follies, and remain devoted to the end. Endymion Porter's last words in his will commanded his son to be faithful and grateful to the house of Villiers,¹ and when the Earl of Cork was an old man, the summit of his glory was the marriage of one of his sons to the daughter of a Villiers. She never seems to have said or done anything remarkable, but to Richard Boyle she was the best beloved of his daughters-in-law. The Villiers were perhaps rather typical of their time ; every age has its own frailties and crimes ; seventeenth-century failings are now out of fashion, and appear to us rather scandalous ; but it is very probable that seventeenth-century consciences might revolt at faults we now consider venial.

But when all is said, the open way in which dignities were then bought and sold is startling to realise. In the summer of 1620 Sir Edward Villiers was very busy on behalf of his Munster friend : Boyle had already been given to understand that a higher title than that of Baron might be his, no doubt in the words of old Trapboys, 'for a consideration.' We are not told whether the price was too high, or the conditions too hard, but in the spring the title of Earl had actually been offered to him, and had been declined. Then further letters passed, and Sir Edward Villiers once again made himself very busy, and Cousin Parsons, as Lady Boyle's trustee, was called into consultation, and in July a new bargain was offered, and a covenant signed, by which Sir Edward Villiers agreed to procure for Boyle the right to appoint guardians for any of his sons who might be under age, or of his daughters who

¹ *Life and Letters of Endymion Porter*, p. 365.

might be unmarried at the time of his death, so that their wardship, instead of passing to the Crown, should be vested in Sir William Fenton and Sir Laurence Parsons, and the children be safe in the hands of their friends, instead of being sold by the King to the highest bidder.

This agreement must have been an immense relief to Boyle, who gladly paid £500 to Sir Edward for procuring the boon. Then Lady Boyle and Lady Villiers made their little bargain, and Lady Villiers was presented with £500, and promised to procure a title for Dick, the eldest son, and heir of Youghal. Boyle's cousin Cave was employed as London agent in all this business, and received a gratuity of £20 'for his travail and pains'; and then the most important negotiation of all was concluded. Sir Edward Villiers was paid £4000, and on the 20th of December 1620 comes the triumphant entry in Boyle's diary: 'This day my cousin Sir Laurence Parsons brought and delivered me the King's Majesty's letters patent under the great [seal] of England bearing date the 26th of October last past, whereby I was created and made Lord Viscount of Dungarvon and Earl of Cork: for which great addition of earthly honours God make me and my heirs thankful to the Almighty and to his sacred majesty, and that it may continue unspotted in the name of the Boyles, and my posterity until the end of the world. Amen.'

His gratitude to Heaven was shown by his choice of a motto. The Earl of Cork's shield ever after bore the pious words, 'God's providence is my inheritance.' His thankfulness to King James was as great as if the honour had been bestowed out of pure grace; to the feelings of those days there was neither degradation nor bathos in the added entry: 'The fees whereof in England and Ireland stood

me in £305.4.4 sterl., besides £4500 ster. otherwise paid.'¹

The Earl of Cork was, if possible, a busier man than Sir Richard Boyle had been; and although he never seems to have desired, or been offered, the post of Lord President, his power in Munster was quite as great as that of the official governor. As long as the great Earl of Thomond lived there was the less need of a great Earl of Cork; but when the day came for a new king to ascend the English throne, Thomond had been gathered to his fathers, and then it was lucky for the peace of Munster that an Earl of Cork lived at Youghal who remembered the accession of King James, and was on his guard against any further revolts, whether farcical or serious.

On the 27th of March 1628 King James died at Theobalds, but it was not till the 10th of April that Sir Thomas Stafford himself came over to bring the news to Munster.

'He arrived,' says the diary, 'bringing the unwelcome tidings of King James his decease, and the joyful news of the peaceable receiving and proclaiming of King Charles, whom I beseech God ever to bless, prosper and defend. Upon notice of which great accident and alteration I presently had the ports of our town shut up, and them and all ways and all passages by land and water stopped and well guarded, and with my own hand wrote letters to the principal councillors and gentlemen of quality and chief officers of every city, advertising them of this heavy and joyful work of God, and at a private postern gate so readily put out and despatched my messengers,

¹ Sir Richard Cox relates that King James asked Chief Justice Aylmer the true cause of the decay of Ireland. Aylmer replied that it was due to the landowners being absentees, and suggested that the King should command them to return to their estates, or else forfeit their lands. In consequence of this action, the King deprived the Earl of Shrewsbury of his title of Viscount Dungarvan, and conferred it on Sir Richard Boyle.—Cox's *Regnum Corcagiensis*.

as in every place they brought the news thereof, whereby all places were made secure and guarded before any noise or rumour could disturb them.

‘11th. Then happily arrived 600 foot soldiers at Youghal and refreshed and sent away to their several garrisons.

‘Having no letters from my Lord Deputy, and having hourly notice of conventicals and assemblys of the natives and recusants, posted an express messenger to my Lord Deputy giving him and his council an account of my proceedings and craving proclamation.’

The Deputy seems hardly to have realised the dangers of delay, and when he did vouchsafe letters, sent them in such a careless fashion as shocked Boyle’s sense of propriety.

‘19th. This day as I was at dinner, received letter from the Lord Deputy and Council, brought by an ordinary footman called Teague Connaie, whereon I presently forsook my dinner and immediately wrote letters, and in every two of them enclosed three proclamations, so as they were all dispatched in two hours, to the Earl of Thomond,¹ the Lord Justice Sarsfield, Sir Richard Aldworth, and all the mayors, sheriffs, etc., so that his Majesty was most solemnly and joyfully proclaimed that night in Youghal, Tallagh and Lismore, and at Lismore I was personally present, and we all drank King Charles his health on our knees.’

With that proclamation the old days came to an end, and the ‘old courtier of the Queen’ was to see new days and learn many new things, for with the death of King James a new spirit began to awake, and a more modern atmosphere seems to breathe around men’s actions.

¹ Eldest son of the great Earl of Thomond. He died without heirs, and was succeeded by his brother Barnaby.

CHAPTER VII

IN A SEAPORT TOWN

1603—1618

‘I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place.’

Merchant of Venice.

WHEN Boyle succeeded to Raleigh’s seignory of Youghal he found the town but just recovering from the devastation of the Munster war. Although the Mayor had opened the gates of Youghal to the Irish enemy, his cowardice failed of its intention, and the town was as thoroughly sacked and burnt as though it had been taken by assault. When the relieving English army arrived it found little left of the seaport but a heap of smoking ruins, and nothing to do but to hang the traitorous mayor over his own doorway.

But the spirit of the surviving townsmen was not broken. While Kinsale was still sunk in hopeless ruin, and the sovereign of Dingle was writing lamentable petitions for government help, the citizens of Youghal gathered together the relics of their fortunes, rebuilt their town, and recommenced their commerce. Youghal had, it is true, great natural advantages : its sheltered harbour was convenient for England, and its own meadows and forests furnished the lumber, tallow, and hides that were its chief export. Salted salmon and hake were shipped off in their season, and a little coarse frieze was woven and sold ; but there the enterprise of the townsmen stopped.

So late as 1611 all the iron used in Youghal had to be imported from England, and manufactures of all sorts were practically non-existent till started by Boyle.

He lost no time in taking his part in developing the resources of the town, he did not even wait for his property to be secured by a royal grant, before beginning to correspond with a London merchant about settling linen weavers in Youghal, and chartering a ship to trade regularly across the Channel carrying Irish pipestaves and lead to England. The manufacture of pipestaves was one of the first industries started by the Elizabethan settlers, and for some time was the chief Munster trade, but it was carried on so recklessly that the forests which had been the pride of Munster disappeared rapidly, and Boyle soon found he had to remonstrate with the woodcutters. One of the chief sinners in this respect was a Devonshire man, Pyne, whom Raleigh had settled at Mogeely. He was more than once accused of dishonesty when he was Raleigh's agent, but he had succeeded in clearing himself of the charge before the English council; Boyle, however, never liked or trusted him, and said very plain things to him over his destroying the forests for the sake of his pipestaves. But even more reckless than the settlers were the woodcutters sent over to select oak-trees for building the King's ships. Loyal as Boyle was, he had no fancy to allow royal agents to pick and choose among his timber, and he wrote very strongly to Cecil in 1608 to beg that he might be sent notice before these men set to work, as the last who came brought neither permission to cut timber nor money to pay for it. Sir Geoffrey Fenton wrote at the same time to suggest that there were more forests in Ireland than those of Munster, and that the royal agents might sometimes go further afield.¹

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, 1608.

But for all Boyle's remonstrances, the royal woodcutters continued to be a constant source of worry. In May 1619, he complained that Sir Lionel Cranfield and Sir T. Smith had sent over a shipwright, Stephen Dansk, who cut down sixty trees near Clonakilty without notice or licence, Clonakilty 'being a new incorporated town, where there is not timber nor wood enough sufficient to finish or maintain the building there begun.' To touch one of Boyle's new towns was to touch the apple of his eye. But he permitted the shipwright to carry away the wood he had cut, only he declined to receive any payment for it, 'sending it as a poor token of my goodwill'; a very dignified form of reproof. He was, however, quite willing, he wrote, to enter into an agreement for a regular supply of wood, and could send a thousand tons of timber yearly at twenty shillings a ton, the timber to be of all kinds, 'elbow-pieces, hook or crouches, studdle timbers, and top timbers.'¹ Careful forester though he was, Boyle was never churlish, and in 1631 he gave Mr. Slingsby, the Lord Deputy's servant, sixty tons of ship's timber, 'in knees,' from his Bandon woods, at cost price; Mr. Slingsby had plans for making the Bandon river navigable from Kinsale up to Bandon, so no doubt he was building boats for his new trade, a project that would be sure to awaken Boyle's interest.

But he needed timber for his own shipwrights and for his own house-building. In 1616 he paid a shipwright six pounds to build a seine boat, and at the same time he was putting up salting and fish houses and a fish press at Ardmore, where he and the Hulls were setting up a fish-curing establishment. In the same year he makes a memorandum: 'Delivered to Captain William Hull £20 as earnest-money to buy casks for fumados, upon an agreement to have half his fish to be taken

¹ *L. P.*, ii, 2. 160.

the next season at Crookhaven, in which he and I are to be partners, and Captain Hull is to adventure £100 with me in my next season's fishing at Ardmore.'

Boyle was too wise a man to use his oak-woods for mere fuel; when letting a brewery he was careful to make the condition that no wood was to be used in the furnaces, 'but only ferns and heath to brew withal.' In 1619 he sent over to the Forest of Dean to inquire about the possibility of shipping cinders to Ireland, and in 1626 he began to buy sea coal at seventeen-pence a barrel for his iron-foundries in the Blackwater Valley, for he had soon discovered there was ore enough to be found in those Devonian strata to supply the needs of the country and begin an important export trade from Youghal.

The Irish name of Tallow, which signifies Iron Hill, shows that the ores there were known of old, and Raleigh had begun to work its mines; but the mineral wealth of the country was never seriously developed till Boyle came. He sunk mine after mine; at Ballyregan, Cappoquin and Moccollop, Ardglyn, Kilmacoe and Lisfinnon, the forges glowed, till the Blackwater valley bid fair to be an Irish Black Country. The ore is said by a contemporary to be hematite, bog iron ore, and clay ironstone;¹ and Boyle worked it into all sorts of forms, from bar iron for export, to the Tallow knives he sent to Lady Carew as a Christmas present. In seven years he made 21,000 tons of bar iron, worth at £18 a ton the immense sum of £378,000.²

In 1619 Boyle sent over an agent to visit the English iron country to search for some of his workmen who had run away, and if he failed to find them, to seek out some honest men in their room, for the new country was crying out for

¹ Boate quoted in Smith, ii. 281.

² See Smith, i. 104.

skilled artisans. The messenger was to ride into the Forest of Dean and then on to Bewdley, and inquire what the iron forgers of Staffordshire and Shropshire paid for a ton of pig iron from the Forest. Boyle was indeed an Iron King, and soon, not content with the mere production of bar iron, he began to manufacture guns. In March 1623 the Lord President of Munster came from Mallow to Lismore and saw a piece of ordnance and some shot cast at Cappoquin, and Sir Sackville Crow, who had the monopoly of the manufacture in Ireland, hired the use of the furnaces for his own business. Boyle's desire was to make artillery for export—he already had a good trade in bar iron with the Low Countries, an Amsterdam merchant paying him £4600 for it in 1623. But there were great difficulties in exporting any commodities in those days, the customs seeming designed to hamper trade in all ways, and Boyle had to offer Sir George Calvert and the Lord Deputy £500 for their services before they would assist him to procure a licence to export his ordnance.

It is curious that Boyle does not seem to have tried to work any of the rich mineral beds in West Cork, but he joined Sir Charles Coote in starting iron-works in County Leitrim, and bought the iron-works of Scariff in Clare from Lady Boyle's nephew, Luke Brady, in 1634. Elizabeth, a sister of Luke Brady's, was married at Lismore in 1621 to a certain Richard Blacknoll, and the following year Blacknoll and a cousin, George Boyle, took a lease of the Kilmackoe iron-works at a rent of £400 a year, to be partly paid in bar iron. Blacknoll soon became the chief man in all Boyle's iron business, but before long there arose suspicions that all was not well with his accounts, and then it came out that he and Brady, not content with cheating Boyle of his profits, were conspiring to rob him of his lands. The Lord Treasurer

told Boyle that they had offered to pay the King £4000 a year for wood and iron, and to make ordnance for him, if he would recover from Boyle, and lease to them, that part of the Raleigh estates on which the iron-works stood. This precious scheme came to nothing, and Boyle does not seem to have thought much the worse of Luke Brady, who was a poor creature, always in debt and in trouble. But Blacknoll was a cleverer rogue, and for a time had a most successful career; he was not to be daunted at the failure of one or two schemes, and proceeded to do business on the grand scale, and actually got the better of Sir Gerard Lowther, Sir George Ratcliffe, and even Lord Strafford himself. Boyle began a lawsuit to recover some of the money made away with, but it dragged on interminably, till at last, in 1635, Blacknoll died, leaving his widow no legacy but the suit. Boyle wrote in his diary: 'God forgive him his sins and the high deceit and inexpressible wrongs he did to myself in my reputation and estate, I being the worse for him by at least £10,000, and although his poverty made me hopeless of restitution, yet it was my prayer to God that I might live, and he also, till we had a fair hearing and I had a repair to my credit.'

Mrs. Blacknoll stoutly held on to the lawsuit for a couple of years, but at last she allowed it to be referred to arbitration. Her brother Luke Brady, Sir William Fenton, and Sir William St. Leger, Lord President of Munster, met to debate in July 1637 at the President's house at Doneraile, but did not give their award till October, when they decided Mrs. Blacknoll should pay Boyle £6600. Boyle, having now no one to fight, promptly discovered that he was very sorry for Mrs. Blacknoll, and 'in regard of her poverty and many young children,' not only forgave her the £6600, but promised to allow her £20 yearly till her youngest child was fourteen.

The iron-works were not Lord Cork's only mineral venture. His copper-mines were not of great importance, but away to the east of Youghal, where the Irish Minehead looks across the sea to her Somerset namesake, the Earl smelted lead, and worked silver-mines of considerable value. We are not nowadays used to thinking of Ireland as an El Dorado, but money was to be made there from the precious metals in the seventeenth century, and when Lord Cork leased his silver-mines to Captain Burgh in 1631, the rent paid in kind was very large. The Earl was to receive 'a fair bason and ewer, four dozen of large silver plates, and eight great silver candlesticks, all to be of plain London touch, with my arms engraved on them, for the providing whereof [of the arms] I wrote to my goldsmith, Mr. Nathaniel Stoughton.'

Further mineral wealth was found in Irish marbles. Satisfactory building stone seemed hard to procure, and was imported from the Bath stone-quarries near Bristol, but Irish marbles soon won a name beyond Ireland. Raleigh had long before sent over specimens to make a chimney-piece for Cecil,¹ and when it became fashionable, Anne of Denmark sent to Boyle for 'Ranse stone' to beautify her palace at Greenwich. Lord Cork commissioned Randall Clayton to see twenty-five tons of this red marble quarried on Little Island in Cork Harbour and shipped to England. It may be interesting to note that the cost of quarrying was £6, 5s., and hauling to the seaside was charged a shilling a ton.

Although Lord Cork was proud of his orchards and gardens, no new crops were introduced under his rule into Munster, unless indeed tobacco may be reckoned as one of his ventures. A time-honoured tradition tells that Raleigh

¹ Pope Hennessy's *Raleigh in Ireland*.

planted the first tobacco plant brought to Europe in his garden at Youghal, and Lord Cork continued to grow it and send presents of the home-grown leaf over to his English friends. Sir Dudley Carleton wrote in 1623 to beg his lordship 'to bestow a little tobacco upon me, if you have any pure, otherwise not.' Did his lordship adulterate his tobacco? The request would seem too brutally frank for that to be the case, and we may hope that Sir Dudley only disliked some special mixtures.

Boyle's schemes for increasing the trade of Youghal and his own income were endless, and he was ever on the look-out to find artisans and skilled craftsmen whom he could settle in the town or on his estate. In 1618 his brother, Dr. John Boyle, wrote over recommending a cooper who would be useful for boat-building, and also mentioning a Venetian who wished to set up glass-works in the south of Ireland. Possibly the latter established himself in Cork under Dr. John's patronage, as that was the principal place of glass manufacture in Ireland for many years.

In the year 1618 Youghal was elevated to the dignity of a staple town, receiving the exclusive right to carry on the woollen trade with Bristol, Barnstaple, Liverpool, Chester, and Milthrop (possibly Milford). Boyle is usually credited with having obtained this concession for the town, for he had agitated in 1616¹ to procure it, saying it would secure constant work for the poor; but further experience of business had made him something of a free-trader, and far from assisting the town to win this monopoly, he at once joined with the Lord Deputy and the principal Munster gentry, Thomond, Aldworth, Sir E. Harris, and Bishop John of Cork, to protest that this establishment of the staple town was merely

¹ Caulfield's *Council Book of Youghal*.

‘a hindrance to trade and a vehicle for fraud and inconvenience.’¹

For the years between 1610 and 1618 Boyle’s diary is chiefly a record of land purchases and a trade account-book. But bookkeeping, it appears, had not then grown into a science, and the diary is an amazing production for a business man. Bad debts are jumbled up with christenings, speculations in bar iron with visits from distinguished friends; and timber-trade, weddings, goshawks, and glass-works are set down in such admired confusion as to remind one of the classic rhyme about

‘Ships and shoes and sealing-wax,
And cabbages and kings.’

It might be expected that this confusion would have landed Richard Boyle in the bankruptcy court, but his dealings with debtors’ prisons were happily confined to getting his friends and servants out of them. In the seventeenth century, smart people were arrested for debt quite as naturally as in the days of Rawdon Crawley or Little Dorrit. When Boyle arrived in Dublin as a privy councillor in 1614, he found M’Carthy Reagh, the representative of the kings of Munster, in prison, ‘and when all his hundred friends that were in the city refused to free him, I, like a kind fool, pitying his distress and imprisonment, paid £70, 10s. And after my twenty-one years forbearance he repaid me my own moneys without any use or consideration.’

Boyle soon learned to be more prudent in his loans to Irish gentlemen, and later on, when his son-in-law begged him to free The M’Adam Barry, who had been long imprisoned in London, in the Counter of the Poultry, he took a mortgage

¹ *Cal. Carew MSS.*, 1618, p. 424.

on a ploughland at Castle Lyons and the grant of the advowson of Rathcormac as security.

But to his own relations he seems, however, constantly to have been 'a kind fool,' and there are frequent entries such as 'Relieved my cousin, R. Boyle, out of prison.' 'Sent Joseph Boyle, son to my cousin Richard Boyle the bookbinder, twenty shillings and released him out of prison, for which I paid £5 and gave my bill for other £5.' Dick Tynt, the son of Spenser's widow by her third husband, was never out of debt, and was sometimes clever enough to get his rich kinsman to pay his tailor's bill twice over, and pocket the change himself.

McCarthy Reagh, it will be noticed, repaid his debt 'without any use,' an expression that reminds us of Shylock's 'usage' which Antonio contemptuously called 'interest.' The whole system of paying interest on loans and of conducting banking operations was then in its infancy, but the growth of trade and the increase of luxury in the seventeenth century obliged people to invent ways of paying debts and sending money from place to place without the need of carrying bags of gold through perils of land thieves and water thieves.

Boyle, however, had so many calls on his purse that he was obliged to keep a good deal of cash in hand. Once when leaving home for Dublin, he put £1180 for Munster expenses 'in the till of the iron chest in the inward study'; and he was proud that he could so frequently pay down sterling gold, for the scarcity of coined money was so great that payments were frequently made in kind, and buying and selling was very often a matter of barter. When his brother-in-law, Pierce Power, owed money for wood, Boyle accepted instead of the debt 'green french velvet to line a cloak, as much satin as should make a doublet, with taffeta

to cut it on and buttons thereof.' In 1614 Boyle sold Rosmayne in the county of Limerick to his other brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Brown, for his grey horse and forty barrels of 'great Bear' or barley, and the next year he paid for building a castle at Balligoran with fowls, and a large flock of sheep with five English rams. When the sum needed was too large to be paid in live stock, he usually tried to pay it in pipestaves or bar iron, or by assigning rents due.

Neighbours soon found that Boyle was a convenient banker, and that his many correspondents over sea and his confidential servants who were constantly carrying his messages to and fro gave them facilities for doing business unknown before, and made use of him accordingly. In 1616, for example, 'Mr. Ball delivered me without receipt of any money, a bill of exchange to have £63 paid in London to my brother Fenton, for the use of my Lord Roche. Donald the harper carried them.' This Donal Duff O'Cahill was Queen Anne's Harper, for times had changed since Spenser called all Irish bards either spies or vagabonds and Philip Sidney said they had sung many a man to death with their biting wit. The songs without words of the harpers it was found could do little mischief, and Irish music came into fashion with Irish hawks and hounds, and the Earl of Cork helped his own blind harper to a new instrument.

Donal was a prosperous person and did a good deal of business with Boyle, making money in his native land as well as at court. At one time he is set down as borrowing £5, and when Boyle was in London in 1628 he got a bill of exchange from him for £40 to send to Mrs. Donal Duff in Ireland. In 1615 Donal had the 'selling of the sheryfwick of Cork,' which Pierce Power bought of him for £80, of course through the medium of Boyle; and when he travelled

from one country to the other he seems usually to have carried gold for the rich man of Youghal. Another court official who made use of Boyle's experience was Archie Armstrong the king's jester. Archie was a thrifty and canny Scot, and gave Lord Cork £150 to keep for him. He was over in Dublin in 1635 looking after his investments, when the Earl repaid him his money, adding £5 in gold, for which he wrote penitently 'God forgive me!' He evidently felt Archie was not the fool in that transaction.

Great and small were as anxious to consult Cork on money matters as they are to make interest with company promoters nowadays. Not long after Archie Armstrong came 'my noble friend the Lord President of Munster,' to whom Cork lent £800 gratis, on a mortgage which he devoutly hoped would never be redeemed, but would provide land for the estates of his fourth son.

Rich as Lord Cork was, he had not always gold in hand for his own needs, and had in his turn to 'take it up' from any neighbour who had it by him. One time he wrote to authorise his kinsman Sir Allen Apsley to pay certain London creditors of Sir Walter Butler £176, as he had borrowed that sum from Sir Walter to lend it to Captain Button that he might victual a King's ship.

For it was not only private persons who came to do business with Boyle. His sacred majesty King James was so busy heaping wealth on his favourites that he occasionally forgot to victual his ships or clothe his soldiers. One captain of a foot company on the march to Dingle had actually to pawn his own clothes in Clonakilty, that he might buy frieze stockings and brogues for his bare-footed soldiers, and Cork lent him £7 to redeem his garments. When the unlucky Cadiz expedition of 1625 landed at Kinsale on its return

home, its leader Lord Wimbledon was penniless, and Lord Cork had to undertake the care of the army, lending £270 to pay the men and relieve the sick, and lodging and dieting the ten companies among his tenants for three months.¹

Six of the officers came to spend Christmas with him, but four of the poor gentlemen fell sick and had to be nursed at Lismore for nine weeks, and when they left, he had to lend them £90 to carry them home.

There was some fear of less welcome visitors two years later, when it was thought that the French would retaliate for Buckingham's vain expedition to assist the Huguenots of Rochelle by making a descent on Ireland, and the President of Munster inspected the forts of Cork and Waterford, and discovered they were so dilapidated as to be useless. Naturally he had recourse to Boyle, who lent £500 for the repairs, but his Majesty proved to be an even worse debtor than M'Carthy Reagh. It was many a long year before Boyle saw that money again, and his humble petition for its repayment was the beginning of all the troubles that darkened his later life.

King James's brother-in-law, the jovial King of Denmark, was of a more grateful disposition, and acknowledged services done by Boyle to his subjects with very royal liberality. A Danish ship, the *Pearl*, was driven by stress of weather to take refuge in Youghal harbour, and would not have reached that shelter but for the courage of a fisherman, John Griffin, who risked his life to get on board and pilot her into safety, and had his deed chronicled in the Youghal Council-book. The ship must have been damaged by the storm, for she lay at Youghal for thirteen months after, and her owners were put to straits, for they feared they should be driven to break the bulk of their cargo and sell their goods in Ireland below

¹ Smith, ii. 60.

their value, till Boyle came to the rescue and lent them £700, and they went on their way rejoicing. They wrote home to tell of Irish hospitality; and after a while came a letter from over sea from the King of Denmark himself, thanking the good men of Youghal for their kindness to his subjects, and sending a hundred pounds in money for the town, and to Boyle a gold chain and medal bearing his Majesty's portrait. The mayor returned a Latin certificate of thanks, and covenanted to relieve any Danish subjects who should present themselves at the Youghal poorhouse,¹ and Boyle treasured that medal as one of his chief jewels. King Charles himself asked to see it, and it was proudly sent over to England for exhibition, and when his eldest son entered public life, Boyle passed on the medal to him to be preserved as an heirloom in the family.

A breath from the sea seems to blow through these old Boyle papers. We see the merchants looking over their bills of lading on the quay; the fine gentlemen from England in their ruffs and satin doublets landing to pay their compliments at the College House; the fishermen with tidings of Algerine rovers; and Admiral Button spinning yarns of icebergs and the North West Passage.

But it is not only the bustle of commerce that fills the records; the mystery of the sea meets us too. On a May morning of 1623 a sailor tenant of Boyle's, Thomas Brien by name, came to him with tidings of O Braseel, as he called it, that earthly paradise 'incomparable in its haze' of which the old bards sang, where the heroes Oisín and Connla dwelt with their fairy brides in the island of eternal youth. Legends told that St. Brendan the navigator had landed on it, and in more modern times it has been suggested that the Hy Brasil legends

¹ See Caulfield's *Council Book of Youghal*.

of Galway sailors lured Columbus on his voyage to the western lands; certain it is that Hy Brasil was figured as an actual island on some seventeenth-century maps. But the business-like Earl of Cork did not trouble himself much about St. Brandan or fairyland; he only promised the sailor a reward if he could bring him sufficient proof that he had discovered and landed on the island, before the next Christmas; and he on his part gave the Earl forty shillings in gold as a pledge that he believed in his own yarn, which money was passed on to the countess, and so Brien sailed away into the West, and whether he came back or not, no one tells us. The Earl of Cork's money truly could buy estates in Ireland, but fairyland is not to be won by gold, and the paradise of the West is still the freehold of poets and story-tellers and of them alone.

But the sailors did not always bring tales of fairyland to shore; there came also 'the crying of a sword out of the sea,' or in Boyle's emphatic and prosaic English, 'news that Redmond Fitzjohn of Ballycryn timer was turned pirate for the third time, God damn him.' Indeed turning pirate was the most natural thing in the world for people who lived on a barren coast cut up by innumerable convenient bays. Among the labyrinth of western islands, and among the wooded creeks of Cork Harbour itself, a navy might lie hid in safety, and pirates flourished there in the seventeenth century as smugglers did in the eighteenth. And the gentlefolk found it as difficult to resist doing business with pirates as they did later on with smugglers. When there were no shops and few roads it was hard to refuse luxuries that sailed up to your very door; and so the pirates were one day the scourges of the neighbourhood, and the next its tradesmen and purveyors.

The Hulls were themselves not quite beyond reproach,

although Sir William wrote to Boyle in 1610 from Lem Con with all the dignity of conscious rectitude :—

‘Here is Ellis the pirate arrived yesterday as I hear by Captain Bishop. The men were drunk at Schull Haven all night at Gath his house, and their boat aground, yet none came to give me any warning ; here is one of the pirate’s mind dwells on my land, that at Sir Thomas Button’s being here three weeks since gave notice of his being in this harbour, by which means he escaped.’

But it was rumoured that the most noted pirate, Campane, had been bold enough to cast anchor in the harbour of Lem Con, and that Sir William Hull himself had bought forty horse-loads of pepper of him and sent it off to Kinsale, and also knew who it was that had bought a chest of ‘chenery roots’ at five shillings a pound. Not only had Mr. Hull of Clonakilty bought goods which the carrier of the town conveyed openly home for him, but even the Lord President of Munster had been among the customers. But then Campane was no common local pirate ; he was a Dutchman, and such a distinguished person that the authorities thought it worth while to make terms with him, and even to secure him from arrest for a time, in the hope that he might mend his ways. In 1625 Lord Deputy Falkland wrote to Sir William Hull to say that Campane’s protection would not be renewed if he only used it to enable himself to revictual his ships and so be gone to sea to seek more booty ; but if he would divulge where he had hidden his treasures, and would deposit £500 as caution money to assure the Government that on his return with his wealth he would pay £10,000 for a pardon, and settle as a peaceful subject in his Majesty’s dominions, he might have leave to trim and revictual his ships in a Munster harbour.¹

¹ *S. P. Ire.*, 48, 129, 228 ; *Cal. Dom. S. P.*, 1628.

Poor Sir Thomas Button, famous sea-captain though he was, had a hard time in hunting pirates up and down the coasts of Carbery. When he wrote in 1616 to wish Boyle 'all happiness in your received honour, and all increase of it to your own heart's desire,' he soon passed on to describe his own ill-fortune in searching for Fleming, a noted pirate. He chased the fellow off Cape Clear, 'but such was the foulness of my shipp as that I could not do any goode to fetch hym upp'; but he trusted he had at least frightened him away from Ireland towards the coast of Spain.

Sir Laurence Parsons also had his reports of pirates to send to Boyle in 1620. He had been holding an Admiralty Court at Bantry, and had ridden home by way of Lem Con, Baltimore, Castlehaven, and so by Clonakilty to Bandon, visiting all the seaports as he went. He found Bourk the pirate had been in Berehaven, where, having taken victuals and necessities, he did as they pretended 'leave in requital sixty-three fardels of sarsaparilla,' but Sir Laurence, finding this was a common trick of the pirates, confiscated the sarsaparilla and handed it over to the admiral. Bourk had left one of his prizes lying for a while in Bantry Bay, which tempted a certain Sir Thomas Roper to try to seize it, so, getting together thirty gentlemen of the neighbourhood, he embarked in a Flemish ship that happened to be at hand, and gaily made all sail for the prize. But alas for their hopes, suddenly round the headland appeared Bourk, and while they were yet far off the prize, the pirate was beside her and 'shot off all his ordnance for joy at the meeting.' After this royal salute, poor Sir Thomas and his thirty gentlemen could but sail back again, while Bourk carried off his prize in safety to Valentia; where, however, Sir Laurence thought it might be possible to lay hold on him, and sent messengers off in all haste westward to look out for the vessels.

When freebooters could laugh at admirals and knights, it was no very pleasant matter for peaceable people to adventure themselves on a sea voyage. When the son of Lord Deputy Chichester was coming to Ireland in 1613, Boyle sent a mariner all the way across to 'Paestown' (probably Padstow), to warn him that pirates hovered on the sea to intercept his passage. The sailor was paid ten pounds for his voyage, and a messenger was also sent off to the Lord Deputy at a cost of five shillings. In 1630 a man crossed in an open boat to Holyhead to warn Lord Dungarvan and Lord Kildare that pirates were in the Channel, the same doubtless who snapped up all Lord Strafford's baggage shortly after; and Lord Cork himself was chased into Minehead and escaped with difficulty.

After reading of such adventures, it is satisfactory to find that at a jail delivery at Cork in 1625 'eight arch pirates' were hanged; but unfortunately others soon took their place, for the King's navy was too weak to guard the seas.

Troublesome as were these home-grown water thieves, the Munster shores knew far fiercer enemies. The Sallee Rovers were constantly hovering off the southern coasts,¹ awaiting their chance to make a dash on some fishing-village and carry Christians away to slavery, often, it is said, marching their fettered captives across France to re-embark at Marseilles, by favour of the Most Christian King. The guardships did what they could, and at the news of danger the garrisons of Kinsale or of Castlehaven hurried to the spot; but the corsairs were no laggards in their work, and as Davis tells, when they sacked Baltimore and the countryside was roused,

. . . 'this gallant rides from distant Bandon town,
Those hookers crossed from stormy Schull, that skiff from Affadown,

¹ See *Strafford Letters*, ii. 119.

They only found the smoking walls by neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went,
Then dashed to sea and passed Cape Clear, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravished Baltimore.'

In this case of Baltimore, Boyle was convinced that the success of the Rovers was due to the slackness of Captain Hooke, whose guardship was at Kinsale; and he wrote in great anger to Dorchester,¹ begging him to make the English Consul at Algiers interfere on behalf of these unhappy English and Irish carried off to slavery, and in the end the greater number of them were restored to liberty.

Sometimes a message found its way home from Christian captives, for the Corsairs were men of business and ready enough to put their prisoners to ransom if they could get a proper price. One of these pathetic letters came from 'Morockoe' to entreat Boyle's help. It is endorsed 'Sept. 1622. From Redmond Fitzjohn of Ballycrynnan his brother Gerald who is a captive at Morockoe.' It is more vivid to give the letter in the original spelling:—

'RIGHT HONNORABLE AND WORDYE GOOD LORD,—far to tedious, I dare not write the third part of my miserie: sence I came out of Ierland mee brother being kild by the turkes men of warre the 13th of January being the yeare of the Lord 1617, and after him I was cast awaie uppon the coaste of Barbarie with the rest of his comppany where wee weare made Captives in the hands of infidels and barbrous nation and soe many inconveniences hanginge uppon us as to reckon them all were infinite and to taste but one of them intollerable.

'I have written often time to your Lordshipp but never could receive an answer, but onlie Sir James Gooffe howes dwelling place is within tree miles to Clonmell, beinge then

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, 1631-2.

in London with the Earle of Clanrickard and our letters beinge come to his hands, and finding the opportunities of a shipp bound hither within 4 daies after he could not omite to salute and withal comforte our distressed state with his affectionate lines and to advertise us of our letters that he would deliver them according to their several direxions. Now the shipp being uppon this Barbrie coaste and bound home I would not omite this time but put your Lordship in remembrance of my [me] and alsoe for the afecion you bore to my father and to my brother after mee fathers death, and now your vassals. I though leaste wordye yet most willinge am come to prefer myself as a bound man unto your Lordship, for all my trust is in you onlie under God, to have pitie uppon my poore estate and distressed miserye.

‘Therefore I beseeche your Lordship whatever order you wil take for my, advertise Sir James Gooff off it; for he knows the English merchants that are heere and alsoe the Lundowners [? Londoners] that trafiques uppon this Barbyre coaste. As for my ransome it will come neere hand £200 little more or less. I need not make many words, for your Lordship knows mee meaninge. Soe I reste ffrom Morocus the first of September 1622. Your ffaithful and ever servantt most obedient to command

GERALD FITZGERALD.’

It was an irony of fate that threw the luckless Gerald into the hands of the Corsairs, for his brother Redmond Fitzjohn Fitzgerald was the very man at whom Boyle swore so heartily for turning pirate three times over. These Ballycrynнан Fitzgeralds must have been men of good standing for all their wild fortunes, for that masterful Lady Honora Fitzgerald, who bullied John Fitzgerald of Camphire, recognised Redmond as a kindred spirit and gave him a brass gun, a minion as it

was called, for his ship. The minion Redmond sold to Boyle, but in 1617 he was busy fitting out his ship afresh by the help of Sir Robert Tynt of Youghal, who went surety for his expenses. At this time he had only been twice a pirate, and he gave out that he was preparing to embark on a more heroic adventure, as one of the little fleet that sailed from Kinsale on Raleigh's last Guiana voyage.

For Munster was the last land to wish Raleigh good speed on his fatal Guiana voyage, when the eagle was let out of his cage in the Tower for one flight more, not for freedom, but that the daws might have the better chance to harry him to death. But Raleigh's friends did not suspect the royal treachery that was betraying him to the Spaniards, and welcomed him back to active life with boundless hopes. Boyle wrote to his merchant cousin Barsie of Plymouth to send thirty-two gallons of aquavitae on board Sir Walter's ship, and Sir Allen Apsley, Sir Walter's friendly jailer, announced his prisoner's departure in a letter to Boyle in April, saying that 'Sir Walter Rawley, not without great opposition, is at last gone to Plymouth with some eight shippes.' At Plymouth were further delays, and it was not till July that Lord Cork's friend Mr. Robert Waller could write that Sir Walter 'departed from Plymouth the 12th of this month, having first cast off sundry of his meaner followers who in their returning, having no horses of their own, take other men's. It will cost the King some charge in buying halters to save them from drowning!'

The next tidings of the expedition came from Sir Walter himself. Worn with often reading and stained with damp, the letter was faithfully preserved, and hard as they are to decipher, the old hero's words are worth the keeping. He dated his letter from Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald's mansion at

Rostellan. There from the terraced garden he could look out over Cork Harbour and recall old days and old hopes at the sight of Drake's Pool, where his former comrade had lain in ambush for the Spanish fleet.

‘July 29, 1617.

‘MY VERY GOOD LORD,—After as many crosses [on land] and sea as ever man was subject unto [I am] by extremity of weather driven into [the harbour] of Cork : I was first forced into Plym[outh and] from the French coast into Falmouth, with a violent storm on Midsumm[er eve] and midsummer day. My smaller ship [not being able to] bear it out I put into this port [of Kin]sale, not hearing yet any news of [the ship] in which I had bestowed a great p[art of my] provisions. This hard beginning [nevertheless], God I trust will bless us with a [good wind]. If I had horses I would have [waited upon your Lord]ship, but not having my own, I have sent Manus Maguire, [and perhaps your] Lordship will do me the favour [to oblige] me with a few hackneys. I [shall make] bold with Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald to Cloyne on Tuesday morning [with three] or four gentlemen and a couple of hawks. This much I make bold with [your Lordship], if God bless me with good success [in these under]takings, being certain and well, [I will] then acknowledge your Lordship's favour [or] perish, for there is no middle course but perish or prosper. I shall then entreat my [messenger] to give your Lordship thanks for [all], and ever remain your Lordship's to be——.’¹

That day's hawking over Cloyne meadows and marshes, the ride to Youghal across the country where he had fought more than thirty years before, when all the world was young and he was one of Spenser's knights fighting for the glory of

¹ L. P., ii. 2. 85.

the Fairy Queen, the talk over his pipe under the yew arbour in his old home, where now Sir Laurence Parsons lived, may have been a fleeting St. Luke's summer in Raleigh's life. For a moment, among old friends, on the soil that had seen his victories, he may have forgotten the long years of prison that lay between those days when he won his Irish grants and the world was at his feet, and to-day, when old and broken, he knew there was nothing for him 'but to perish or prosper.'

One day he spent in riding over to Mogeely Castle to endeavour to end that long lawsuit with Mr. Pyne which had begun in the early days of the Munster settlement, and had passed on to Boyle with the rest of Raleigh's Irish possessions. There in the garden at Mogeely, Raleigh and one of his officers, Captain Kemys, talked the matter over, and Mr. Pyne endeavoured to make Raleigh sign an acknowledgment of the genuineness of the lease granting him Mogeely for eighty-eight years. This Raleigh absolutely refused to do, but it is possible that Pyne himself was deceived about the lease, for the document eventually proved to be one of the productions of that accomplished forger, Jonn Mears. Captain Kemys supported Raleigh's assertion that he had never signed such a lease, and as Mr. Pyne persisted in considering it genuine, the interview came to nothing.¹

The night before his execution Raleigh, weary of the quarrels and pettinesses of life, relented somewhat even towards Pyne, and wrote: 'There is a lease in controversy between the Lord Boyle and one Henry Pyne of the castle and lands of Mogeely, and although I did write something at my going from Ireland towards Guiana to the prejudice of Pyne's lease, yet since that time, better bethinking myself, I desire that the opinion which I gave may be no evidence in

¹ *L. P.*, i. June 1617.

law against Pyne, but that it may be left to the proof on both sides.’¹ His broken spirit cared no longer to detect and put to shame the forger, he desired to put it all away: ‘from this and all I would begone.’

But on that summer day in 1617 when he walked with Boyle round the new-built walls of Youghal and saw his old dreams realised, and the English traders walking on the quay and English cattle grazing in the new parks, his busy brain began to weave schemes as of old, and the friends agreed on a partnership to work the copper-mines of Ballygarron, and to send specimens of the ore to London to be tested by Sir Walter’s assayer.

It must have been strange for him to see how Boyle had more than carried out his own projects. As he turned once more to the westward, and looked back at his friend, he might, like Ulysses, have said of him :—

‘Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties . . .
He works his work, I mine . . .
. . . my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths
Of all the western stars . . .’

Before Raleigh sailed he wrote generous words of approval of these ‘common duties.’ He told Boyle: ‘I have written to my honourable friends how much I am indebted to your Lordship, and withal what service you have done the State in strengthening this part of the Kingdom.’

Lord Cork lent some money to a couple of the officers

¹ Edwards’s *Life of Raleigh*, ii. 493.

before they left, and a hundred pounds to Sir Walter that he had to borrow himself from Sir Laurence Parsons. He also sent six bars of Spanish iron and a hogshead of salmon on board 'as a guyft.' That, however, was but a small part of Boyle's contribution to the enterprise; he told Carew Raleigh afterwards¹ that he had supplied Sir Walter with £350 in ready money, besides furnishing him with oxen, biscuit, beer, wine, and other necessities. The principal gentlemen of Munster, Lord Roche, Lord Barry, and many more, gathered at dinner at Sir Randall Clayton's to bid Raleigh farewell. At dinner Raleigh let fall some words, as though he was not fully furnished for this voyage, which Lord Cork observing, immediately procured him a hundred French crowns, which he knew would be current money in any place where he should put in to water or victual. After dinner Lord Cork withdrew with him to a window, and there offered him £100 more, telling him he feared from his discourse that he was not sufficiently furnished with money for his voyage, and thereupon made him this offer, which he refused, protesting that all his defects were supplied by Lord Cork beyond his hope or expectation; adding that if he was driven into any harbour he had jewels that he would sell rather than take any more money from him. Upon this he called to him the Lord Barry, the Lord Roche, his son, Mr. Walter Raleigh, Captain Whitney, and several others who dined there, and taking his son by the hand told him and the other gentlemen how Cork had kept a continual open house for three weeks to entertain him and all his company, that he had supplied his ships with several kinds of provisions and with £350 in ready money, and had given money to most of the captains of his fleet, and that he would now press £100 more on him which he did

¹ See Boyle's letter, printed in Smith, i. 85.

not want : and addressing himself to his son, he said : ‘ Wat, you see how nobly my Lord Boyle hath entertained me and my friends ; and therefore I charge you on my blessing if it please God you outlive me and return, that you never question my Lord Boyle for anything that I have sold him ; for if he had not bought my Irish land, it would have fallen to the Crown and then one Scot or another would have begged it, from whom neither I nor mine should have anything for it, nor such courtesies as now I have received.’ And thereupon Boyle accompanied him to the boat, where, at taking leave, Sir Walter repeated all he had before said of the earl’s civilities. ‘ And this,’ said Lord Cork, ‘ was the last time I ever saw him.’

So on the 10th of August his friends saw him vanish across the Western Ocean. Sad to confess, Redmond Fitzjohn of Ballycrynнан after all did not make one of that heroic venture. He found more congenial business nearer home, and the next November Boyle was shaken out of his usual dignity by finding the faithless Fitzgerald had turned pirate the third time. Whether Redmond Fitzjohn lived to be hanged, or settled down like the greater pirate Campané as a peaceful subject, does not appear ; he vanishes from Boyle’s diary and from our story in that eventful year 1617.

Nearly a year did Raleigh’s Irish friends wait for news, and then in May 1618 Lord Deputy St. John wrote to tell Carew that Raleigh had put into Kinsale in March last, where he had found Kemys, Pennington, and King, the captains who had deserted him, with their ships ; and the Lord Deputy had at once sent directions to the Earl of Thomond to secure those mutineers. He adds that he heard that Sir Walter was going on to Youghal Harbour,

and ends, 'I am extremely sorry for his ill success by the failure and mutiny of those that ought rather to have died than left him.'¹

Boyle mentions that he received 'letters from Sir Walter Raleigh of his arrival at Kinsale,' and that Captain Pennington, who perhaps was detained in custody, borrowed fifty pounds; but of the leader of the expedition is no further word till October 29, when the short sad entry stands, 'Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded at Westminster.'

But he was not forgotten. The lawsuit with Lady Raleigh did not touch Boyle's memory of his old friend. Again and again come mention of gifts given for Sir Walter's sake. '1641. Gave old Mr. Shelbury forty shillings, that was in want, having been solicitor to Sir Walter Raleigh.' 'Entertained Captain Shelbury, he being destitute here in Dublin and being effectually entreated by his father, an ancient follower of my dear and worthy friend Sir Walter Raleigh.' 'Sir Walter Raleigh's tobacco' was a specially precious gift to be sent over to cousins in England; 'Sir Walter Raleigh's staff' was given by Boyle as a relic to the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Sir William Jones; and 'Sir Walter Raleigh's stone' was set in the jewel the Earl of Cork wore on the most stately occasions and bequeathed with special directions in his will to his revered friend the great Archbishop Ussher. Sir Walter made his venture and paid the forfeit of his failure with his life, but for Boyle, as for us, Youghal will ever be haunted by the memory of him—

'Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

¹ *Cal. Carew MSS.*, 1618, p. 365.

CHAPTER VIII

A MUNSTER MANSION

‘Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door.’

R. L. STEVENSON.

WHEN Boyle acquired Lismore with the rest of the Raleigh property the castle was in a sad state of ruin, and for some years he did not attempt to live there. But in 1614 he began to set it in order, and a stone-cutter agreed to ‘make and carve four arms and crests with the borders in freestone, one at my gallery window, one at my schoolhouse, one at my almshouse, and another at my house at Lismore for £7, 10s. with meat, drink, and lodging at Lismore.’ The building and repairing at Lismore was never ending. Boyle loved bricks and mortar. ‘Two glasurs’ were paid for putting the castle staircase and the schoolhouse ‘into colours’; and in 1622 he agreed with the plasterer ‘to ceil with fret work my study, my bedchamber and the nursery at Lismore, and to wash them with Spanish white.’ There is no account of an entire rebuilding, but one time the park wall is built, at another a tower for a water-mill, and later on 1061 feet of terrace were laid out with paving-stones, at fivepence a foot.

The wars have left little of the castle of which the first Earl of Cork was so proud, but the unequalled position is unchanged, and the great drawing-room still boasts the view

that made the second King James start back in affright when he looked from the window and saw the precipice fall plumb from his feet to the swirling stream of the Blackwater far below ; across the river rise undulating slopes of rich pasture-land, and behind them the range of the Knockmeldown Mountains, where Boyle and his sons hunted the wolf and the red deer, stands out bold against the sky.

As time went on the visits of the Boyle family to Lismore grew more frequent and lasted longer, till at last it became their real Munster home, and the College House was only used when business or a journey to England made it convenient to stop for a night in Youghal.

The inside of Lismore must have been as beautiful as the exterior. One suite of furniture consisting of two large chairs, two high stools, and two low stools, were of crimson velvet fringed with silver and silk, and another set were of red, embroidered in black velvet. There were gilt bedsteads and quilts of needlework or of Indian embroidery. The dining-room walls were hung with tapestry, on the floor was a 'foot Turkey carpet,' and the window seats were covered with velvet cushions. The dinner-table was loaded with plate, but the amount of silver that furnished the house and even was used for bedroom ewers and basons was not so extravagant as it would at first appear ; the masses of plate accumulated in every great house were a convenient fashion of hoarding the precious metal till the day of need, when it could be melted into ready money with little trouble. Before Boyle died most of his silver dishes and saltcellars were riding on horseback in the service of the country. But in the piping times of peace all the sideboards of Lismore glittered with plate, which splendour nearly cost Lady Boyle dear. For one morning, descending from her stately gilded

bedstead, and 'resting on a bedstaff,' it broke, and she fell down upon the silver dishes and cut her knee so badly that a surgeon had to be called in.

Antiquarians are disagreed as to what a bedstaff exactly was, save that it was an article in constant use and constantly spoken of. Some authorities think it was used for beating up the feather beds and smoothing the bedcovers, so it is interesting to find that Lady Boyle evidently used hers as a climbing pole.

When we are investigating the ways of the household at Lismore it is curious to note who composed the 'family' of great folk in those days. It would seem as if the social layers were not divided as they are to-day: positions were held then by those of gentle blood which our new lady helps would hardly take, and upper servants were more often than not poor relations of the master of the house. Of course the Countess's gentlewomen were something of ladies-in-waiting, and Lord Cork's confidential 'servants' were more or less private secretaries. But they had to know and keep their proper place, and Cousin James Tompkyns, when he sent over his wife's kinswoman, Letitia Hopwood, to enter the Earl's household, wrote hoping she would prove 'dutiful and serviceable,' while to make Letitia the more welcome she carried with her from Warrington twelve cheeses.

The Earl of Cork constantly found situations in his family for his cousins, but married off 'my wyffs woman' or 'my ould servant' with equal satisfaction whether they were cousin or no. Cousin Roger Vaughan of Mocas in Herefordshire sent his son over to service at Lismore, and thither also came Cousin Epinetus Howard, who, though he only spent the summer in Ireland, received ten pounds in gold for his services. Those two did not remain long enough to have

their marriages arranged, but 'my cousin Naylor, Dean of Lismore,' 'was married in my house at Dublin to Anne Mansfield my wife's gentlewoman whom I gave in marriage.'

The Earl did not let the brides go empty-handed from his house. In 1628, 'My wife's woman Mrs. Mary Evesham, was contracted to Mr. John Ward of Dublin by my cousin Robert Naylor my chaplain, in the nursery of Lismore, in the presence of myself, my wife, my son, and Mr. Whalley, and in the presence of them all I gave her £100 in gold which she presently gave her new betrothed husband.' The same gift was presented to a young lady who made a better match. 'June, 1633. This day at Chichester House, Sir Richard Southwell contracted to Mrs. Ann Neville, my daughter the Countess of Kildare's gentlewoman, and I gave her of my bounty £100 in gold in a fine needlework purse toward her preferment, and the Earl of Kildare hath promised Sir Richard another £200 with her.'

It was necessary to import attendants who had some pretensions to birth and breeding to fill posts of trust, for some of the wild Irish servants were very wild indeed, and the Earl had to make a bond of £200 for his servant Donough M'Teague Carthy, 'if he shall be attainted for the treasonable words he spake against his Sacred Majesty.' It is so improbable that the Earl of Cork should shelter a traitor that we must needs believe Donough M'Teague Carthy had been very drunk and then spake unadvisedly with his lips.

One servant was always faithful, and that was old Davy Gibbons, the footman or messenger, who was rewarded for a service of thirty years with a lease of lands in Waterford, rent free, but for a fat capon to be paid at Christmas, and a pair of gilt spurs paid every New Year's Day, himself or his heirs-male putting them on. In the Earl's last will he

added a legacy of £10 to stock the farm, and commanded his heir to see that David was not disturbed in the enjoyment of it. Another old servant, William Chettle, 'my honest servant,' was given £20 a year out of Powlmore in the barony of Inchiquin, 'and as an addition for his better maintenance during his life, I have given him a bond wherein Arthur Freke and Lieut. James Finch are, for arrears of rent on his farm, bound to pay him £195 on Midsummer day next.' Chettle also came in for presents of clothes; one New Year's Day he received 'a new cloak that I had never worne, of London Russet, lined throughout with black velvet.'

Those were the days when it was an honour to a gentleman to wear the clothes of any one above him in rank, and when King James showed his appreciation of the famous Cotteswold games by sending to their founder Mr. Dover, a man of good position and fortune, a suit of his own clothes to wear at the festivity. As Lord Cork's 'servants' were very different people from the 'twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges' kept by the old Courtier of the Queen in the ballad, so the Lismore 'servants,' instead of blue coats, wore the Earl's gayest cast-off garments, and often were given clothes and doublets he had never put on. John Eddow was given a French green satin doublet with points of gold and green silk, a cassock and green silk lace suitable, and John Narroon of Glannabwy was given a tawny satin doublet and breeches and girdle suitable.

The supplies for the great household at Lismore were naturally drawn chiefly from the Earl's own farms and gardens, and not content with smoked fish and barrelled cockles from his fisheries at Crookhaven and Ardmore, he imported freshwater fish into Ireland, and soon could stock his friends' ponds

as well as his own.¹ In 1630, eight carp and thirty tench were sent over from the Low Countries to him; many died by the way, but when we consider the rate at which journeys were accomplished in those days of waggons and packhorses, we can only marvel that any survived. Yet in time the Earl's fish-pools were filled, and four years later he was able to send to the Lord President of Munster twenty young carp and ten tench.

The importation and breeding of all sorts of game and farm stock was a matter of the deepest interest to Lord Cork. The royal patent for Youghal had granted permission to enclose certain lands for breeding horses and deer; and the name park still clings there to the fields that have reverted to less dignified use. Mr. William Freke wrote in 1617 that he hoped to get about fifty does and fifty buck from a Mr. Mald, who was disparking his park called Currypool, near Bridgewater, and hoped to get a hundred more from the Earl of Pembroke's herds in the Forest of Dean. He was sending two horse-loads of toils to take them with.² Henry Vaughan of Moccas also contributed deer for his cousin's park; and the following January, Mr. Edward Seymour, a south of England squire, wrote to protest against Boyle's agent Mr. Russel offering to buy his deer at but a French crown each, when he could sell them for three times as much at home, without the risk and trouble of sending them so far; but he was willing to come to terms and ship them to Ireland if he could receive wainscot as a return cargo for his vessel, and also have the right of buying a hundred does at a pound apiece in five or six years' time. A good many of the larger stags and does he had destined for Lord Cork had died after being

¹ See *Autobiography of Robert Boyle*.

² *L. P.*, ii. 2. 108.

taken, which he attributed to the shortness of the panniers they were put into and the long land carriage during which they had hurt themselves by struggling, for the wind had prevented the ship standing close inshore and he had been obliged to send them eight miles by land.

Lord Cork loved the deer he had got with so much trouble, and kept a tame buck for some time at Youghal; but it proved to be an untrustworthy pet, and in 1619 he wrote that it had turned savage and had wounded Sir William Fenton and killed a keeper, before he could come up and shoot it.

A year after he had imported his deer, Lord Cork notes with joy that he found in his park 'the first fawn that ever was fawned in those parts,' and it was not long before he could send his deer far and wide among his friends, presenting six brace of deer to Lord Clanrickard to stock his new park at Portumna; and later on five brace of young fawns went to the same park, Lord Cork skilfully arranging that they should have been brought up by goats, so that their foster-mothers should travel with them.

Of all the Munster gentry, who seem to have spent their time like Job's children feasting in each other's houses, the one we meet with the oftenest is Sir John Leeke, who leased Lisfinnon Castle from the Earl. Jovial, warm-hearted, and gossiping, whenever there was a message to carry or a good-natured errand to do, Sir John was always ready to start, and his frequent English visits to his wife's cousins the Verneys of Claydon, enabled him to do a vast amount of London shopping for the Boyle family.

Of course Sir John Leeke was one of the first to follow the Earl's example and keep deer, and when he was in England he begged his lordship to keep an eye on them. 'I send over,' he wrote to Boyle in 1624, 'an excellent keeper, as good

a woodman as any in this kingdom, an honest and a quiet man. I will direct him to your honour, that yourself may put him into the park, otherwise the dogged fellow Thomas will do him some ill turn or other, if I be not there to order him; but I know he doth fear you, and therefore if you command him he dare not violate. I beseech your honour let them kill some bucks with the bow, that my hounds be not marred.' He had no fancy evidently for Thomas going a-hunting on his own account; and he had further heard that Thomas was haunting the ale-houses and giving away rabbits, 'and there be night walks,' so it was indeed necessary for some one to keep an eye on him.

English cows and English sheep were so frequently brought over for the Earl's home farm and for the use of his tenants, that there was none of the anxiety felt over their journeys that there was about the deer; but the importation of horses for the horse park was an important matter, and the Earl was delighted when Sir John Leeke brought him over a horse he had bought for £24. He was constantly buying and exchanging, and giving horses to his friends and servants, and had a fashion of calling his horses after their former owners. 'Bay Audley' was a greatly valued horse of Lord Castlehaven's breed, and there was a 'Grey Eddow,' and many more such.

Although we know by his presents to King James and his courtiers how highly Boyle valued his eyries of falcons, strange to say he never gives any details of hawking-parties in his letters or diaries; it is always as presents that he mentions hawks. Neither does he ever tell of his hunting exploits: it is in his son's diary that we hear of riding after wolves on the Knockmeldown Mountains. Lord Cork only mentions wolf-hounds when he sends them away to his friends. As the greatness of the native chieftains had declined in Ireland, the

breeding of their hounds had been neglected, and although there was still no lack of wolves in Ireland to give them occupation, the dogs who had been tall enough to look over the shoulders of their masters as they sat at meat grew smaller and fewer. So, when the fancy to own them suddenly arose among fashionable people in England, the Earl of Cork was, in his own words, 'put to his straits' to procure wolf-hounds for his friends, and had to inquire far and near, coming on a 'very fair dog' in one place, and 'a handsome brace' in another, to make up the number. The St. Legers and the Browns and the Laceys all helped him, and one that the Earl had destined for Mr. Perkins the tailor was after all offered for the service of the Queen of Bohemia. That lovely lady must have owned a pack of wolf-hounds; young Dungarvan took over three brace in 1636, and Davie Gibbons, the old footman, followed next year to the Hague with two more. But ill-natured gossip hinted that the Queen of Hearts went even further than William the Conqueror in her taste for sport, and 'loved the tall deer' better than her children!

In trying to imagine the life in a country mansion in the seventeenth century, we must take account of the constant coming and going of guests. In the days when there was no penny post and no telegraph wires, business matters had to be arranged by sending a special messenger or by interviews, even if the interview meant a two-days' journey. When there were so few inns, a journey usually meant a series of visits, for the gentry accepted it as one of the duties of their position to keep open house. Besides those who came from need, or business, or pleasure, there were the official visitors. When a great man, judge, or president, or lord deputy, was on his rounds, he naturally turned to the nearest big house, riding up with his retinue of gentlemen and grooms, and the train of pack-horses

jingling behind, or perhaps rumbled up more solemnly in his great leathern coach, with chaplain sitting in the boot, and all the gentry of the neighbourhood drawn up to receive him. Then all was bustle, the tun of Canary that had been a present from the Mayor of Youghal was broached, with usquebaugh and aquavita and good ale; there was venison to be fetched from the park, Raleigh's potatoes and Raleigh's Affane cherries from the garden, casks of 'fumados' and cockles to be opened and fresh fish fetched from the pond, the English cheeses cut, the groceries from London brought out, marmalade, and green ginger, and cinnamon water; sirloins of beef from the green Camphire meadows were roasted to keep the mighty pasties company—all served on silver dishes and spiced with condiments from the branched silver salt-cellar. And while the guests feasted, the scarlet-clad musicians played stately old tunes, or the Irish harper was called in as a compliment to the Irish among the guests.

There is an entry among the Lismore accounts of twenty-two shillings given to 'the Prince's players,' one of the wandering theatrical companies, who played in great folks' halls from Munster to Elsinore, and when the acting was over there were games for the guests at cards or dice, gleek and 'quarter loo dicing' and 'mawe.' The children also had their gaities, and the Earl gave them five pounds for their masque, 'whereof I paid out of my own purse £4, 17, 0, and gave order to Mr. Whalley to add three shillings to make up £5.' There were merry days at Lismore in the Great Earl's time.

Boyle never gave up his connection with the friends of his youth in Connaught and Leinster; the Moores and Edgeworths were constant correspondents, and Henry Crofton of Mohill, the son of Boyle's earliest patron, the Escheator

General, was trustee to the marriage settlement of Sara Boyle.

Whether English, Irish, or Scottish, or of old Norman blood, not one of the Munster family names is missing among the records of the Earl's visitors. The Elizabethan settlers, Hulls and Beechers, Daunts, Hydes, Hewitts and Flemings, met at Lismore the old Irish Lord Roche and Lord Muskerry, Keatings and M'Carthy's.

It is certainly noticeable that no social feeling divided either Romanists from Protestants or Celts from Saxons. Lord Roche only took a mischievous pleasure in leading his Puritan friend into compromising situations. Boyle wrote in vexation in 1620, 'I rode with my Lord Roche to M'Carthy's marriage, but he was married with a papist priest before and I unnobly did withal'; and in 1615 Roche was delighted to spur Boyle up to remember his religious obligations, and reminded him of the coming of Lent and his Majesty's edict concerning its observation, excepting for 'such as should be sickly, or whose constitution of health may not bear eating fish :¹ which I wish for your good, and assuring myself it will be well taken, for my Lord Deputy is resolved to hold that course with his household in Dublin.'

But in spite of these little pin-pricks, when we cannot doubt that Cork managed to give as good as he got, he and Lord Roche were firm friends, and at the very time when he was exhorting Lord Cork to fast, Lord Roche was also writing to him, that, anxious as he was to discuss the arrangements for the coming Parliament, 'I would not have you be bold to come abroad till fairer weather come on, therefore appoint the

¹ In 1640 there is a note that Lord Cork purchased a licence from the Archbishop of Canterbury 'under his seal of office for myself and eleven more to eat flesh this Lent, the fees whereof cost one mark.'

time of my coming to you . . ., for I prefer your welfare and health before my ease and all the horseflesh in the country.'

The Earl on his side never failed in the office of friendship: when Lord Roche's son, Sir Tibbott, or Theobald, died of small-pox at Youghal, he even went so far as to send the body back to the bereaved father in his own coach.

To the port of Youghal came visitors of all degrees from England: fine gentlemen, who hoped that Lord Cork's influence would secure them matches with Munster heiresses, country squires like Sir Harry Lee of Ditchley, immortalised in *Woodstock*, who came to see after investments of money, and, dearest of all, Cork's old comrade in Carew's war, Sir Thomas Stafford, who called to talk over old adventures, on his way to visit his mother at Crookhaven. The letter that announced his coming was sealed with the wonderful seal the great Dean Donne had given him, a mystic emblem of hope, showing the Saviour extended, not upon a cross, but on an anchor.

With the prosperous English visitors came also an unceasing stream of poor Boyle relations, all of whom were welcomed and provided for by their prosperous cousin. Lord Cork had not the least hesitation in admitting that many of his connections were in trade, and when in London was as ready to dine with his cousin Croon the Vintner as with any court gentleman. He invited his 'poor honest kinsman,' Roger Boyle, the grocer, over to Ireland and settled him on a farm on the Galtees. But the poor grocer, it appears, did not understand farming, for it was not long till he was driven to mortgage his land, and Lord Cork had to redeem it for him.

Only one of them, 'Cozen Cripps,' was too much even for

Munster hospitality. She established herself at Ballynetra, where the Earl sent her twenty shillings by his niece, Kate Supple ; but a few months later he was obliged to send Dean Naylor's wife with twenty-five shillings to give 'my cousin Cripps to carry her into England. And my children made it up to £5 amongst them, conditionally she came no more to trouble us in Ireland !' This undesired visitor was apparently well connected, for there is mention in the diary of an old Sir Edward Cripps, to whom the Earl sent a pair of embroidered gloves one New Year's Day.

Of all the Boyle cousins, the one who must interest us most is the golden-haired Elizabeth Spenser, who found her way back to Ireland and married again and lived at Youghal. There was nothing poetical in the poor lady's later life ; her letters are but complaints to her rich and sympathetic cousin of her anxieties about her sons or her money, and we can hardly doubt that her second and third marriages were matters of commonplace convenience. But after all, it is better so, better that the romance of her life should be buried in Westminster Abbey with the poet who had honoured her with his love, than that she should have given her heart with her hand to one of a lower nature. Her second marriage, with Roger Seckerstone, did not last long, and in 1612 she took as her third husband Captain Robert Tynte, the godfather of Boyle's eldest daughter. There was no jubilant opening of the Temple Gates for this wedding ; it was celebrated, as seems to have been the bad fashion of those days, in the study of the College House at Youghal. Richard Boyle, Dean of Lismore, tied the knot, and the event is chronicled in the Earl's diary, 'and I gave her to him in marriage, and I beseech God to bless them with good agreement and many virtuous children.'¹

¹ *L. P.*, i. 1. 8.

Lady Tynte had indeed cause for anxiety over her sons. Her Tynte children were not especially virtuous, and her Spenser sons were very poor. There is a most sad letter from Peregrine Spenser to Boyle in 1612.¹ He says: 'Necessity and I have been of so long acquaintance, that I am almost inured to continue her abject.' He begs for counsel, for he had got a situation as gentleman usher, by means of such friends as he, a stranger in England, could make in so short a time, but now had lost it by falling ill. His health was not equal to study, 'but your charity will be a means to direct my youth in a path, that my age may live to pray for you.' In a postscript he adds: 'My mother writ to me that you had taken order with Mr. Bor for five pounds at Easter last, which hitherto I have not heard of; but your kind remembrance by Capt. Norton hath remembered more thanks than this little paper dare be capable of.' Peregrine was well named a stranger and pilgrim upon earth, as his father had felt himself when he gave his son such a significant name. However, Peregrine's fortunes seem to have improved, for at his death in 1641 he left his son Hugolin owner of an estate named Renny.

In 1624 came the most exalted of visitors, the Governor of the country. Lord Deputy Falkland rode on progress through Munster, and came with great state to Youghal, the Earl of Cork meeting him with forty gentlemen, and entertaining him and the Lord President of Munster for four days at the College. There, in the dining parlour, Lord Falkland knighted the twelve-year-old son and heir, Lord Dungarvan, and the new boy-knight presented the Deputy with a falcon, and the Deputy's son Lucius, with a tercel gentle. Lord Cork presented a black mare to the Deputy, and the fees for

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 2. 139.

knighthood amounted to £31, 10s. The Deputy also knighted Smyth of Ballynetra, Lord Cork's brother-in-law, and George Boyle of the iron-works, the Earl paying their fees for them.

Lord Falkland liked his Munster host so well that he would willingly have found a bride for his son Lucius Cary among the Ladies Boyle ; but Lord Cork was not disposed to give one of his richly dowered daughters to a comparatively poor suitor, and so he missed the honour of calling the noblest gentleman in England his son-in-law. But a warm friendship continued to exist between the families, and long years after, when Lucius Cary fell on Newbury field, Katherine Boyle's letter of sorrow was a worthy epitaph on that stainless knight.

Lord Falkland's progress in Munster ended somewhat sadly, for the President of Munster, the Earl of Thomond, was taken suddenly ill during the tour, and died in three days. But his death brought a close friend of the Boyles to Munster, for in December Lord Falkland announced :—

‘Sir Edward Villiers shall certainly shortly come over President of Munster, which, for his sake, your sake, and my own, I am glad of. If the times prove as stirring as they are likely to be, his employment will prove both honourable, profitable, and pleasant unto him.’

What the ‘stirring times’ were to which the Deputy looked forward is not clear ; it is to be hoped that he did not mean that an Irish war with ensuing forfeitures was the best luck to be desired ! Perhaps poor Lord Falkland thought that any fighting in the field would be preferable to the constant struggles in the Irish Council Chamber, where Sir Francis Annesley had for long made it his pride to put one Lord Deputy after another to rout.

In October 1625, Sir Edward Villiers arrived in Ireland and became tenant of the College House at Youghal, and in

March 1626, 'my Lord President came from Moallo to Lismore,' and 'saw a piece of ordanance cast at Cappoquin.' There were plenty of junketings that year. One entry in the diary tells of an August picnic for the Boyle and Villiers children. 'Sent a fat buck to Dungarvan, whither my son Richard, my four daughters and Mr. Villiers, with other good company, went to be merry, this being the first day my son saw Dungarvan.' As was inevitable when Lord Cork and his friends were happy together, the talk soon turned on marriages. Cork would willingly have had a daughter-in-law from the Villiers family, but Sir Edward said candidly that his fortune was not great enough to dower a Viscountess of Dungarvan, for he had not eight hundred a year in land. He must have been a singularly unlucky man, for scandal had whispered that more money had come into his hands than he could publicly account for. However, it does not seem to have stayed with him, for whatever fault the Villiers family had they were never niggardly. The Viscount of thirteen was, it seems, old enough to take some interest in his own future bride, for an allusion made long afterwards by Dungarvan to Lady Barbara Villiers shows there had been a little sentiment as well as diplomacy in the negotiations.

But these gay days passed all too quickly. On September 2, 1626, comes the entry, 'My noble friend, Sir Ed. Villiers, sickened this day at Youghal and died there the 8th of this month about four of the clock in the morning and was buried in my new chapel about eight in the evening, I attending his death and funeral.' Lord Cork did all that friendship could do to aid Lady Villiers in her sad journey back to England, sending fifty pounds to the captain of the King's ship then on guard on the coast of Munster to enable him to make suitable preparations on board for her reception; and on the 16th of

October, Lord Cork, Lord Barry, and Lord Digby rode to Youghal, 'to bring my Lady Villiers a-shipboard, and returned the 21st, and I gave my godson Richard Villiers his nurse ten shillings.'

Lady Villiers gave a parting gift of ten books of Common Prayer for use in the chapel where her husband lay.

The epitaph she placed over his tomb is so striking, that some critics have suggested it may have been written by Ben Jonson.

Munster may curse
The time that Villiers came
To make us worse
By leaving such a name
Of noble parts
As none can imitate
But those whose harts
Are married to the State.
But if they press
To imitate his fame,
Munster may bless
The time when Villiers came.

CHAPTER IX
MARRIAGES OF CONVENIENCE
1621—1630

‘Marry! That marry is the very theme
I come to tell of.’

Romeo and Juliet.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY weddings appear to have been usually a matter of as long and complicated negotiation as if two nations were discussing peace and war, instead of two private gentlemen haggling over how many hundred pounds should make up a dowry.

Our sympathy to-day is naturally given to the Romeos and Juliets of old; but we may well spare a little pity for seventeenth-century parents, for authority carries with it its own responsibilities, and when the future of children was entirely at the mercy of a parent’s wisdom or caprice, a conscientious father felt himself bound to provide for that future to the best of his ability.

While the Earl of Cork’s sons were yet in their cradles, he was moving heaven and earth to buy them titles and to build up estates for them. Each fresh mortgage or purchase of land was ticketed for Dungarvan, or for Roger, or for Robert. It was simpler, though hardly less expensive, to provide for the girls; they were to be married off as soon as possible, to the richest suitors attainable. There was no hesitation felt about marrying for money; the whole thing

was a mere matter of pounds, shillings, and pence ; and yet the Earl was a most loving father, and lavished prayers and blessings on the daughters who were bargained away like pieces of merchandise.

There was perhaps one redeeming point about these unromantic matches, which often distinguished them from mere *mariages de convenance* : the bride was usually no more than a baby, and she was handed over to be brought up in the family of the boy bridegroom, so that the lifelong familiarity of the children made the affair less repulsive than when a grown man and woman met for the first time on their wedding-day.

Alice Boyle was but ten years old when the agreement was signed that promised her to a boy of twelve, young Lord Barry ; but she returned after the betrothal to Lady Clayton's care, for the bridegroom had no home of his own to which to carry her. Although he was The Barry More, head of the great Barry family that had been lords of a third of all Munster ever since the days that the Normans invaded Ireland,¹ he was but a homeless and forlorn little fellow. His grandfather was David Fitzjames Barry, Viscount Buttevant, but his father, David Barry, had never succeeded to the title, having died in 1635, shortly before this boy's birth.

When old Lord Buttevant died, his real heir was his deaf and dumb eldest son ; but by general consent this man was held incompetent, and little David was hailed as head of the family, although he was seldom given any higher title than Lord Barry. Hard times soon came on the boy and his widowed mother, Mrs. Ellis² Barry, for his guardian was his aunt, the Countess of Ormond, and the countess, for reasons of her own, joined with her second husband, Sir

¹ See Windele Manuscripts.

² Ellis, or Ellice, short for Elizabeth.

Thomas Somerset, in persecuting poor Mrs. Ellis in every way she could devise. But Mrs. Ellis had been a Poer, and had the spirit of the Poers. She took to herself a second husband, Mr. Sherlock, garrisoned her boy's castle of Barryscourt with 'fifty hable men,' and refused to let the guardians lay a finger on her boy or his estates. But the good old Munster fashions of private feuds did not please the Lord Deputy of Ireland, who clapped poor Mrs. Ellis into Dublin Castle, and left her no resource but to appeal to the powerful Sir Richard Boyle for his help. He promptly concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with her, sent her £5, 10s. in gold for her expenses, and promised to recover her boy, and marry him to his own eldest daughter, Alice Boyle.

Meanwhile the little fellow over whom the guardians were quarrelling was sent away from his mother and his friends, and bestowed in the household of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He ought to have done well under the care of so learned and pious a man as Abbott; but the archbishop was either too busy or too much absorbed in his studies to take any interest in a mere child, and David idled about Lambeth Palace, uncared for and untaught, till Boyle gained power to interfere in his behalf. Then, in November 1617, Boyle wrote with proud pleasure :—

'God bless it. On this day I agreed with Sir Lawrence Esmond, Mr. Patrick Sherlock, and Mr. Barry and his sons on behalf of my lord Barry, to redeem all his mortgages so that they exceeded not £3000, and to have ten in the hundred for the use of my money, the surplus of the rent to be disposed of for the young lord's maintainence. And I am to give Alice the rents of the Abbey of Castle Lyons to buy her pins, and I to have the breeding of the young Lord Barry.'

As soon as matters were so far advanced, Boyle was able to assume the responsibility of the young lord's education, and he was sent off to Eton under the care of his tutor, Dr. Joslen, and William Brown. Perkins, the Earl's London tailor, received orders to provide fifty pounds' worth of clothes for tutor and pupil, and to advance '£25 to pay for his quarter's dyett at Eton.'

But even at Eton the boy's troubles were not over : most people looked on him with affection and pity ; but Sir Laurence Parsons wrote to warn Cork that he believed Lady Ormond would never rest content till she had ruined her poor sister-in-law, and that the only hope of safety for mother or son would be to get the Duke of Buckingham to lay the case before the King, who would be sure to take 'Somerset's doings ill.'

Kind Sir John Leeke, who leased land near Castle Lyons, the ruined mansion of the De Barrys, shared Lord Cork's interest in the fatherless boy. He wrote in 1618 to tell how at last the King's notice was drawn to young Barry : 'Sunday the 27th of September the King led my Lord Barry to chapel, and there did use him most graciously. I have been often with him ; his lordship doth lack money, and if I can get in my money, I will supply him with £50 or £100, if it shall please your lordship to see me paid.'

But even these open signs of royal favour did not secure Lord Barry from his enemies. His kinsman, Lord Roche, wrote in August 1620 in a desperate state of anxiety lest Lord Cork should get tired of maintaining the long struggle. 'Seeing,' he says, 'how earnest Sir T. Somerset deals against your lordship and that sweet young lord, whose courage and health I pray God may be preserved from such unnatural and cruel attempts,—I cannot conceive nor understand how

your lordship in honour or conscience may forsake this young lord, considering how firm and steadfast he is towards you and yours, notwithstanding any soothing or large offers that are daily made unto him to quit him from your lordship.'

Boyle had by this time secured his own title as Earl of Cork, and was too safe in the favour of the all-powerful Duke of Buckingham to be scared into dropping the boy he had secured for a son-in-law. Opposition only made him the more resolved to possess Lord Barry, cost what it might, and although he considered £850 an unfairly high price to pay for the wardship, in addition to the £3000 he had promised as Alice's dowry, he paid it down in October 1620, and paid the young lord's Eton bills into the bargain, for one of Lord Cork's English friends warned him, 'the young nobleman saith plainly he will not depart hence in debt.' At last all the money matters were settled, and Lord Barry was delivered from his enemies, and arrived safe and sound at Youghal in December, 'to my great comfort,' writes Lord Cork, 'after a most tempestuous passage and narrow escape, God be ever praised. And I gave my Lord Barry my ambling gelding Bay Thomond and my mewed goshawk, and I am to have his eyrie of falcons.'

There, storms were over ; there was now only comfortable talk of horses and hawks, and a cheerful family circle to welcome the lonely boy, in which we may hope Mrs. Ellis Poer and her daughter Peggy Sherlock found their places.

On the 3rd of December, with due formality, is entered in the diary : 'The young Lord Barry Lo. Viscount Buttavent was this day in the hall of the College House of Youghall by the L. Bishop of Cork contracted *pro verba de presenti* to my eldest daughter the Lady Alice Boyle in the presence of Sir W. Fenton, Sir J. Fitz Edmonds, Sir R. Tynte, and 40 more

of good worth and reputation. And their contract written and testified by the said bishop, and signed by the young couple with many of the witnesses' names subscribed. And I do humbly beseech the Almighty God of Heaven in and through his best beloved Son Jesu Christ to pour upon them both all spiritual and temporal blessings in a most plentiful manner, and that they may live long and comfortably together in His divine fear and protection, and be the parents of many good and virtuous children, etcetra.'

In spite of the quaint conclusion, Lord Cork was evidently deeply moved by the marriage of his eldest daughter. He never wrote so warmly of any other wedding. He took Lord Barry to his heart as an elder son, and was never better pleased than when he could write he had ridden to assizes or military musters on horseback 'with my Lord Barry.'

The following summer the wedding was solemnised by Michael Boyle, Bishop of Waterford, late in the evening of July 9, 1621. This wedding at Lismore was a double one, as the Earl's second daughter Sara was married at the same time to Sir Thomas Moore, son and heir to Lord Moore. The story of sweet Sara Moore must be told presently, but we may first follow the fortunes of the Barrys a little further.

The next notice of the young bridegroom is in December 1621, when his father-in-law makes a very serious note about him in his diary :—

'My Lord Barry, tho' it was Sunday, upon an untimely falling out at dice, wounded Malperos, the usher of my hall, very dangerously with the firefork. I pray God he may recover, and that the example hereof may teach my Lord better temper and carriage, and neither of them hereafter may presume to play upon the Lord's Day.'

As we hear no more of Sunday battles, we may presume

my lord did take it to heart. He grew up to be a gallant and spirited gentleman, a little headstrong and careless about money matters, but in general most dutiful to his father-in-law. Mr. Vigors, the Boyles' private chaplain, describes him as 'of a most noble, generous, free nature, full of humanity and christian charity, and no less pious and truly virtuous. He hath sermons in his chapel duly twice a day on Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.'¹

The young couple lived almost entirely with Lord Cork during Lord Barry's minority. The young lord seems not to have cared for Barry's Court, his fortress on Cork Harbour, and mortgaged it to Lord Cork to raise money to repair and enlarge Castle Lyons, the Castle Lehané granted to his ancestors by King John. Unceasing work at Castle Lyons ended in turning the feudal fortress into a superb Jacobean mansion, built round a central courtyard, one side of which was entirely occupied by the great hall, and another by the kitchen. A noble gallery, ninety feet long and two stories high, was begun, but never finished. Tradition still tells of the beauty of the terraced gardens watered by an artificial canal, and of the great deer-park; but alas! a fire in the eighteenth century has left nothing but ruins to tell of the former glories of the Barrymores' mansion, and most of the family portraits and records perished with the Castle.²

It is tantalising that the formality with which children addressed their parents makes the letters of the Earl's children tell little of their real characters, but Sir John Leeke breaks out in absolute raptures over his 'dear mistress,' as he always calls Lady Barry. 'My dear mistress, the worthiest of women. Believe me, old Cork could beget nothing foolish.

¹ Urban Vigors's Narr., *Cork Arch. Jour.* (1896), p. 300.

² See Windele Manuscripts, *Cork Arch. Jour.* (1897), p. 176; Smith, i. 146.

By my soul I dare swear it, I had rather have her judgment in business than the greatest councillors among us, and if I had a desire to be merry, better company is not.'¹

Fond as the Earl of Cork was of his eldest daughter's husband, he could not always suppress a grumble at the amount of money he was asked to lend to the poor and proud head of the Barry clan, but Alice could generally manage to persuade her father to open his purse-strings. Sir John Leeke in one of his rapturous panegyrics on his 'dear mistress,' tells the Verneys it was she who had bestirred herself to persuade her father to renew a lease to him on very generous terms.

A serious appeal for money came in the year 1637, when Lord Barry heard a report that the Duke of Buckingham had promised to support Viscount Gormanston's claims to take precedence of Viscount Buttevant, and he flew in great agitation to implore Lord Cork to save him this humiliation, by bidding higher in the market for titles and buying him an earl's coronet! The thousand pounds, at which Buckingham priced the title, was of course advanced by Lord Cork, secured on lands which his son-in-law let to him at a peppercorn rent. The Earl of Barrymore also had to pay £243, 8s. 8d. in fees, and then was for ever secure from the pretensions of mere viscounts.

From this time on, the news from Castle Lyons is chiefly of the peaceful family sort. In 1632, when the falling in of some Fermoy leases brought a flock of five hundred and thirty ewes into Lord Cork's hands, he writes, 'The ewes I have bestowed on my pretty grandchild Katie Barry, to begin a stock of sheep for her withal.' Pretty Katie had a younger sister Ellen, and then came two boys, Richard and James. Richard, afterwards second earl, was named after his grand-

¹ *Verney Mems.*, i. 203.

father and brought up with great care ; his mother wrote in 1639 to beg Sir Edmund Verney to find her a ' mounseer ' to teach him to write, and to accompany him when he was sent to school. ' I would not have him too old or too young,' she writes, ' but one of very temperate carriage.' ' Choose one for my mad boy,' she goes on, ' and that he may come over with as much speed as may be, for he is spoilt for want of one.' ¹

And here we may leave Alice a while to her busy, useful life, and turn to the little sister who was married on the same day.

Sara Boyle had never passed under Lady Clayton's care, for the negotiations about her marriage began when she was not out of the nursery. The story starts in the year 1617, when Sara was nine years old. A certain old friend, Sir John Blennerhasset, wrote to Lord Cork to tell him he had been staying at Mellifont Abbey, where his hostess, Lady Moore, had been talking over her family with him, and confided to him how anxious she was to find a good wife for her eldest surviving son, and asked him to help her in the search. Sir John in reckoning over the families of his friends, bethought him of the nursery full of children at Lismore, and wrote off to tell Boyle of this excellent chance. ' The young gentleman is of as good hope as any I know in this kingdom, his age is about eighteen.' ² The Earl answered with great pleasure and gratitude : ' It is so fair and honourable, as I should forget myself and my child's good too much if I should not apprehend it as a blessing from God. . . . My Lord Moore, he is a nobleman that I ever honoured, his father being the principal means under God that first invited my coming into this kingdom. His lady is my gossip, to whose mother I was much bound in my first fortunes. The memory thereof, and

¹ *Verney Mems.*, i. 218.

² *L. P.*, ii. 2. 102.

the virtues of the other [*i.e.* Lady Moore] I much reverence, and therefore have the greater willingness to match in that family. My daughter, though of good growth (you have seen her in my house), is but nine years old; she is well nurtured and conditioned, religiously bred, and hath as many good qualities as may be expected of one of her time. The preferment I shall give her shall be £3000, and I shall expect a jointure accordingly'; and concludes by 'desiring God, who makes marriages in heaven, to bless your endeavours.'¹

After Alice's wedding in 1621, she was left for two years longer in her father's house, but her portrait was sent to Mellifont, painted by a 'french limner,' who was paid thirteen pounds by Lord Cork for 'making my own, my wife's, my mother's, Sara's, Dick's, and Joan's pictures.' The portraits of Dick and Joan were sent over to Sir Edward Villiers, no doubt to pave the way for negotiations of marriage for them. Meanwhile Sir Thomas Moore was making the grand tour under the care of a tutor, having taken Lord Cork's own saddle hackney, Black Carew, as a parting present from Lismore. But he returned the following year, and with his younger brother spent the best part of a month in Munster.

When Lord Cork had paid over the last instalment of Sara's dowry in July 1623, he rode over to Mellifont from Dublin and gave his future son-in-law a bill for £500, 'as a further bounty,' and then in October Sir Thomas claimed his bride 'and departed Lismore with my daughter his wife, and I gave Sir Thomas a fair ambling mare and a pillion furnished, and Sara £5 in her purse, and accompanied them to Clonmell, and there bare their charges, and sent my Lord Barry, Mr. Ralph Horsie, Mr. Ruffen, Percy Smith [his nephew], and James Foster [a servant], along with them. And my wife at

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 2. 110.

Sara's departure gave her a ring set with fine diamonds, and sent also two fair grey coach geldings and a writing-table book to my Lady Moore by Thomas Badnedge.'

The little bride's first letter home must be given in her own spelling; her writing is exquisite, and spelling was but a matter of individual taste in those happy days. It is plain that she had not travelled much from home at a time when most journeys were done on horseback, and we are glad to think her ride to County Meath was done 'with a greate deale of Eass.'

'MY MOST HONOURED FATHER,—To crave your blessing and to contineu my deuiful respext shall ever be my greatest ocatione to present you with my letters. And now I must crave your pardon for that I am bould to kepe your gildinge that careed me with a greate deale of Eass to this place. I humbly desier that he maie remaine with me untill I becum a better horsewoman, and then I shall not faile to restore him, and thus with the remembrance of my most devtifull respect I end, your honores most obedient dauter, SARA MOORE.'¹

This letter was received at Lismore on the first of November 1623, but it was all too quickly followed by one from Sir Laurence Parsons, who wrote in December: 'With a shaking hand and sorrowful heart I signify unto you that Sir Thomas Moore about 2 of the clock this afternoon departed this life, where I was present, praying with others for him, but he was speechless before I came. His mother did tear herself with violence of passion, and the Lady Sara took on bitterly, with whom I stayed all the afternoon to comfort her the best I could, and I left my sister with her, who is continually kind to her. Grief made me forget a main

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 77.

point touching Sir Thomas Moore, he died strong in the true faith, prayed continually, repented heartily, and assured himself of salvation constantly; and departed meekly and christianly, and had good memory at his end.'

As soon as the wintry roads were passable Lord Cork sent off an escort under charge of kind Sir John Leeke, to bring the baby widow home again.

Sir Dudley Norton wrote with anxiety :—

'I shall not be as quiet untill I hear of her safety, for I know she had a most bitter and dangerous journey. Good my lord, let me know with the first how she is arrived. . . . My lady your daughter hath left behind her both there and here such a memory of her modesty goodness and virtue, as could not be expected in one of her tender age, and hath been rarely seen in one of riper years. But nature and breeding have well concurred, and your lordship hath reason to call her as you do, your dearest daughter. For my part I admire her and will ever honour her, and so I hope all the family of Mellifont do, for she hath worthily deserved the same.'¹

Poor Lady Moore wrote a pathetic letter on parting with her little daughter-in-law :—

'MY MOST NOBLE LORD AND DEAR BROTHER,—Your sudden sending one for my daughter hath bred in me new sorrow : whilst I did enjoy her company methought I had a part of him that loved her most dearly. I durst not offer to stay her this bad weather, lest it might be displeasing to your lordship and the rest of your worthy family. I must confess that it is much against my mind that she goes in this bad time. With love and goodwill of all that know her is she gone from hence. My sorrow is so great as I am not able to express. I

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 123.

have lost my dear and comfortable son on whom my heart was fixed, and now his lady is gone from me, so as I have no memory of him that was dearer to me than my life, but his virtues and my knowledge of him, which will never go out of my mind until I be with him in the place of rest, before which time I would be glad to see your lordship and my daughter if it may be. I am able to say no more to you at this time, I am so full of tears, but promise faithfully that my perpetual love to your noble family shall ever live with me, though God hath deprived me of the chief bond that was between us. I beseech your lordship to commend my love to your virtuous lady and the rest of your worthy family, for whose happiness I will ever pray, and will be to them in heart as if my son and daughter had continued with me still. I was not born to be so happy. And so I commit you to the Almighty, from Mellifont this 12 of February,—Your lordship's affectionate and true loving sister

MARY MOORE.'¹

Lady Moore did not survive her son long, dying two years later; but the intimacy between the families of Lisimore and Mellifont continued, and ten years after there was talk of a marriage between Lord Moore's heir and the youngest of Lord Cork's daughters, Margaret.

Sara remained a widow for three years, and then as a young lady of seventeen married Lord Digby of Coleshill, nephew of that wise Earl of Bristol who, as ambassador at Madrid, had suffered so many things from Prince Charles and Buckingham at the time of the Spanish match. Lord Digby's mother was a Geraldine; she bore the title of Lady Offaley in her own right, and her son inherited from her the barony of Geashill in

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 91.

County Kildare. Robert Digby and Sara were married at Lismore on Christmas Day, and their eldest child was born at Lismore the following October, and was christened Katherine.

Lord Cork's third daughter Lettice remained an unmarried young lady at home, at an age when most of her sisters had been long established in houses of their own. There is no mention of her being placed under Lady Clayton's care, and whether from that reason or not, Lettice's writing is poorer and her spelling worse than that of any of her sisters. The allusions to visits to Bath make it probable that her health was not good, but it was such an unprecedented thing for a well-dowered young lady of seventeen to be still unmarried that one cannot help suspecting the desire to give Lettice a season in London was one of the reasons that carried the whole Boyle family to England in 1628. There a husband was found for her, and she was married to George Goring, eldest son of Lord Goring, afterwards Earl of Norwich. Lord Cork's diary gives no account of the wedding, nor does it even allude to settlements: it is only from contemporary gossip that we learn the bride had a portion of £10,000. George Goring was then just entering public life; he was twenty, just a year older than Lettice. His father wrote from Tunbridge Wells in July 1629, to beg Lord Carlisle to present 'my son George, a new married man,' to his Majesty as 'ready to do him service in any and all ways.'¹

Lord Cork's time in England in 1628 was also employed in finding out the real value of a match that had been impending for several years between his fifth daughter Katherine and a connection of Lady Boyle's, young Sapcot Beaumont. In 1622, Lord Beaumont of Coleorton, 'Coolorkin' as Lord

¹ Goring to Carlisle; Mainwaring to Vane, *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1629.

Cork spells it, came to Lismore a-wooing for his son, and Lady Boyle strongly favoured her cousin's suit. Katherine's portion was to be £4000, and in return Lord Beaumont made magnificent promises. The bride was to receive a jointure of £5000 a year and a house 'furnished in all respects' to dispose of at her sole pleasure, and a lease of lands worth £350 more.

Lord Cork handed over £100 in gold as earnest-money of this bargain, and presented to Lord Beaumont 'my own yellow saddle gelding my Lord President bestowed on me, a cast of falcons, a cast of merlins, nine bundles of mingled coloured Irish frieze, and a barrel of pickled scallops.' It looks as if the Earl in his delight at the good bargain had ransacked his storehouse to find enough offerings to present to Katherine's future father-in-law. But for all that the omens were not propitious! Two months after, the diary says, 'I received notice that of the twenty tons of iron I sent to London for the Lord Beaumont by George Gwyr, he being in distress at sea cast overboard three tons thereof. God send my match with my Lord Beaumont better success than this beginning doth promise.'

In 1624 the little girl was sent off to be brought up in Lord Beaumont's family, but Lord Beaumont died shortly after, and when Lord Cork visited Lady Beaumont to inquire as to his daughter's future prospects, he had to enter sadly in his diary, 'I had shown me, and by her ladyship's licence took copies of, the former conveyance the perfidious Lord Beaumont, deceased, had made of all his estates, on which I had paid him £3500, of which I find myself in danger to be cozened by my said wife's cozen!' The Earl had lived so long in Ireland that even when he was in a rage he could not resist a joke; it must also have been a comfort to him to be

able to say that it was all Lady Cork's fault, for he continues, 'who with her kindred and friendship drew me, much against my disposition, to yield to that unfortunate match!' There had not been much sign of reluctance about the barrel of pickled scallops; but as we have said, no doubt it was an immense consolation to say 'I told you so' to his wife.

Lord Cork, while in England, was so much busied with lawsuits and visits to court that he had no time to keep any records of weddings, but it must have been about this time that Katherine's fate was finally decided, and she was married to Arthur Jones, the son of one of his oldest and most trusted friends, Viscount Ranelagh. Her fortune is, however, recorded, and the agreement that the £3000 should be paid over to Lord Ranelagh at Strongbow's tomb in Christ Church Cathedral on Midsummer-day 1631, showing that Christ Church was the centre of Dublin business, as St. Paul's was in London.

Lord Cork also writes later on that Lord Ranelagh 'bestowed on his daughter-in-law, my Kate, certain unset diamonds and a purse with £30 in gold pieces therein, and gave her a rich agate, unset,' which stone Lord Ranelagh afterwards took over to England 'to change or alter for Katy.'

Katherine was the most distinctly intellectual of the daughters of Lord Cork, and the tone in which her father writes of 'my Kate,' and the frequent mentions of intrusting her with money and referring to her on business matters, makes it probable that she was his favourite daughter. She spent much of her married life in his Dublin house, but her eldest child was born at Athlone Castle, the gloomy Norman keep that King John had built to overawe the wild Irish of Roscommon.

Dorothy, Lord Cork's sixth daughter, was sent from home when but nine years old, to be educated in the family of her future husband, Arthur, son of Sir Adam Loftus. She seems to have become absorbed into the Loftus family, and knew no home but their mansion of Rathfarnham.

CHAPTER X

VANITY FAIR

1628—1629

‘Therefore at this Fair are all such merchandise sold as Houses, Lands, Honours, Preferment, Titles, Wives, and Husbands.’

Pilgrim's Progress.

IN 1628 a large party started for England from the College House at Youghal. Crossing the Channel was no small adventure in these days, not only from danger of pirates and Sallee Rovers, but also because the vessels in use could not always hold their own against the south-westerly gales that drove the Atlantic waves thundering upon the coast of Ireland. An Earl of Desmond and an Earl of Barrymore had both found watery graves in St. George's Channel; no wonder therefore that the Earl of Cork made his last will before starting on the voyage. One copy of this important document he carried with him, and one was left in the great iron chest at Lismore, whose three keys were kept respectively by Sir William Fenton, James Foster, and the estate agent, Mr. Whalley.

The younger children of the family were left in Ireland, the boys under the care of their tutor, and Mary with Lady Clayton, who had fetched her in March from Lismore.

On the 7th of May, the Boyle family bade farewell to Ireland, and sailed in a ‘Biskaner,’ a ship from Biscay, which the Earl hired ‘to waft them over.’ The party consisted of Lord and Lady Cork, Lettice, now a young lady

of eighteen, her younger sister Joan, Hodge Power, their cousin from Lisfinnon Castle, and Arthur Loftus, Dorothy Boyle's betrothed husband, who was on his way to join young Dungarvan at Christ Church, where Lord Cork lent him £9, 15s. to buy a piece of plate to present to the college on his matriculation, which money he afterward forgave Arthur as a New Year's gift.

They sailed about five in the afternoon, and when morning dawned they were espied by a Dunkirk privateer with two tiers of guns, who chased them all day, and near Milford Haven ran them so close as to overtake the barque that attended them to carry the footmen and horses. 'And,' says the Earl, 'having in our sight and hearing shot twenty pieces of ordnance at it, took it, and carried it to sea.'

We may imagine the relief of the party when they arrived in safety at Minehead, and landed about eight in the evening. Of the fate of the three footmen carried off by the privateer we hear no more. A newsletter of the date¹ tells us that the privateer was 'so courteous as to restore my Lord of Cork's horses and land them in Wales,' but the Earl enters nothing in his diary save the sums disbursed to pay for the passage, and the presents given to captain and crew.

The journey to London was taken with more deliberation than on the famous occasion when Boyle carried the news of the victory of Kinsale. The first day they rode as far as Taunton and rested there for Sunday, and then spent succeeding nights at Sherborne, Amesbury, Basing, and Staines, reaching London on the 16th of May. They established themselves in a house in Channel Row, Westminster, rented from Lord Grandison for £100 a year.

Lord Cork had not merely come pleasuring to England,

¹ *Court and Times, Charles I., p. 377.*

for serious dangers were threatening him, and the very day after their arrival he hurried to pay his respects to the Duke of Buckingham, in whose all-powerful hands lay his future prosperity or beggary. The great favourite received him cordially and kept him to dinner, and then took him to the King, 'whose gracious hands I had the honour to kiss, accompanied with gracious language full of comfort.' Contemporary gossip hints that a present of several thousand pounds to Buckingham had procured this gracious reception, but Lord Cork only writes down his gifts to the trumpeter, and to his old friend Archie Armstrong the court jester, who was still a great man at court. In after years he overstrained his credit by a mock grace before dinner,—'All praise to God and little laud to the devil,' whereon Archbishop Laud had him turned out of his place. But at this time Laud was but Bishop of London, and the Archbishop of Canterbury was still the learned George Abbott, whose Puritan leanings were marked enough to satisfy even such a severe critic as Archie, and who was a good friend to the Earl of Cork. Presents of Irish manufactures often found their way from Youghal to Lambeth, a runlet of usquebaugh, or a piece of fine Irish frieze to make my Lord of Canterbury a cassock; and once 'a large, fair olive-coloured Bezoir stone,' the favourite specific against poison, was bought by the Earl from his goldsmith cousin, Barsie, for £10, and sent to the Archbishop in a needlework purse as a New Year's gift.

Few things strike one as odder in seventeenth-century manners than the way in which presents were passed from hand to hand by people who could very well afford to keep their friends' tokens of affection and buy new offerings to give away, quite in the fashion in which Homeric kings presented their guests with goblets and arms which they them-

selves had received from some far-famed hero. It has been noticed by a modern historian how 'the rarity of coined moneys in Jacobean times brought about something the same condition as its entire absence among the early Greeks, where the modern distinction between the market value and the sentimental value of a present was unknown.' When wealth consisted largely of plate and ornaments which were taken in payment and used for barter or hoarded against times of need, 'even the gifts of friendship were not considered in a different light from a money present.'¹

A particularly splendid present was sent to the Earl of Cork by Lady Offaley, Sara Digby's mother-in-law, 'a fair belt and girdle, all laced over with silver lace, with massive Spanish buckles and furniture of goldsmith's work, worth twenty marks,' which, much as the Earl admired it, was promptly forwarded as a gift to Lord Castlehaven! Even a mare 'my noble friend Donatus Earl of Thomond bequeathed to me by his will' was only kept for a while and passed on about this time to Dean Daborne of Lismore.

But presents were dear to Lord Cork's splendour-loving soul, even if he was too thrifty to keep them for his own delight. He describes with loving detail the 'curious case of twelve knives with agate handles, the case of green velvet laced with silver,' which the customs officers of Cork gave to him, and which he bestowed on Lord Conway this Christmas of 1628.

Christmas in London was such an exacting season that the Earl's stock in hand of valuables became soon exhausted, and he had to buy new presents to the amount of £216, which, if we take Mr. Sidney Lee's calculation of the then value of money, would be equal to the incredible sum of £1728 nowadays.

¹ Mahaffey, *Survey Greek Civilization*, p. 52.

But these presents were not mere tokens of affection ; the Earl was making himself friends with the mammon of unrighteousness where friends were seriously needed, and the judges, Hyde and Richardson, were given silver standishes. The question of accepting presents was a delicate one, as Bacon had found to his cost, and it is possible that they were now looked on as something of a retaining fee, for Sir John Denham declined the standish offered to him as to the other judges, and the King's secretary, Sir John Cook, refused a present of gold. Cottington and most of the other great men about court were sent gilt-covered cups ; the Earl of Suffolk had already received a present of usquebaugh, and the stately Earl of Arundel's library was enriched by 'a rare little book of the rare monuments of the world, done by art perspective in virgin parchment with the pen, which his Lordship accepted thankfully.'

But before this costly Christmas arrived the ladies had been presented at court. This ceremony did not take place till they had been a month or more in England. It is possible that Mr. Perkins, the tailor, and the making of court dresses had something to do with the delay, for about this time £136 was paid to him for gold and silver lace for the ladies' wearing. Sir John Leeke had, as usual, to help in the shopping, and used his interest with 'the Lady Verney's man' to get eight yards of rich gold-cloth for twelve pounds. When all the smart gowns were ready, Sir Thomas Stafford and 'the great ladies in court' presented Lady Cork and her daughters to Henrietta Maria, 'who kissed them and used them all most graciously.'

As the summer advanced the house in Westminster became too confined for a family used to the green fields of Munster, and the Earl of Bedford 'most nobly,' as Lord Cork writes,

lent his house at Northall to the family, and they removed to it on the fifth of August, and afterwards spent a lively autumn in a round of country visits.

At Lord Digby's house at Coleshill they found little Katherine, whose match with Lord Beaumont's son was now finally broken off, and who was awaiting her parents under her sister Sara Digby's care. After staying at various friendly mansions the whole family arrived in Oxford, where Lady Digby's second daughter was born, and the Ladies Boyle were entertained by three undergraduates, Dungarvan, Arthur Loftus, and their friend the wild young Earl of Kildare, not to mention a more dignified personage, Lady Cork's uncle Dr. Weston, a canon of Christ Church. On leaving, Lord Cork presented a manuscript Bible to Christ Church library, and paid three and sixpence for having it bound.

When the Oxford visit was ended the Earl of Cork and his party rode back to London by Maidenhead, and stopped at Eton, where like any modern visitor he dined and tipped five schoolboys. 'I took Lady Villiers' three sons and Mr. Glanville's two sons to dinner with me at Windsor, where I gave the children thirty shillings. And that night, Oct. 7, God ever be thanked, I and mine returned safe to London.'

Two of these Eton boys were the sons of Mr. John Glanville, the great lawyer, of whose skill Lord Cork just now was in sore need. He had for long had two troublesome lawsuits on his hands, one with poor Lady Raleigh concerning her rights of dower from Youghal, the other with Blacknoll, the knavish manager of his ironworks in the Blackwater Valley; but what was more serious than either suit, this knavish Blacknoll had lately been communicating with Mr. Hadsor, the King's lawyer, concerning the titles to

a large portion of the estates bought from Raleigh, and the claims that the Crown might lay to them. There had even been rumours that the great Earl of Cork would be summoned to England as a criminal to answer for his wrongful possession of Crown lands!

The State papers of the time are crammed with letters and reports on the subject, for the chance of recovering property worth at least £50,000 was too tempting for the King to relinquish easily. At first the Crown lawyers expressed a doubt whether the original grant to Raleigh was valid, as possibly the estates had never been really forfeited by Desmond at all, 'rebellion being no attainder without conviction'! But Lord Cork's lawyers proved that although there had been a delay in convicting Desmond of treason, a bill of attainder against him had been finally passed by the Irish Parliament, and that point was settled in his favour. But yet Sir William St. Leger, who himself had owned some of the same forfeited lands, wrote cynically in 1627 that Lord Cork's best chance of security would be to give the Duke of Buckingham four thousand pounds, and another thousand to the King's servant, Endymion Porter. Whether the Earl of Cork adopted this plan or not, he had old experience of the wisdom of pleading his own cause, and he had come to England without waiting to be sent for. His persuasive tongue and his powerful friends might do much for him at court, and in Ireland he left behind him a staunch ally, the Lord Deputy Falkland. Cork had stood by Falkland when he was thwarted in the Irish Council and maligned in England, and now Falkland wrote of him, alluding sadly enough to the Irish nobles who had slipped over to England to slander him in the King's ear, 'Lord Cork leaves on good terms with me and does not steal away as others have done. He is a prime

peer of the realm, and if you take him for the fine pillar of your province of Munster you shall not mistake him.'¹

Lord Cork had consulted Mr. Glanville, the lawyer, at Broad Hinton during his stay in Oxford, and also arranged with the well-known Noye to act as his second counsel, and offered him ten pieces as a retaining fee, 'whereof he took but two and enforced the other back on me. I also gave his clerk twenty-six shillings and presented him with a fair young mastif dog.' The Attorney-General Heath was also paid two hundred pounds as a fee 'with promise of further thankfulness.' Perhaps the great lawyers looked with the more favour on the Earl of Cork as about this time he was admitted a bencher of the Middle Temple.²

Noye, Glanville, and Condrop drew up the draft of a warrant for an entirely new grant of the estates to Lord Cork to make them secure to him for ever, and in April 1629 judgment on it was delivered by Lord Keeper Coventry, Baron Denham, and Baron Trevor; the Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and all the judges agreeing 'that nothing Mr. Hadsor or the King's Council could urge ought to stay the sealing of this patent,' and after yet a second examination it was signed and passed under the Great Seal of England, 'for the compassing of which,' writes Lord Cork, 'I am much bound to Lord Coventry, Lord Keeper of England.' That Coventry was on Lord Cork's side is enough to show on which side justice lay, and Cork must have felt his lands were at last securely his own.

The fees paid in the case amounted to £386, 7s. 4d.; but that included a payment for the King's release of Lord Cork for some asserted infringement of custom-house rules in his iron trade, no doubt divulged, or, as the Earl asserted,

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, April 1628.

² March 5, 1629.

invented, by Blacknoll, when he offered to secure the Earl's ironworks for the Crown.

Lady Raleigh's lawsuit was not settled so quickly. The dower she claimed from the Munster estates sold by her husband to Boyle amounted to a third of the original purchase-money, that is to say, five hundred pounds. This was perhaps not a large sum for such a wealthy man to pay over to the impoverished widow of his best friend, but when demanded as a right, Boyle became exceedingly indignant, and asserted the claim was both unjust and ungrateful. He upheld that in buying lands with such a doubtful title and paying the money to their attainted owner he had acted with quixotic generosity, and far from owing dower to Lady Raleigh he need not have paid Sir Walter himself the thousand pounds due for the land at the time of his imprisonment.

Lady Raleigh carried her case to court after court, and one friend after another tried their powers as mediators in vain.

Cork must have spent the five hundred she claimed over and over again in law expenses, but he was an angry man, and every year made him more determined to prove that he was right and she was wrong.

Sir George Carew, now Earl of Totnes, was put into a difficult position by this feud. On the one hand was his kinswoman, Lady Raleigh, who turned to him as her only champion; on the other was his old friend, Richard Boyle, who had purchased these lands by his advice. Carew did his best to reconcile the two, but with little success. He apologised to Cork, as one man of the world to another, for the vehemence of poor Lady Raleigh's assertions. 'Her style,' he wrote, 'is round and quick, which in women may be excused!' He also warned Boyle that as Lady Raleigh was very cheerful over her expectation, it would be wise to 'fall

to accord with her by some arbitrary course,' clearly some course of arbitration, 'always provided that I may be spared by you two from having any finger in the business.' So in July 1624 Cork had consented 'to refer my Lady Raleigh's demand of dower to four or six judges in England to be mutually chosen.' But for some reason or other this course was not taken, and to make the difficult case more difficult a very accomplished rascal was found to be involved in it. This man, John Meares, had been Raleigh's bailiff at Sherburne, where he learned, said Raleigh, 'to write my hand so perfectly as I cannot in any way discern the difference.' 'That dampned rogue,' as Boyle called him, now endeavoured to blackmail both Boyle and Lady Raleigh by showing them by turns all sorts of important deeds which he threatened to make public unless he were well paid. At last, during Cork's stay in London in 1629, he and the Raleighs were driven to join together against Meares, and had a formal meeting in the Middle Temple about one of these forged deeds, when in the presence of two lawyers chosen by each side 'Mr. Sheldbury, solicitor for Lady Raleigh and her son, did in discourse, three several times acknowledge that he could not remember nor was witness to any such deed.'

Soon after this interview the claim was at last heard by the Lord Keeper, but he declined to give judgment, and referred it back to be heard by common law in Ireland; and—we know no more! Whether this last appeal was successful, whether the claim was ever heard in the Irish courts at all, and how it was decided, no one knows. There is no record of the case being tried in Dublin, and no note of it in Boyle's diary. Possibly the poor lady lost courage and gave way, and then Boyle, after his usual fashion, would cool down and pay her some small compensation. Some difficulties must, how-

ever, have remained unsettled, for when Carew Raleigh was restored in blood, and the ban of treason taken off his name, Lord Cork thought well to take measures to have a proviso for his own safety inserted in the Act of Parliament, which proviso, he noted, cost him in fees to counsel and officers one hundred pounds.

But even these great lawsuits were but items in Lord Cork's busy days in London. Foreign iron-merchants were to be bargained with, courtiers flattered or bribed, old friends assisted, while every post from Munster brought commissions and petitions to the 'all knowing Earl of Cork.' Now it was Lord Killeen who wished Lady Buckingham to be paid seven hundred pounds to buy her help in securing an earl's patent; now it was a letter of lamentations over the flood that had swept away Mallow bridge, and now Mr. Hardress Waller's acknowledgment of the rents the Earl allowed his Irish agent to collect for his friends.¹ Then came news of Mr. Waller's wedding with Sir John Dowdall's daughter, and a pair of rich wedding gloves, and a nightcap wrought by the bride's fair fingers in gold-coloured silk. And in all Lord Cork's expeditions, whether of business or of pleasure, faithful Sir John Leeke was his unwearied companion and confidant.

There were plenty of poor Irish stranded in the great city of London who needed the help of their wealthy countryman. A certain Maurice Fitzgerald, who was found begging with his wife and children, was given ten shillings and a pass back to Ireland; and Mr. Thomas Stephens of Broghill had for two

¹ Sir Hardress Waller, son of George Waller of Groombridge, Kent. Settled in Ireland about 1630, and acquired the estates of Castletown, County Limerick, by his marriage with Sir J. Dowdall's daughter. He voted for the death of King Charles, and was a warm supporter of Cromwell. He escaped to France at the Restoration, but returned and surrendered himself, and was imprisoned for life. Died about 1616 in Jersey.

months his diet in the Earl's house, by reason of his extreme poverty, and when Sir Edmund Verney engaged him as a butler Lord Cork gave him his own suit of camlet doublet, hose, and cloak, and forty shillings in money.

In October Lord and Lady Cork and their daughters rode to Deptford, to see the monument newly erected to the memory of the Earl's eldest son, little Hodge, and of Lady Cork's circumnavigating uncle, Captain Fenton. Lord Cork seems to have got good value for his money, for the great erection in Deptford church cost only £38; but the alabaster portrait tomb by the same sculptor, which the Earl erected to his parents at Faversham, cost one hundred pounds.¹

Six months after Lord Cork had erected the memorial to his eldest son was born his fifteenth and youngest child. The baby was christened Margaret, and was as usual sent out to nurse, and her family saw no more of her till two years later her sister Lettice Goring was travelling to Ireland, and brought little Margaret home with her.

The following July, 1629, the crowning honour of Lord Cork's life came to him: the King commanded that the Earl of Cork and the Lord Chancellor of Ireland should be justices of that kingdom till a deputy was appointed. There could be no question now that Lord Cork had done well in coming over to England. His vast experience of Irish politics had no doubt impressed serious statesmen as much as his wealth and splendour had influenced the courtiers. It is, however, a curious coincidence that the King had shortly before secured a loan from the Munster millionaire. Before leaving Ireland Cork had expended £500 on the necessities of the King's ships there,

¹ This tomb bears full-length figures of Roger and Joan Boyle, with their sons the Earl of Cork and Bishop of Cork kneeling at head and foot.

and £500 for the endless task of making the forts of Cork and Waterford defensible ; and instead of paying his debt, the King had suggested in the April of 1629 that Lord Cork should lend him £14,000 more, taking in return the farm of the Irish customs and a monopoly on tobacco farmed by a man named Jacob.

The loyal and prudent old Earl knew it was unadvisable to say nay to a monarch's request, and fortunately was able at once to supply £2000 which he had at hand, lodged with the banker Burlemachi, but 'the differences,' he writes, 'between his Majesty and his subjects since the tumultuary Parliament's dissolution about tonnage and poundage hath so decayed and discredited the officers of the customs, as Mr. Jacob and his sons have not credit nor power to perform their promise and intendment, and have left me to my shifts to take up, upon use and interest, another £12,000, which God grant for the preservation of my credit I may be able here to compass.'

It was but a small part of this sum after all which he was obliged to borrow from Burlemachi ; the iron in his store-houses supplied most of the money, and Cork's favour at court could not but wax accordingly.

The Earl of Cork's future colleague as Lord Justice was Adam Loftus, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Loftus was a diligent, resourceful, and unscrupulous lawyer,¹ but clever though he was, he was not always diplomatic enough to control his temper, and his sharp words had aroused a feud of long standing between him and Lord Cork. The quarrel was so characteristic of both parties, and was indeed so much a matter of public interest, that we may perhaps delay a moment to give its history, for even the King, the Duke of Buckingham, and the whole Council spent four hours in endeavouring to

¹ See *Introd. S. P. Ire.*, 1630.

compose it, and in investigating the charges which both Cork and the retiring Lord Deputy Falkland brought against the Chancellor. These charges, a contemporary newsletter says, Lord Loftus met 'with such modesty and wisdom as was admired by all that heard him,' showing that Lord Loftus could occasionally put on court manners. The King finally referred the case to the Duke of Buckingham, who, although he at first seemed inclined to side with Lord Cork, yet 'allowed the Chancellor to come fairly off.'¹

The feud, like most of those in which Lord Cork was concerned, appears to have begun over a loan which Lord Loftus had repaid in an unbusinesslike and uncourteous manner. Then Lord Cork took his revenge. The Chancellor had borrowed money on Cre Eustace (now Ballymore Eustace) from a certain Sir Nicholas White; Cork got this mortgage from Sir Nicholas, and when to his delight the Chancellor failed to pay up, he hastened to foreclose and the land became his!

Lord Loftus was so chagrined that he did not attempt to conceal his feelings, even when sitting in court, and unfortunately was soon after called on to adjudicate in a land case in which his enemy was concerned. This case, between the Earl of Cork and Sir William Power, over the boundaries or 'mearings' of their lands, occupies half the State papers of the time, and half the great men of the country were dragged into the quarrel. Finally the case was carried before Lord Chancellor Loftus, who, being just then in a very ill-humour with Lord Cork, openly sided with Power.

The Earl describes with indignation that when he gave reasons for some point not being entered into, 'the Lord Chancellor said, "I would examine the witness to conform my

¹ *Court and Times of Charles I.*, p. 377.

conscience, but the PERVERSENESS of this Earl of Cork will not give way thereto." Whereunto I answering that my carriage deserved not such disgraceful language, neither would I endure it, His Lordship replied, "Do you grumble?" And in open court when I attended justice at his hands he gave me other affronts and storms of which I have complained to the King's Majesty and Lord Deputy.' In spite of the Chancellor's favour Power lost his cause and was ordered to publicly apologise on his knees for his slanders. For ten long years he struggled against this degradation, till at last Lord Cork, having many sorrows of his own, softened towards his old adversary and consented to end the debate by receiving Power's submission privately in his bedchamber, with only Lord Esmond and Sir Piers Crosby as witnesses. Then the boundary question was discussed in a reasonable spirit, certain outlying portions on either side were exchanged, and the great suit was at an end.

But the quarrel with Loftus did not close so easily, but lasted to the end of Lord Cork's long life. Lord Cork's industry in chronicling every event of his life made it particularly difficult for him to forget, or forgive, and it was indeed a strange irony of fate that dashed his day of greatness, by compelling him to share the dignity of Lord Justice with the one man in Ireland who had publicly insulted him. There is no comment on the subject in the diary. Cork was much too correct ever to speak or write of his Majesty's doings but in the most conventional terms of respect.

He does not appear to have kissed hands on his new appointment for some time, the journal only mentioning the usual round of junketings. In August 'I and my wife and the children went from Newington Green to Kingston upon Thames, where we were bravely feasted at dinner by my

cousin Croon of the King's Head in Fleet Street, and after dinner we rode to my Lord Goring at Nonsuch.'

The evening after these visits to the vintner and to Lord Goring, whose handsome eldest son had just become the husband of Lettice Boyle, the Earl was at last admitted to an audience with the King at Oatlands, where he had 'a large and most gracious conference with his Majesty,' and no doubt received the royal instructions on the conduct of Irish affairs.

There was now nothing further to keep the family in England; Lettice was married, a future match for Joan with the Earl of Kildare was arranged, and the duties of the Lord Justice now called him back to Ireland.

The journey home was broken at Oxford that the Earl might ride over to Woodstock to receive despatches from Lord Dorchester, and take leave of his court acquaintances.

The triumphant Lord Justice scattered money in all directions. Dorchester's secretaries were given five pounds each; the children of Dr. Iles, Principal of Hart Hall, and of Dr. Piers, Canon of Christ Church, were given twenty shillings; Dr. Weston's servant five pounds; and 'the nurse of my daughter Sara's child twenty shillings.' Dungarvan received his share of the good things going, and was the richer by ten pounds. The only cloud was the settlement of household bills, for the Earl wrote, 'came to an unhappy account with the sly W. Britton my steward. God forgive him all the wrongs he did me in his accounts.'

Paying visits as they went, the family travelled by Coventry and Stone to Conway, and so to the favourite place of embarkation Beaumaris, where Lord Cork hired a vessel to carry them to Ireland. But as he was preparing to embark, a King's ship came in sight, and proved to be the *Ninth Whelp*, one of ten pinnaces named the *Lion's Whelps*, lately built at the royal

dockyard at Deptford,¹ and now sent to convey the Lord Justice to Ireland with due state.

Even a King's ship could not ensure a fair wind. When Lord Cork had compensated the owner of the less glorious vessel, and was ready to go aboard the *Ninth Whelp*, the weather became so threatening that the *Whelp* had to take refuge in the Dawpool in Chester Water. On the last day of September the party ventured to embark, but found the wind still stiff against them, and had to go ashore again till the next day; then at last on the 1st of October 'God sent us a fair wind and we had a safe and happy passage, and arrived at Ringsend near Dublin, on Friday the 2nd about ten of the forenoon in safety. God be ever praised for all his blessings and mercies.'

Ten pounds were distributed among the crew, and Captain Rice was presented with 'a pair of rich gloves, fringed and embroidered with gold, which I had of the Earl of Antrim, and I gave my wife to give him a wrought night-cap of black silk and gold.'

¹ *Court and Times of Charles I.*, July 1628.

CHAPTER XI

THE LORD JUSTICE

1629—1633

‘Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes . . .
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.’

GRAY.

THE Earl of Cork had now reached the summit of his greatness. From obscurity he had raised himself to be ruler of a kingdom, and it was no wonder that, looking back on his career, he declared unassisted human power could never have accomplished such a task. He stood at the top of fortune’s wheel ; but even as he reached its summit, the wheel turned on, and with a contrast as vivid as that of a Greek tragedy, carried him down into the pit of humiliation, of bereavement, and wellnigh total ruin.

But for the time the sun shone, and everything combined to gild the triumph of the successful man, save for the one unfortunate fact that he had to share this triumph with Lord Chancellor Loftus.

The departing Lord Deputy Falkland liked Loftus quite as little as did Lord Cork. It is very probable that Loftus, who was an abler man than either of them, had not taken the trouble to hide his opinion of the Deputy. In order, however,

that there might be a decent leave-taking, the King commissioned Lord Wilmot, the Commander of the Irish army, to endeavour to reconcile the Chancellor with the departing Deputy, as well as with his fellow Lord Justice.

Wilmot accordingly did his best to induce Lord Cork to make the first move towards a reconciliation, but no sunshine of prosperity could make the great Earl a malleable man, and he flatly refused to visit Lord Loftus, who turned the corner of the difficulty very neatly by sending his son-in-law, Sir Robert Meredith, to congratulate the Earl on his safe arrival in Ireland, a civility which Cork returned with equal formality by sending his gentleman, Badnedge, to present his thanks and service to the Chancellor.

The two great men, however, met on neutral ground at the house of the departing Lord Deputy, where civil salutations passed between them, and on the 4th of the month Lord Wilmot brought news to the Earl that the Lord Chancellor was willing to meet him after afternoon sermon in the Council Chamber. 'Thither,' Lord Cork writes, 'we came from church, and all the company being outed, the Lord Wilmot delivered me the King's letter to me directed, saying he had delivered his Majesty's letter to the like effect to the Lord Chancellor before, which his Lordship acknowledged. And then using some persuasion to that reconciliation which the King had commanded and whereunto I was prepared, we both, in the Lord Wilmot's presence, duly made our reconciliation, with many protestations to forgive and forget all former wrongs and unkindnesses, and to be thenceforward faithful, loving friends, and to join really in the King's service; which I beseech God his Lordship observe as religiously as I resolve to do, if new provocations enforce me not to alter my resolutions.'

Such a reconciliation was hardly likely to be a lasting one, and the war broke out again, almost before Lord Falkland was on shipboard ; for the Chancellor lost no time in taking sole possession of the insignia of authority, and carried off the official sword and mace home with him to St. Mary's Abbey, without any word of apology or explanation to his fellow Lord Justice. From this time forward the Council Chamber was a stage for lively scenes ; over one case the Lords Justices disagreed so violently that Lord Loftus offered to lay a wager that the Earl of Cork was wrong ; but when the witnesses were summoned they proved Lord Cork to be right, on which ' the Chancellor presently rose and went out of the court,' evidently in a huff. Then the Lord Chancellor sent official letters to England without consulting Lord Cork, and both gentlemen appear to have spent their time in looking for slights, and finding them, to the inconvenience as well as the scandal of the public. The experiment in government was evidently watched with some anxiety by the English friends of the Lords Justices : Sir Dudley Carleton, who was now Lord Dorchester, wrote in August 1630 to compliment Lord Cork rather meaningly on having sunk his private differences with the Chancellor, so that both ' might concur in carrying on the public service,' and added enough of wise saws and moral maxims to show plainly how important it was felt to be that the armistice between the Irish rulers should not be broken.

It would seem that in some ways Lord Cork really did endeavour to let his private quarrels rest while he acted in a public capacity, for he even knighted his favourite enemy Vincent Gooking ' freely, for ought known to me since I came into the government,' which so softened Sir Vincent that he offered very handsomely to end their long quarrel over the lands which were in dispute between them, either

by buying up Lord Cork's title to the estates, or by selling them to him for the same price which he himself had paid to the Beechers.

But the Anglo-Irish gentry were a quarrelsome generation; no sooner had Lord Cork made peace with Gooking and proclaimed a truce with the Lord Chancellor, than he had to write to the Committee for Ireland 'touching Lord Mountnorris his speeches in Castle chamber.' Sir Francis Annesley, now raised to be Lord Mountnorris, had all his life resembled the proverbial Irishman, who 'was never at peace unless he was fighting.' He had very chivalrously fought with the authorities on behalf of Lord Barry's mother, and afterwards with Lord Deputy Falkland on behalf of the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, till the Deputy had to turn and fly; but people whispered that Mountnorris had fought less from love of the O'Byrnes, or of justice, than from desire to oppose Lord Falkland. But now he not only opposed the Justices over every question that came up, but also persisted in doing his accounts in a casual fashion that drove all the other officials frantic, and although not absolutely proved to be dishonest, he took no pains to prevent suspicions gathering round him. Charges of defrauding the revenue and exacting undue percentages were repeated against him again and again, and Cork appealed in vain to Sir William Beecher, the clerk of the English Council, for help to bring the scandal to an end. At last Mountnorris even went so far to vow that the Justices might command him to pay what money they would, but he would pay none but when and to whom he pleased, and grave Lord Cork had to warn him that 'that was no fitting answer.'

Cork, who was himself an experienced financier, desired to bring some order into the confusion of the Irish question, and showed Mountnorris that by his own system of collecting the

King's rent and arrears, every person might be paid their dues, and the King not left a penny in debt. But Mountnorris had no intention of going to school to 'the all knowing Earl of Cork,' and Lord Dorchester warned Cork that at court there was a friendly ear ready to hear any explanation Mountnorris chose to send to England. Very possibly this ear was that of the future Deputy Wentworth, who was Mountnorris's connection by marriage; but Cork also had his faithful allies. Dorchester was constant in his reports of the varying gales at court, and in his turn made use of Cork, admitting that the greater part of his knowledge of Ireland came from the Lord Justice's letters.

These letters, preserved for us among the State papers for Ireland, are indeed most interesting documents. The Earl of Cork's ideal of government was possibly not very exalted, but it was entirely practical. His arrangements were as neat and businesslike as those of any merchant or lawyer's clerk, the means were fitted to the ends, and if he did not rise to the statesmanlike views of Strafford, his standard being that of an average man was more satisfactory to average men. He objected to the disorderly extremes of Presbyterianism and Romanism, he wished parishioners to go quietly to the Established Church, beggars to be set to work, old people sent to almshouses, children sent to school, and all the world conform to the middle-class respectability of his beloved 'Protestant Bandon.' His account of the state of Ireland awakens an irrepressible wish that the government of the Lords Justices might have had a fair trial. Whether their system was the best possible or not, nothing could be so fatal to prosperity as the curious destiny which has every few years doomed its rulers to experiment with a new scheme of treatment for the 'distressful country.'

Writing to Dorchester in 1630, Cork says, 'I have known Ireland for forty-two years, and never known it so quiet.' The most rebellious spirits among the Irish, he explains, had grown old, and the gentry having got titles for their lands direct from the Crown, were no longer at the bidding of 'the great and degenerate lords,' that is, the nobles of Norman or English descent who had adopted the religion and habits of the native Irish. The power of these gentlemen for mischief was now greatly diminished, and the ordinary people were 'each striving to excel other in fair buildings and good furniture and in husbandry, enclosing and improving their lands.' The only real danger to be feared was, as in Carew's time, 'the population of hardy young men, strong and with no occupation.' They were a constant source of unrest, and Cork wished to turn the minds of the meaner ones to trade, and to encourage those who were well-born to seek foreign employment. It is curious that he should not have feared that these exiles would learn under foreign generals to be more efficient enemies to the peace of the country; but he held that a prosperous and contented island could afford to ignore any temptation to discontent from the Continent. Dorchester had lately warned the Justices that the exiled heir of Tyrone was being well received at Madrid, and that he heard news of arms being imported into Ireland. But Cork answered that there was nothing to fear from a Spanish invasion; the Spaniards who landed in Munster in Elizabeth's time, so far from stirring up insurrection, only appeared at the end of it, and did more injury to their allies than to the English. No doubt if Spain sent an army into Ireland, some natives would join it, but rather for the sake of plunder than to make Ireland the property of a foreign power; therefore he passed on to explain that the peace just concluded

with Spain would have no influence on Irish affairs, and must not be held a reason for diminishing the Irish army. After a 'few more years of peace the King may be able to command a levy of English and Irish of reformed manners and religion'; but at the present time a standing army was a necessity, for 'all men know, and none better than the Irish, how difficult it is to get' the ordinary Englishman 'settled in farms and other employments, with wife, children and property, to come out and fight.' The unwarlike farmers were no efficient militia, but would rather desert everything, and leave the field open to the 'combustions between the stirps of old English and the Irish,' in which the King would at last be compelled to become a 'stickler' or umpire by means of the English army.

The standing army in Ireland, on which Lord Cork set such value, was in a deplorable state when he took up the government. It had from motives of economy been partially disbanded in Falkland's time, when Sir Richard Aldworth wrote in despair to the Deputy, 'I would rather walk horses than do as I do. I cannot do everything with nothing.' The half-starved soldiers either mutinied or supported themselves by plundering the peasantry, who were not disposed to submit tamely to such exactions. The officers followed the example of most of the government officials, and got their pay as best they could; each man filled his pocket when he had the chance, and the scramble and scandal increased yearly.

Cork's endeavours to put things straight were desperately hampered by Mountnorris's irregularity of payments. 'I do not accuse the Vice-treasurer of corruption,' he wrote in August 1631, 'but I think he is an unprofitable servant.' Yet in spite of all Cork managed to scrape enough money together to be able to write proudly to Dorchester that the

liabilities of the year were all met and the King no more in debt than when the Justices took up their office.

Useful though he was, Dorchester was only one of Cork's many allies in England. Another even more important friend was a connection of old Lady Fenton's, Lord Treasurer Portland, who held that blood was thicker than water, and in storm and sunshine stood by Cork manfully. He wrote over to the Earl in 1632 in great agitation concerning the import of Irish wheat. It seems strange to us to hear of Ireland exporting corn to England, but the supply was so important that the King and Council were seriously displeased that none had arrived in England, while they heard it was being exported to France, 'which shows extreme negligence in such as should take care for the prevention of it.' The King, said Portland, had seemed favourable to the idea of appointing Lord Cork to be Lord Treasurer of Ireland, but now could really attend to nothing but the dearth of corn, and two ships were being sent over to Ireland which positively must be filled with wheat.

The King had indeed some reason to be anxious, for the scarcity of food was so great in England that there were riots about the royal residence of Theobalds. But the demands of the English government must have been very unwelcome to Lord Cork, who grudged any export of food from the country he was nursing into prosperity. He had written in November 1631, 'We must safeguard against licences to export corn, otherwise we shall be back in our old penury':¹ but as soon as Ireland ceased to be absolutely famine-stricken, England insisted on taking toll of her prosperity. Needs must when a king demands. It is clear that Lord Cork satisfied his Majesty and the grain was sent, for that same

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, 1631.

November arrived the much-desired tidings that the Earl of Cork was appointed Lord Treasurer of Ireland. The office was an appropriate one, for Cork's worst enemies could not deny that he was an excellent man of business ; but the Lord Chancellor was evidently not particularly well pleased at this honour done to his rival, and when Cork took the oaths, the Chancellor neither appeared in the council-chamber nor did he afterwards 'make any public speech unto me, yet I feasted him, the Lords, and the Council freely.'

The Earl does not mention where this feast was spread. The previous year when news came of the birth of an heir to the throne, the feast was held in the great hall of Dublin Castle, ladies were present, and four knights were made, and, most remarkable of all, Lord Mountnorris was very civil to the assembled company. Perhaps the Primate's sermon at Christ Church with which the day began had a sweetening effect on his temper.

Dublin Castle was available for celebrations of the birth of the future Merry Monarch, but it was useless for any purpose of defence, and was indeed partly in ruins. One tower had fallen completely down in Lord Falkland's time and frightened his family out of their wits ; and in March 1631 Lord Cork recorded that he had rebuilt that part, 'which cost out of my purse £144, 3s. 9d. The God of Heaven bless me and enable me by His grace to do many more such like and other good work.' He says in another place that he 'had re-edified it with battlements and platformed it with lead, and six-inch plank upon the lead, so as cannon was mounted thereon'; for which he paid out of his purse £1200, which, 'if it had been done at the King's charge, £2000 would not effect it.'¹

Cork was ready enough to restore, but he could not

¹ *Cork's Council Book of Letters*, quoted Smith, ii. 62.

rebuild the castle completely. It was really crumbling to ruins, and the lack of funds to place it in readiness for the arrival of a Lord Deputy was a constant source of lamentation from the Justices.

In spite of petty anxieties and irregularities of routine, most people seem to have been agreed in 1630 that his Majesty's three kingdoms were prosperous and contented. Cork had boasted to Dorchester of the Irish prosperity, and Dorchester replying while on a royal progress in August, writes, 'The news of the world follows us in every corner, and those I received at our last place of remove are of that moment I think them worthy of your knowledge.' He then, after giving an abstract of Continental affairs, 'as well out of my private respect to yourself as out of the opinion that the governours of that kingdom under his Majesty should not be strangers to the rest of the world,' proceeded to contrast the prosperity of England with the condition of the rest of Europe, and tell how admirably his Majesty ordered all things, and how Scotland had voted all necessary supplies 'without capitulations.' This was doubtless a hint to the rulers of Ireland, for in the late Deputy's time the Dublin Parliament had shown very plainly that they were not inclined to give money without receiving some return.

The 'capitulations' or conditions which the Irish Romanists had then wished to make with the Crown appear to our modern eyes very moderate and reasonable; they offered to contribute three yearly subsidies of £40,000 each, on the understanding that certain obvious grievances should be rectified, the exactions of the army and of the Established Church restrained, and the action of the courts of law and of wards regulated. We might almost be listening to the demands of the English Long Parliament; but the

Irish had one danger that England did not dread, and petitioned that no land title should be disturbed unless it was of less than sixty years' existence.¹

The King had received these proposals graciously, and directed Lord Falkland to summon a Parliament to enrol the 'graces' his Majesty consented to grant to his Romanist subjects. This Parliament was to assemble in November 1628, but whether by carelessness or by intentional artifice, the writs were issued in some informal manner, which gave the judges ground for pronouncing them void, and the Parliament never met after all. But it was obvious that when a new Parliament was called, it would expect these graces, or at least that part of them that related to titles, to be ratified, for at present the ownership of land in many parts of the country depended on the caprice of the Government, and naturally such landowners were not very generous in voting supplies.

Cork, who had some experience of the difficulties of manipulating votes and packing Parliaments, was delighted to find that he could manage the finances of the country for three years without needing to call one, but he told Dorchester that a Parliament would be required in three years' time to provide fresh subsidies. The Romanist lords, he believed, did not at present wish for a Parliament, they would be quite satisfied if the exactions of the ecclesiastical courts were restrained, with which desire he agreed.

Probably this was a hint to England that the whole of the graces were not universally desired and need not be granted; for although Cork as a business man was clearly in favour of the stability of land-titles and the regulation of ecclesiastical demands, on one matter both justices were firm;

¹ Leland, *Hist. Ireland*, ii. 485.

they devoutly hoped that the portion of the graces which related to complete religious toleration would never be enrolled. They were encouraged in this attitude by the Archbishop and ten of the bishops, who protested formally that indulgences granted to idolatry would bring down a judgment upon the land.¹

Considering Cork's conviction that all Romanists were idolaters, it is a little surprising to find him supporting the protest of the Irish lords against the exactions of the Established Church. But he held the view of the moderate Elizabethan that so long as the Romanist laity paid reasonable recusancy fines they might be left for time to work in them a 'reformation in religion and manners.' 'Contemners of authority' he was ready enough to punish, the King's subjects must obey the King's laws, and priests and friars, who, he was assured, were all emissaries from Spain, were to be prosecuted as traitors. As a practical financier, it was rather convenient to him that the Romanists should be willing to pay for leave to stay away from church, for the recusancy fines, he calculated, were sufficient to pay the cost of keeping up the army; but when he found the money produced by the fines was more than he had expected, he saw that some extortion must have been practised, and took the side of the Recusants. In spite of the fines, the Romanists had for some time past enjoyed a considerable amount of liberty. Orders from the Crown had bidden the Irish government wink at their proceedings, and the priests had therefore begun to celebrate Mass with public pomp, and to rebuild their churches and monasteries, assuming that as their flocks already paid two-thirds of the yearly subsidies, and the King's necessities would not grow less, he would be obliged to continue to

¹ Mant's *Hist. Irish Church*.

conciliate them in order to gain their money. Indulgence was taken by either party in Ireland to be a sign of weakness.

This independent attitude assumed by the Romanists was more than the Justices could long stand. Cork wrote on the 22nd of December 1629, 'The Master of Abercorn, Sir George, Sir Claude, and Sir William Hamilton drew the priests and Jesuits to Strabane, and had a meeting there of some of them with some Papists whom the laws had ejected from Scotland. We shall shortly stop these overbold attempts.'¹

Modern controversial historians are fond of pointing to the Justices' action as a model of stupid tyranny; but we must remember the laws were not invented by Boyle and Loftus, they were mere instruments for enforcing a system which existed and was approved in England as in Ireland, and which was only modified when the Stuart monarchs hoped to gain something from their Romanist subjects.

The Justices therefore began their term of government by strictly enforcing the prosecution of Papists for non-attendance at church. The English Council was rather alarmed by their excessive zeal, and wrote suggesting that it might be dangerous to irritate his Majesty's Romanist subjects too far; but when a Dublin mob raised a riot on the imprisonment of a favourite friar and rescued him from the authorities, the Council saw it must give way, and let the Justices work their will. They set to at once, and directed the Archbishop and the Mayor of Dublin to 'ransack the house of a certain friar.' The following month (January 1630), they proceeded to search certain houses of Jesuits in Bridge Street and Back Lane. In all, they had their will of fifteen institutions, and reported with satisfaction how great had been their success 'in suppressing

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ire.*, 1619, p. 499.

idolatrous houses.' The house taken from the Jesuits in Back Lane was handed to the authorities of Trinity College, who established a lecture there. The exertions of the Earl of Cork in the cause of Protestantism were not merely negative; he himself maintained a lecturer in Kildare Hall, and his friend Archbishop Ussher supported the intentions of the Justices by holding public catechisings, which were attended by all the Dublin gentry, and had much effect on the Romanists of the upper classes.

Even this success did not satisfy the energy of the Justices. In the spring of 1631 they directed the Mayor to turn his attention to a nunnery on Hoggen Green.¹ The sixteen nuns of this convent were ladies of good family, and were treated with more consideration by the Council than Lord Cork approved. Five of them were brought before the council 'in their habit,' and permitted to return to their convent for a month on giving security that they would 'never reassemble conventually in the kingdom.' And though they came to the castle on foot, they were sent back in a coach, 'whereby,' says the Lord Justice, 'too much grace and countenance was given to such delinquents and contemners of authority.'

But all Romanists were not so compliant as the poor ladies of Hoggen Green. The Grand Jury assembled at Kilmainham resolutely refused to present any recusants for fines, whereon the foreman was fined £50, and all the rest a like sum, except Mr. Ussher, who from his name was no doubt connected with the Protestant Archbishop. The jurors were all sent to prison till their fines should be paid, and this short method was so effective that at the next session they found all the presentments desired.

¹ The Hill or Hogue where of old the Danish conquerors of Dublin had held their Parliament, now known as College Green.—Stokes, *Ireland and Celt. Church*, p. 279.

But before long the English Council became again alarmed at the pace at which the Justices were going. The affair was not so simple as they, in their Protestant zeal, imagined. There were wheels within wheels. Lord Dorchester intimated in a letter of March 1630, that as the action taken against the regular Roman Catholic clergy touched Lord Annandale and the Hamiltons, it must be handled cautiously,¹ and Mount-norris produced at the council table a copy of a royal letter to the same purport. Naturally, if the Romanists were too severely dealt with, they were not likely to make voluntary contributions for the expenses of government, and just now they were even necessary in Charles's eyes as a counterpoise to the leanings of the settlers in the north of Ireland, who were many of them Scotsmen, and preferred the form of the Presbyterian Church to that legally established. Some of the Anglican bishops were inclined to look with leniency on these schismatics, so by his Majesty's express command the Justices sent the Lord Bishop of Kilfenora with several Presbyterian gentlemen to join the Romanist recusants in prison.² The Bishop seems to have been soon convinced of the error of his ways, for Laud wrote to Strafford in 1637, 'I have received very pitiful letters from the Bishop of Kilfenora; pray your lordship afford him all the assistance you can.'³

Having set religious matters to right in Dublin, the Justices went further afield. Lord Cork wrote⁴ of the friars that 'these locusts were also assembled in the city of Cork, being very numerous; and they had set up their several orders and convents, wearing their particular habits.' He therefore begged that the English Council would direct the Lord President of Munster to imitate in Cork the example set

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 155.

³ *Strafford Letters*, i. 125.

² Ware's *Bishops of Ireland*.

⁴ *MSS. Council Book*, Smith, ii. 62.

him by the Justices in Dublin, of which he enclosed a report.

The Justices also turned their eyes on a far-famed place of pilgrimage on Lough Deargh, St. Patrick's Purgatory. This extraordinary sanctuary is said by local legend to have been founded by St. Patrick, who, in a vision, was promised by Christ Himself that whoever in penitence and faith should abide there for a night and a day, should behold the pains of hell and purgatory and the joys of heaven. The cave was only seventeen feet long by about two wide, and not high enough for a tall man to enter without stooping. Into this den the unhappy penitents were packed, nine at a time, there to spend twenty-four hours without food or sleep, for it was currently reported that the devil had carried off two cavefuls of pilgrims caught napping.¹

Folklorists might have been interested in tracing the connection between this entrance to the unseen world and the underground road by which legends tell that many Irish heroes entered fairyland. But the Lords Justices were no folklorists, and called the island in Lough Deargh, with its seven chapels and holy cave, 'a monster of fame.' They gave orders in September 1632 that it was to be 'pulled down and utterly demolished, with St. Patrick's bed, and all the vaults, cells, and other buildings, and all superstitious stones to be cast into the lake, and no boat was to be taken there nor pilgrimage used and frequented.'

The destruction of such a far-famed sanctuary could not be carried out without protest. Even the young Queen Henrietta Maria was induced to use her influence to preserve it, and wrote some years later to urge Strafford to permit the pilgrimage to be resumed. His answer was all devotion and

¹ Mant's *Irish Church*, i. pp. 7, 85.

submission, but we may suspect that he was not in his heart very sorry that the Justices' work had been so thorough that to undo it might bring 'prejudice and scandal to his Majesty's government,' and he therefore entreated the queen to graciously 'let this devotion rest' till a more fitting opportunity for restoring it might occur.¹

But St. Patrick's Purgatory had existed for centuries before the Justices or Strafford came to bear rule in Ireland, and it has lasted longer than they. Their power and ambition have vanished with the snows of yesteryear, yet still pilgrims throng the shores of Lough Deargh and watch in the island sanctuary for visions of another world.

The Justices did not confine their attention to reforming the religion of the people under their charge, they also paid some attention to their morals. Lord Cork related to Lord Dorchester how 'I have set up two houses of correction in dissolved friaries, in which the beggarly youth are taught trade, and I have imprest one hundred pounds to buy wool, flax, hemp, and other materials for the purpose. Idleness,' he goes on, 'is a very national disgrace of this island, yet the clever and industrious few bear the charges of the idle, so that we are not commonly infested with vagabonds and sturdy beggars.' It would seem that the Socialism of the Celtic clan system had certain advantages, but all the idle were not content to live peaceably at the charges of the charitable, for Lord Cork goes on to tell how County Meath and County Dublin had lately been infested by an armed band of thirty or forty ruffians, who when not satisfied with what they could beg, took more by force. Lord Cork hanged eleven of them, the rest of the band dispersed; and so he solved the tramp difficulty.²

¹ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 221.

² *Cal. S. P. Ireland*, May 1631.

Lord Cork had some reason to consider himself an authority on Charity Organisation. As we have already seen, he had set up almshouses and founded apprenticing funds on his own estates, and when he became Lord Justice he did his best to extend the same system over the rest of the country, and suggested to Sir William Beecher that as army pensions fell in the money set free should be bestowed upon maimed soldiers, and upon the King's almsmen, licensed beggars who, like Scott's Edie Ochiltree in the *Antiquary*, might ask alms without fear of the constable.

But although loans and almshouses might provide for beggars and cripples, and sturdy vagrants might be hanged or set to beat hemp, the restless, able-bodied Irishmen were still a perplexity to their rulers. Dorchester agreed with Cork that the sloth of the natives and their idle ways of living seemed to be a great cause of their disorder; and the government decided once again to try the favourite panacea of a plantation, bringing over English farmers to set a good example to the lazy Irish, and removing the most troublesome natives to an out-of-the-way corner of the kingdom.

CHAPTER XII

THE GREAT LORD DEPUTY

1630—1633

‘Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel through storm and cloud,
Turn, fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud.’

TENNYSON.

THERE is something pathetic in the fervency with which each succeeding government has clung to the belief that Englishmen carried into Ireland would retain all their English virtues, while Irishmen driven from their homes would leave all their Celtic failings behind them. Some Celtic witchery they certainly left behind them, as the newcomers usually became more Irish than the Irish, but the dispossessed Celts remained unchanged, ‘only a little more so,’ as they would put it themselves.

The scheme propounded in 1630 was to move the most unruly families of the east of Ireland into the depopulated parts of Kerry, with the hope that they would there expend their energies on reclaiming the wilderness, instead of waging war on each other or on the English settlers who should be imported to occupy their former homes. But depopulated though the west of Ireland might be, its soil belonged to some one, and unless a rebellion occurred to provide more forfeitures, the only expedient for the Crown was to devise some means of invalidating the titles by which the present owners held their lands.

When the south of Ireland was being surveyed for Elizabeth's Munster settlement, the Earl of Ormond had seized the opportunity to extend his estates, and being too powerful to meddle with, no one had ventured to question by what title he or his successors held their new possessions. But in 1630 'Erin's high Ormond' was a young man, who had but newly succeeded to his grandfather's estates after a boyhood of poverty and obscurity, and as he was still an unknown quantity, no great difficulty was anticipated in dealing with him.

Lord Treasurer Weston therefore applied to the Earl of Cork in October 1630, to aid in finding the King's title, so as to allow of a plantation being made in Ormond, a wild tract of country, sparsely peopled by restless natives, among whom some few English were already established on feudal tenures. Cork inquired of various persons how the case stood, but no one could or would say anything decided on the matter. The Master of Wards said that in strictness of law the tenants really held by tenures *in capite* and greatly feared their services being enforced, and he agreed with Lord Cork that a plantation would be less ruinous to them than being called on to render their dues to both the King and to the Earl of Ormond; but the grants and charters were in the hands of the Earl of Ormond, and could be forced from him in no legal way. If, Lord Cork explained, they could be got from him by fair means, there would be no further difficulty in entitling his Majesty to make a plantation, but, he added emphatically, they must be careful not to 'clash upon that great and princely grace granted by his Majesty, that no title of above sixty years should be inquired into.'

Ormond heard of this inquiry and spoke to the Lords Justices in a very dignified and spirited manner, reminding

them that he was not only an Irish chieftain, but also an English peer who could carry his complaints to England ; that he and his ancestors had ever been loyal, deserving the rewards due to loyalty ; that he held his lands as well by ancient grants from the Conqueror as by late grants from the Crown ; and finally, that he refused to say anything on the subject of his title till he was assured they had sufficient powers and instructions, when he should put the matter into the hands of his lawyers. Cork disliked the whole business, and suggested to his English friends that the matter had best be let slide till an 'honourable and knowing Deputy' was appointed ; but that in any case it would be very advantageous if his Majesty would cause a gracious letter to be written to the Earl of Ormond, full of remarks about bounty, clemency, and gratitude. One wonders if he really expected the fiery young noble to be caught by mere words ! He actually seemed to hope that not only might Ormond be caught, but that all the other proprietors of lands after which the King hankered would follow him, and by meekly and dutifully surrendering their estates would save the Justices the scandal of trenching on the long-promised 'graces' ; for the Ormond evidence once secured, the same evidence would apply to three or four large territories lying contiguous to the same, which would enlarge the plantation.¹ On further inquiry, it appeared that Lord Ormond's grandfather had already been sounded on the possibility of a plantation in Ormond, and had consented to it on condition that his own rights were sufficiently respected, and also that a plantation would be a real advantage to the present lord, as the Crown would then ensure the remainder of his property against the increasing attempts of the natives to regain their lost territories. A certain part of the plantation project was

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 163-70.

therefore carried out at once, and some of the more unruly inhabitants of Lord Ormond's estate at Leix were removed to Kerry ; but the debated lands in Ormond were untouched till the 'honourable and knowing Deputy' arrived, and then in one respect he did answer to Cork's expectations, for he succeeded in buying Abbeyleix from the Earl of Ormond for £1000, besides acquiring lands in the same neighbourhood from Lord Wilmot to the value of £500 a year ; and Cork recorded, well pleased, in his diary for August 1637, how he had joined the Lord Deputy at Clonmel to act as commissioner to entitle his Majesty to Ormond. The Deputy himself wrote triumphantly to England that the original settlers were extremely well satisfied, and only desired to be given the same terms that the natives had received in the plantations already made in Irish estates.¹ He told with glee that he had secured the land for the King at ten years' purchase, 'whereas, in good faith, land bought for myself, some of it stands me in seventeen, most of it in fifteen years' purchase. . . . I am very confident the plantation in a few years will raise £20,000 a year rent more by bringing in people, trade, and commerce ; increase the customs at least £4000 a year, and, which is above them both, settle this kingdom in such condition as that the Crown may be as securely and universally obeyed here as in England.'

For all his statesmanship, Lord Deputy Wentworth saw no further in the matter than his contemporaries. There was no difference in the theories of different parties on Irish settlements : Charles and Wentworth, Cork and Cromwell, had no real divergence of policy, save that Charles always had a hope he might gain by not driving matters in Ireland to their logical extremity, while Cromwell, when he gave the natives their

¹ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 82, 84, 90.

choice of hell or Connaught, had at least the courage of his opinions.

It has been suggested that when Cork prayed for an honourable and knowing Deputy, he was hinting that such a person might be found in Richard Boyle. Although there is no absolute proof of the matter, it would not have been an unreasonable suggestion on the part of Cork and his friends. It was admitted that his experience of Irish affairs was longer and more complete than that of any other living man, and his own vast estates were frequently pointed out as models of peace and prosperity and examples of what properly carried out plantations might be.

But a Deputy was now selected for Ireland, not merely to act as a magnified Justice of the Peace, but to institute a new order of government, and teach great and small in Ireland what Stuart prerogative meant.

This Deputy was Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford. He was appointed in 1632, but did not land in Ireland till July 1633, so the difficult task of the Justices was rendered almost impossible by their having to act on their own responsibility, and yet report to the Deputy, who soon gave them a foretaste of the treatment they were to expect when he arrived among them.

The time which Cork had dreaded was now arrived. The revenue of the country had to be made up, and the Justices had to ask for a renewal of the subsidy which the Romanists had willingly contributed in gratitude for the King's promise of the 'graces.' The graces, of course, were no nearer realisation now than when the King first spoke of them; but in spite of the assurances of Cork and Loftus, his Majesty persisted in believing that his faithful subjects were longing to pour their wealth into his empty purse; and it was not for

some time that it dawned upon him that it was possible that Irishmen were growing reluctant to pay for indulgences which were only dangled before them, and never made their own. When at last he did succeed in realising it, the severity of the Justices was nothing to the wrath of his Majesty. He wrote that if the Recusants did not show themselves worthy of his favour, not only should the ordinary fines to which they were liable be enforced, but the promised graces should never be granted at all. And then in characteristic fashion the King shifted the responsibility of his broken promises on to other shoulders, and added that all this was done by the council of the Justices. The Justices were terrified; they could not venture to remonstrate with the King, neither could they face the uproar that would be caused if the letter were made public. Finally they resolved to let the dangerous message 'lie on the council table' till the Deputy arrived, when he might either take the blame on himself, or devise some way of avoiding it. This was, of course, exactly spoiling the King's plan, which was to make the Justices, and not the Deputy, the representatives of the rigour of the law, and when Strafford discovered their scheme, his wrath rose like a hurricane, and must have left the respectable Lords Justices gasping. He wrote to them describing his Majesty's letter as of 'extreme importance.' 'How is it then,' he continued, 'that I understand that letter hath by your Lordships' order lain ever since, and doth still, for anything I know, sealed up in silence at the council table, not once published nor answered?' 'Pardon me, my Lords, if in the discharge of my duty I be transported beyond my natural modesty and moderation and the respect I personally bear your Lordships, plainly to let you know I shall not connive at such presumption in you, thus to evacuate my master's directions, nor contain myself in

silence, seeing them before my face so slighted, or at least laid aside, very little regarded.'¹

No wonder that the startled Earl of Cork turned for counsel and consolation to headquarters, and sent off a copy of the thunderbolt to Sir William Beecher, the Clerk of the English Council, enclosing with it the copy of his answer. Meanwhile Strafford took care that the Justices should be no gainers by the suppression of the letters. He sent over a private messenger, a Romanist, to carry a friendly warning to his co-religionists in Ireland that a storm was brewing against them, 'being a thing framed and prosecuted by the Earl of Cork.' The Deputy would, however, do his best to defend them from this tyrannical Earl of Cork, if they would but pay him half a subsidy at once, so as to make him independent of this Lord Justice's scheme of financial extortion. This tyrannical scheme, it may be remembered, merely consisted in enforcing the long-established recusancy fines, which Cork believed would provide enough to pay for the army without imposing any new burdens on the country. But to Wentworth's mind the whole scheme was preposterous. He asserted that the 'casual income' of shilling fines for non-attendance at church could not possibly maintain the Irish army, while its collection merely exasperated the Romanists. 'Nor will I so far ground myself,' he wrote to Cottington, 'with an implicit faith upon the all-foreseeing providence of the Earl of Cork as to receive the contrary opinion from him *in verbo magistri*, for I am sure if such a rush as this should set that kingdom in pieces again, I am the man that am like to bear the heat of the day, not he.' . . . He assured Cottington that he had every ground to hope he would get the half subsidy out of the Romanists, unless the Earl of Cork

¹ *Strafford Letters*, ii, 77.

thwarted his plan, 'and underhand labour to set the Protestant party against it, which I hear he doth.' The Justices were, he continued, further adding to their list of crimes by paying away some particularly large sums of money which he was convinced they only expended out of personal spite to himself, desiring to 'see me at the bottom of my business before I begin, leaving me never a cross to bless myself withal what sudden accident soever happen. Surely they dare do anything that thus give warrant for issuing so great a sum. . . . If you do not upon this boldness of theirs take them soundly, and that presently, over the fingers and justify my Lord Mountnorris, who hath very honestly stopped payment, never look to be obeyed in anything.'¹

It is curious to discover that the only person liked and trusted by the new Deputy was Lord Mountnorris. To this solitary confidant he wrote from York in 1632 entreating him to hurry back to Ireland, for money was desperately needed there, and 'the customs, you know how loose they lie—our only confidence there being in you'!

That confidence was destined to be rudely shaken when Wentworth got to Ireland, and began to overhaul Mountnorris's accounts. But it really is extremely difficult to discover what was, and what was not, considered dishonest in the seventeenth century. We know that Bacon's acceptance of bribes was looked on as very shocking; but all public men seem to have received presents, and most public offices and dignities were bought and sold at a regular market price.

Wentworth seems to have had no real grounds for his conviction that the Justices cherished a private spite against him. Cork certainly disapproved of the indulgence he was prepared to extend to the Recusants; but so far from wishing

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 74, York, Oct. 1, 1632.

him to begin his government with an empty treasury, Cork himself boasted that he had found it empty when he came to office, but had left £7000 in readiness for the new Deputy, having also paid off all persons both in the civil and military lists, without having the least assistance of treasure from England and without leaving the King a penny in debt; that he had succeeded in reducing the expenditure of the country from £40,000 to £20,000, also providing for the pay of the army for three years.¹ He also proudly wrote that during the time of his being in the government of Ireland, which was four years, having but £100 a month allowed him, he spent, besides his allowance, above £6000 in maintaining hospitality and the dignity of the state; nor during that time was there the least complaint made of him to his Majesty, or to the Lords of the Council of England, adding 'which government I ruled with an upright heart and clean hands.' So far from his dignity as Lord Justice having been of any advantage to him, he told Dorchester in May 1631:²—

'My office here is both ruinous to my estates and utterly void of power to advance the King's service. If I have offered my resignation, it is not from private motives, but because I feel the necessary reformation of this great people might with great hope be undertaken if the supreme authority were so placed aright, well credited and directed from thence. This place is not a comfortable one, unless a man consoles himself by making a private fortune, as has been the custom of my predecessors. I renounce such intentions, so that I have not that satisfaction. . . . I took up the government here from no selfish aim, but from zeal to the King's service, and love for the country which embraced me when I was young and without fortune, and has given me so competent a patrimony.'

¹ Smith, ii. 62.

² *Cal. S. P. Ireland.*

In a letter of October, he again expressed his eagerness to lay down his office. 'The country is well stored with corn and cattle, but there is little money moving, all waiting for the new Deputy, and nobody is more anxious for him to come than I am. I long to get home to enjoy a country life among my neighbours and tenants.'¹

This letter was addressed to a Captain Price, who was entreated to carry over to England an Irish harp for Lord Keeper Coventry, and to give to 'Lady Coventry a runlet of mild Irish usquebagh sent unto her ladyship by my youngest daughter Peggie, who was so much bound to her ladyship for her great goodness and care of her in her sickness at Canberry, whose Jewel she weareth for her ladyship's favour, and I hope the child will live to do her ladyship some service. I pray, help Mr. Hunt to deliver them, and let me add, if it please his lordship, next his hart in the morning, to drink a little of this Irish usquebagh as it is prepared and qualified, it will help to digest all raw humours, expel wind and keep his inward parts warm all day after, without any offence to his stomach.'

And so, in spite of letters from the Deputy and whispered grumbles from the wealthier Romanists, the Lord Justice's day of greatness glided on to its close, with scarce a cloud to shadow the brightness, and his diary is full of pompous ceremonies and stately junketings, and Lady Meredith, the charming daughter-in-law of Lord Justice Loftus, ignored the family feud and chose the Earl of Cork for her valentine, and presented him with a pair of black silk stockings, garters, and roses, and a dozen handkerchiefs, and Dublin society made merry in the fleeting sunshine as midges dance before a thunderstorm.

¹ *Cal. S. P. Ireland*, 1631, p. 674.

But before the stormy Deputy arrived in Ireland, the beginning of sorrow had fallen upon the Earl of Cork. Twenty-nine years before, when his days of prosperity were dawning, Katherine Fenton had become his wife. Now, when the evil days were near, she was taken from him, and he was left in his old age to face life alone.

No warnings nor details are given in the diary. Suddenly, on the 16th of February 1630, comes the heartbroken entry : 'It pleased my merciful God for my manifold sins, between three and four of the clock in the afternoon, to translate out of this mortal world to His glorious kingdom of heaven, the soul of my dearest dear wife, who departed this world, to my unspeakable grief, at the Lord Caulfield's house in Dublin ; for which heavy visitation God make me and all mine patiently thankful as becometh religious Christians, seeing it was none but my all-knowing God that did it.'

So ended the Earl of Cork's married life. Unlike most men of his time, he remained constant to the remembrance of his wife ; he never thought of filling her vacant place, and to the day of his death he dedicated the sixteenth of February to her memory, in fasting and prayer.

It is sad to think that his bones do not rest by those of her he loved so faithfully and mourned so long ; the Great Earl lies far off from her at Youghal, but there on his stately tomb in the Bennett chapel the coloured effigy of Katherine Fenton still kneels in prayer. On her grave in Dublin he lavished his wealth to erect what he imagined was a fitting memorial. On the 17th of February he writes :—

'My dear wife was in the night of this day privately buried in the chancel of St. Patrick's church of Dublin by Mr. Dean Cullen, in the same tomb wherein her worthy grandfather, Dr. Weston, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and

her father, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Kt., his Majesty's principal secretary of this state, were buried.'

A public funeral was held nearly a month after the private ceremony at St. Patrick's. Ten of the Earl's gentlemen were provided with suitable mourning at a cost of £60, and the blacks and charges of the funeral over and above all expenses in the house, probably of the funeral feast, did amount, the Earl carefully notes, 'to somewhat above one thousand marks.'

In May the Pursuivant-at-arms completed a design for a magnificent tomb, which was to commemorate Lady Cork's parents and grandparents as well as herself. The stonecutter of Chapel Izod, who was already at work on the restoration of Maynooth Castle for the Earl of Kildare, was intrusted with this important piece of work, and it was estimated that the cost, including painting, gilding, and iron railings, would be £300. Eventually, between the cost of the iron supplied from the Earl's own forges, fees to the Dean and Chapter, and 'liberalities among the workmen,' the expense rose to £400. But the tomb was to cost him dearer than a few hundred pounds. By a strange irony of fate his troubles began at his wife's grave, and it was that stately marble erection that gave Stafford his much-desired opportunity to humiliate the Great Earl.

The tomb was not completed till January 1633; then the Earl wrote: 'This night the bones of my wife's grandfather, Dr. Weston, sometime Lord Justice and Lord Chancellor of Ireland, of her father, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Kt., principal secretary of state in Ireland, and the coffin wherein my lost wife's dead body was enclosed, were all removed out of the old tomb wherein they were all three buried in St. Patrick's church, and all placed in the new vault of my wife's tomb by

me made and erected at the upper end of the chancel of the said St. Patrick's church, expecting a joyful resurrection.'

And then arrived the great Lord Deputy.

When Cork was weary of the chaos of Irish affairs, he may have sighed for the King to send over 'an honourable and knowing Deputy.' But he did not dream what a King Stork was, in answer to his prayer, to descend on the Irish bogs! The indignation with which the old man tells the story of his future enemy's arrival is too dramatic to be shortened. The entry in his diary begins, with every word underlined :—

'July 1633. *A most cursed man to all Ireland and to me in particular.*

'This 23rd of July about nine of the clock in the afternoon Thomas Lord Viscount Wentworth, Lord Deputy of Ireland, arrived near Lowsie Hill' [now St. Andrew's Street], 'attended with the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord Docwra, and others. I coming in my coach, met his Lordship walking on foot towards the city, and after welcoming him, entreated his Lordship to take the benefit of my coach, which he and the rest did, and so we came along together to the Castle, and into the withdrawing chamber where his Lordship (I having precedence) brought me to my coach.'

Wentworth was of course not yet formally installed as Deputy, and the Justices were still governors of Ireland, so he was scrupulous to treat them with all the observance due to representatives of the King, and which he intended to claim as his when he assumed the government. These civilities pleased the Earl of Cork to the very soul.

Wentworth wrote on the following day to Coke :—

'I visited both the Justices at their own homes, which, albeit not formerly by other Deputies, yet I conceived it was a

duty I owed them, being there but as a private person, as able to show an example to others, what would always become them to the supreme governour, whom it shall please his Majesty to set over them.’¹

Wentworth’s plans were well thought out, and every move he made had been studied beforehand; the formal Justices, with their love of power and love of etiquette, were mere haphazard bunglers when they tried to play against such an adversary. The unsuspecting Cork was, however, immensely flattered by Wentworth’s civility, and wrote in his diary how ‘my Lord Deputy came home to my house and made me a kind visit.’

The following day the Deputy signified to the Justices that he proposed to receive the sword of state from them in the council chamber that afternoon at two of the clock. And Lord Cork writes: ‘Whereon the Lord Chancellor came to my house presently after dinner where most of the lords and councillors were with me, and from thence we went all on foot to the Castle, the sword being borne before us by Sir Robert Loftus, attended with the sergeant-at-arms, officers, and pursuivants, and so we came with the King’s sword and mace carried till we came into the gallery of the Castle. And the Lord Deputy there meeting us, he went between us both, the Lord Chancellor on his right and I on his left. But at the door and stairs he gave the Lord Chancellor and me the precedence, and when we came to the council chamber we both took our usual places and his Lordship stood at the upper end of the council table till his Majesty’s commission which did authorise him to be Lord Deputy was read by the Master of the Rolls. Then his Lordship delivered us, the Lords Justices, the King’s letter, requiring us the Lords

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 97.





*Monument erected by the Earl of Cork
in St. Patrick's Cathedral Dublin.*

Justices to deliver up the sword and government to him, which we did. I for my part most willingly and gladly did, the rather that the kingdom was yielded up in perfect peace and plenty.'

Cork, unfortunately, was so proud of the condition of the country, that his speech of welcome to the new Deputy was entirely filled with hopes that the present prosperity might continue under the new ruler; while Loftus, with more tact, contented himself with praises and compliments to Sir Thomas Wentworth.¹

Cork, who remembered the days when Ireland was ravaged by war, famine, and pestilence, could honestly boast that the country was now in 'perfect peace and plenty,' but this serene self-satisfaction maddened the Deputy, who neither knew nor cared from what ruins the present prosperity was built up, and could be content with nothing that did not fit his own pattern of perfection.

The apprenticeship that Cork had served under Carew and Fenton, the lessons of statecraft he had learned from Cecil and Raleigh, counted for nothing. In the eyes of the new Deputy he was but a doting old Polonius, and not an honest dotard either. It was very convenient for Wentworth that Archbishop Laud had already a complaint against Cork which would be a good opening for the course of humiliation that the Deputy was preparing for the Great Earl, and would also give opportunities for a little plain speaking to several archbishops and deans.

To Laud's mind the black marble tomb which Cork had erected in St. Patrick's Cathedral was nothing less than a scandal. Laud's trusted emissary Bramhall had written of it in horror as soon as he arrived in Dublin, telling that the

¹ Carte, i. 112.

tomb was 'erected in the proper place of the altar as if it were contrived to give it worship and reverence which the chapter and whole church are bound by special statutes to give towards the east.'¹

This commotion at first merely astonished the Earl of Cork, and he sent over letters to explain that his tomb, although it certainly stood at the east end of the cathedral, so far from standing on the site of the communion table, was placed in front of a blocked-up doorway. But protests and explanations were of no avail; Laud was determined that the tomb should be removed, and Wentworth was delighted to be the instrument of such a humiliation to Cork. Cork strained every nerve to save the erection of which he was so proud. Not only was he indignant at his selection of a site being blamed; the tomb was that of Katherine Fenton; under it he had buried the love and joy of thirty years, and the spot was as sacred to his eyes as it could be to those of Laud.

Ussher, the Primate, and Bulkeley, the Archbishop of Dublin, were ever ready to do all in their power for the Earl, and wrote letters and certificates to go with a model of the tomb to the Archbishop of Canterbury, but the letters Cork induced the Irish archbishops to write in his behalf only made matters worse in London. Laud was indignant that Churchmen should be found to plead such a cause. If the archbishops did not see with his eyes, so much the worse for the archbishops; and as for the Earl of Cork, who had thus endeavoured to raise dissension in the Church, he should hear some home truths, which ran as follows: ²—

‘*March 21, 1634.*

‘MY VERY GOOD LORD,—It is very true that I have taken exceptions to the monument which you have built in St.

¹ *Dom. S. P.*, ccxliv. 48.

² *Strafford Letters*, i. 222.

Patrick's Church, and I hope your Lordship will easily conceive I could not prophesy of any such thing [*i.e.* know of its existence by inspiration], and therefore must needs have the knowledge from thence, and I assure your Lordship I had and from good hands, tho' I cannot now recall from whom. My Lord, the report that the tomb was built in the place where the High Altar stood and the communion table should now stand, did not come lately to me as your Lordship supposes, for I assure you I heard of it and complained of it to the King, and desired remedy before ever my Lord Deputy that now is was so much as named to that place. And therefore, whereas your Lordship writes that you built it three years since and never heard any mouth opened against it, it seems some mouths that durst not open there did open fully here. . . . I had then just cause to doubt, considering the forms of all other cathedrals which I had seen, that the east window was darkened by it, but that it is not so I am fully satisfied. For the other exception, that it stands where the High Altar stood and the communion table ought to stand, I must clearly confess to your Lordship I am not satisfied ; nor whether it will not take off too much room from the choir when the screen is built as you intend it. Neither can your Lordship think that I shall make myself a judge of these or any other inconveniences, never having been upon the place to see it, but shall leave it wholly to such view and consideration as shall there be had of it, yet wishing with all my heart that you had erected that monument upon the side of the choir or any other convenient place rather than where you have now set it. And I must needs tell your Lordship such an erection as that would have asked very good deliberation where to have placed it. As for the Dean and Chapter's consent, if they had themselves understood the Church better, your Lordship had been free from

these fears. I have received together with your Lordship's letter two others, one from my Lord Primate of Armagh, the other from the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, but neither of their reports do fully satisfy me, as will appear by the answer I have given their Lordships,—for as yet never did I see cathedral church where the High Altar stood in the Lady Mary's chapel, and not at the upper end of the choir, which place I say under favour of better judgments I cannot say is a fit place for any man's monument. And whereas your Lordship writes at the latter end of your letter that you bestow a great part of your estate and time in charitable work, I am heartily glad to hear it : but withal your Lordship will I hope give me leave to deal freely with you, and then I must tell your Lordship, if you have done as you write you have suffered strangely for many years together by the tongues of men who have often and confidently affirmed that you have not been a very good friend to the Church in the point of her maintenance. I hope these reports are not true : but if they be, I cannot account your works charitable, having no better foundation than the livelihood of the Church taken away to do them. I am sorry I cannot give your Lordship any other answer to your letter than what I have here written, and therefore leave the tomb to be viewed and ordered by my Lord Deputy and the Archbishop there as they shall find fittest to be done, and I leave you to the grace of God and rest your Lordship's poor loving friend

‘W. CANT.’

Well did Chief Justice Richardson say, when he had a like lecture, ‘I have been well-nigh choked by a pair of lawn sleeves !’ Never since the Great Earl left his mother's nursery can he have been so soundly scolded !

The letter is a good example of the unfortunate tone

adopted by Laud, and his curious inability to see any view but his own. 'Neither shall your Lordship think I shall make myself a judge,' he writes, but neither shall the two archbishops or the dean and chapter be judges! In all simplicity he believed that he was doing an absolutely impartial thing in leaving the business in the hands of his own *alter ego*, the Lord Deputy.

Cork had known the world for sixty-seven years, and he must have read in this letter the doom of all but the submissive servants of Laud and Wentworth.

Yet even Laud admitted there might be danger in offending Lord Treasurer Weston by desecrating the tomb of his Irish relatives, and warned Wentworth that he 'takes it very highly because of his kinsman, the Lord Chancellor Weston. I would not, both in regard of the King's service and your own good, that this should occasion a breach between you.'¹

But the Lord Treasurer might fume, and Laud hesitate, and Archbishop Ussher declare that the tomb 'so far from being an inconveniency was a great ornament,' Wentworth was resolved it should come down, and down it came.

It is true that commissioners were appointed to view the tomb before sentence was given, but the matter was really settled before they set foot in the cathedral. Lord Cork wrote that the commission examined some weak aged people as to where the altar had stood, but they spake by hearsay and to very little purpose. Wentworth, however, thought there was no need of human witnesses when the tomb itself spoke so much to the purpose. He wrote to Laud: ²—

'I have issued a commission according to my warrant for viewing the Earl of Cork's tomb; the two archbishops and himself, with four other bishops and the two deans and chapters,

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 219.

² *Ibid.*, i. 298.

were present when we met and made them all so ashamed that the Earl desires he may have leave to pull it down without reporting further with England ; so I am content if the miracle be done, though Mahomet do it, and there is an end of the tomb before it come to be intombed indeed.'

And then the next spring, March 1635, Wentworth wrote triumphantly :¹—

'The Earl of Cork's tomb is now quite removed : how he means to dispose of it I know not, but up it is put in boxes, as if it were marchpanes and banquetting stuffs going down to the christening of my young master in the country. The wall is closed again, and as soon as it is dry and fit to be wrought upon, it shall be decently adorned or else——! It costs me at least one fifty pounds for my share.'

Cork could but submit with the best grace he could muster up. Even in his diary he only records that it cost him £68 to remove the tomb to the side of the cathedral, and so the struggle ended, and the first triumph was scored to the Lord Deputy.

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 279.



*George, 16th Earl of Kildare
"The Fair Earl."*

CHAPTER XIII

THE LORD JUSTICE'S SONS-IN-LAW

1630-1633

‘Döan’t thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is.’

Northern Farmer.

IN July of the year 1630 a boat, manned by a solitary sailor, put out with great precaution from the rocks of Howth and slipped with all possible haste across to Holyhead. Yet this sailor was no fugitive escaping from justice, or dare-devil in search of adventure; he was an official messenger from the greatest man in Ireland, sent to warn three belted earls that they were in danger of being snapped up by a pirate. It was somewhat humiliating that the Lord Justice of Ireland could do no more to secure his friends’ safety than to pay a messenger five pounds to secretly warn them of their danger!

However, the warning was in time; the party avoided the notice of the pirate by putting out from Beaumaris, and they all—Lord Ranelagh, Lord Kildare, and Lord Dungarvan, with Arthur Loftus and Arthur Jones, arrived without further adventures in Dublin on the 5th of August, in readiness for the weddings of Lord Ranelagh’s son, Arthur Jones, to Katherine Boyle, and of Lord Kildare to her sister Joan.

The early death of Lord Kildare’s father had left him premier peer of Ireland and head of the great Fitzgerald family while still a mere baby. The haughty traditions of the Geraldines were not likely to foster submission to the English

rule in a boy reared under their influence, so in 1618 the King commanded that young Kildare should be sent over to England to be educated. The boy's widowed mother answered pathetically that 'by reason of the child's tenderness and indisposition of body,' and his being little more than six years old, he had more need of a nurse than of any learning or breeding.¹ As the Lord Deputy supported Lady Kildare's petition, it is probable that her boy was left a little longer with her, but eleven years later we find him established as an undergraduate at Oxford and the comrade of young Dungarvan.

No doubt it was during the Boyles' visit to Oxford in 1629 that Lady Joan made Lord Kildare's acquaintance, and Lord Cork decided to become guardian of the young man and marry him to his daughter. Kildare wrote to his kinsman Lord Dorchester to thank him for passing his wardship to the Earl of Cork, as he knew he could not have been put in any man's hand that would do him more good.

Lord Cork was not blind to the failings of 'the mad little lord,'² as Londoners had named him, for he wrote that 'little George Kildare' had run nine hundred pounds in debt in three months, 'which except he take up in time, his estate will not bear, say I.' He probably hoped to keep the wild boy in hand as he did Barrymore, but the Geraldine was of a very different stamp from the head of the Barrys; they were only alike in courage and in pride, characteristics which they shared with most of the gentlemen of Ireland.

However, when all was said, it was a very fine match for Lady Joan. Her trousseau, which was bought in London, was worthy of the occasion, and cost £230, 16s., and her father gave her a diamond ring for which he had paid one hundred

¹ *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1618.

² George, 16th Earl of Kildare, was usually known as the Fairy Earl, from his small size.

marks. On the 15th of July 1630 there was a grand wedding at the Earl of Cork's house in Dublin, Lord Barrymore and many other noble lords being present, and Lord Kildare's chaplain united the bride and bridegroom. They were both the same age, nineteen.

Lord Cork plunged with eagerness into the task of bringing his son-in-law's 'disjointed estates' into some sort of order, and lost no time before riding out to Maynooth with Lord Kildare, his friend Lord Angier, and Lord Dungarvan, to make arrangements for the re-edifying of the 'ancient terraced house.' Then followed a second visit, when Lord Digby came to give his views, and it was finally resolved that the three sides of the dwelling, forming a court, should be rebuilt, and the decayed church should be re-edified and whitewashed, and fair wainscote pews set in it. The mouldering sanctuary where the wild Geraldine Earls had bent their haughty heads, and the famous Geroit Oge had glanced proudly over the ranks of English nobles who were rather his prisoners than his guests—that old church was now to be made respectable with Jacobean white-wash and pews, and, doubtless, a three-decker pulpit. But, however uncompromising was the restoration, it was a true restoration, for, as Lord Cork wrote, 'the church had been, God forgive the doers thereof, misapplied to the keeping of cattle and making of malt and other base uses. I, before I could proceed to the rebuilding of the manor-house of Maynooth, thought it my duty to rebuild the said church, which cost me about £120, and on All Saints' Day 1632 my chaplain, Mr. Floyd, preached, which, for ought I could hear, was the first sermon made by a Protestant minister in any man's memory herein.'

'The dining and withdrawing chambers of the house,' and 'my daughter's closet with the parlour,' were all wainscoted,

and Lord Cork gave Tingham the builder a horse and two cows to encourage him to proceed 'Really' with the building, the 'Really' in the diary being written with an impressive capital R! For a while Lord Cork kept the purse-strings and paid the workmen's wages, and his wise scheme worked admirably; but Lord Kildare had a persuasive tongue, and after a little his father-in-law had to write with some shame that the £350 intended for the building had been wheedled out of his hands by Lord Kildare's earnest requests. Naturally the builders saw nothing of the money, and, after they had been left a whole month without wages, were preparing to stop work, when as usual Lord Cork came to the rescue, and agreed to pay them regularly five marks for every working day, 'but whether I shall get it by my assignment out of the Earl of Kildare's Michaelmas rents, God knows.'

Lord Cork having once begun to settle the accounts, had naturally to go on, till in 1635 he arranged for the final completion of the mansion by agreeing with the stonecutter to put up the young Earl's arms, painted and gilt, over the gate, and to pay four and sixpence for every hundred letters engraved.

The Earl of Cork must have been either an extremely indulgent or unusually patient man, for the leniency with which he looked on the escapades of his sons-in-law, and the frequency with which he paid their debts, are hardly what one would expect from a man of his punctilious manners and keen business faculty. The Earl of Kildare's performances must have been as delightful to his boy brothers-in-law as they were trying to the head of the house; indeed, his lordship would still have been more in place as an undergraduate at Christ Church, than as a married man and one of the rulers of Ireland.

Lord Cork wrote of him ruefully enough : ‘ Jan. 13, 1632. My Lord Kildare, for discovering who it was who had battered and abused my silver trencher plates, was by me promised £5, for which, when he had my promise, he said it was himself with knocking marrow-bones thereon ! ’ A French book of etiquette of that time warns gentlemen never to knock their bones on the table at dinner. ‘ Better,’ says the sage writer, ‘ to go without the marrow.’ However, Lord Kildare had no mind to go without anything he fancied, and Lord Cork continues sadly, ‘ Whereupon in discharge of my promise I commanded my servant to fetch him £5 in gold, which his lordship without making any bones thereat accepted, and I presently pocketed the wrong.’

But in a year’s time, even Lord Cork’s patience was exhausted, and there was such a serious difference between him and his son-in-law, that Lord Deputy Wentworth himself had to act as mediator. The Earl wrote :—

‘ September 1633, in the withdrawing chamber of the castle, the Lord Deputy heard the dispute between the Earl of Kildare and me, in which discourse the ill-guided Earl expressed much bitterness and intemperancy. God amend him and better direct him.’

This quarrel was pretty clearly over the young Earl’s extravagance, and it proved that not even the thunderous brow of the Lord Deputy could keep Kildare in order, for before long he took such a huff at good advice given him by Wentworth that he bolted off to England to complain to the King, who was actually so hard-hearted as to refuse to see him. And meantime, says poor Lord Cork, ‘ his lady, four children, and a family of about sixty servants were left without means or monies,’ and ‘ to avoid clamour ’ his father-in-law had to send £50 to pay the servants and discharge them, and took

the ladies and children and their attendants into his house in Dublin.

As Kildare could get no sympathy in England there was nothing for it but to come meekly home again to his wife and babies, and to pawn his plate when he could find no other way of raising the wind. He even pawned the gilt standing cup that had been his father-in-law's christening present to his son and heir ! Lord Cork was naturally extremely angry at the discovery of this performance, but Lady Kildare persuaded him to redeem the cup and then keep it safely in his own hands. Kildare's next differences with the Deputy were not passed over so lightly as the flight to England had been. He refused to surrender certain title-deeds of his manor of Ley to Wentworth, and a Pursuivant was despatched to Maynooth who carried off his lordship to prison in Dublin Castle. This was but too ordinary a fate during the stormy days of Wentworth's government. It seems wonderful that the Castle was large enough to hold all the nobility and gentry who were packed off to it with all the unceremoniousness of a comic opera. But it was grim earnest with both the Deputy and his prisoners ; and as the proud young Geraldine was not the man to buy his liberty by submission, he was kept in confinement for a year, two months of the time a close prisoner ; even royal letters on his behalf failed to move the Deputy to mercy,¹ and Kildare was only liberated for a short time the following spring.

At that time Lady Kildare had gone to England, possibly to make interest for her husband at the English court, and Lord Cork, who was away in Munster, grew anxious as to how matters were going at Maynooth, and sent Sir John Leeke to report. He brought back, Lord Cork writes, 'assurance that

¹ Rushworth, *Strafford Trial*.

the Earl was again committed prisoner to the Castle of Dublin, and that he had left at Maynooth his four children and a devouring family of forty idlers, without any provision of meat or money to sustain them, and his children were without clothes and destitute of victuals, whereupon I sent an express messenger with my letters to Bodlagh his steward to move the Earl to let me have his children to Lismore with the nurses and servants, and upon notice of his pleasure I would send my coach to bring them hither, and keep them here till their mother's coming out of England or my going over thither.' The description of the ragged little lords and ladies running wild among the forty slipshod retainers, and jovial Sir John Leeke shaking his kind head over the steward's story, reads like a page out of one of Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels. It is probable that the children found a home at Lismore, for not long after, the eldest boy accompanied the Earl of Cork to England.

Then for a little space there are no further reports of Geraldine escapades in Lord Cork's diary ; but his eldest son-in-law, Lord Barrymore, had something of the same ways, and also aroused Lord Cork's wrath by the unceremonious fashion in which he left his wife and family on his father-in-law's hands and sent for them again at his own convenience. Lord Cork wrote, January 1631 : ' My daughter, the Countess of Barrymore, with her son and daughter with their family, departed from my house in Dublin towards their own house at Castle Lyons, but her *discrete* Lord sent Lieut. Finch to call her and hers home without so much as a letter to her or me of thanks for the year and a half diet I gave him and his family in Dublin. Neither sent he money, horses, nor men to bring her home, which is great disrespect of her and me. God forgive him.'

There are few notices to be met with of Arthur Loftus, the husband of Lord Cork's daughter Dorothy. He occasionally joined his father-in-law in buying sheep and cattle, or executing leases and settlements; that is all. Only once is there a glimpse of a more intimate character, when in 1635 Lord Cork writes: 'This day, my son-in-law Arthur Loftus had a very unpleasing passage with me in my gallery, touching a slight unkindness he had taken against his wife, and expressed himself heady and untractable therein to my great discontent.' But as no further mention is made of Sir Arthur's temper, we may suppose that the storm soon blew over.

In 1631, Lord Cork mentions that he 'gave Doll an embroidered cushion and a cabinet of tortoiseshell with lock, key, and garnishment of silver of goldsmith's work,' and the following year he records that Doll gave him three night-caps. Her eldest daughter was born at Rathfarnham in 1634, and little more is known save that her husband died young, and she married a second time, into the Talbot family. She died in 1668, when her sister Mary wrote that she did not feel so much sorrow as she could have wished, as she really did not know her.

But if the tantrums of Arthur Loftus and the madcap freaks of Kildare and Barrymore were not the cause of any real trouble or shame to the Earl of Cork, the husband of his third daughter was a very different person.

George Goring is described by Lady Fanshawe in her memoirs as 'the civilest person imaginable, so that he would blush like a girl,' and 'very tall, very handsome, exceedingly facetious and pleasant company.' Vandyke's portrait corroborates Lady Fanshawe's description. It was only Clarendon who could withstand Goring's fascinations.

'Goring,' he says, 'had wit, courage, understanding,

and ambition, uncontrolled by any fear of God or man. While others would violate their promises or friendships for some benefit or convenience, Goring would do so out of humour and for wit's sake, and loved no man so well but he would cozen him and then expose him to public mirth for having been cozened, and in dissimulation he so excelled that men were not ordinarily out of countenance with being deceived by him.'

Of course we cannot be sure that the Earl of Cork was not as completely cozened as were most of Goring's friends, for when even Strafford could write of Goring's 'sweet, frank, generous disposition,' the Earl of Cork might be pardoned for being for a while blinded to his faults. Still, as this fascinating gentleman was always begging or borrowing money, it seems strange that his father-in-law could not bribe him into some outward decency of behaviour to his wife. So far as letters go, Goring's to Lord Cork are models of affectionate respect, even though he usually manages to slip in some disagreeable insinuation against some member of the family. Sad to confess, Lettice Goring's letters also usually contain some ill-natured remark or other about her brothers and sisters, but the childless, neglected wife, in bad health and poor circumstances, might be pardoned a little peevishness. She neither had the spirit nor the intellect that supported her sister Katherine through the troubles of her married life, for Lettice seems to have had few interests and no literary tastes; her handwriting is poor and her spelling abominable.

She paid her first visit to Ireland after her marriage in 1631, when she remained in Dublin with Sara Digby and Joan Kildare, while her father made his autumn progress through Munster in patriarchal fashion, accompanied by his sons Dungarvan and Kinalmeaky, his five sons-in-law, Stephen

Crow, the husband of his niece Mary Boyle, and their friend Mr. Jermyn. 'God bless me in this my going home,' wrote the Earl: 'I delivered to my daughter Digby £40, and my acquittance to the Vice-Treasurer to receive £100 more, to bear the charges of my house till my return.'

The party travelled by the usual route, halting at Tallagh, where the judges were holding assizes, and so they came to Lismore, where they spent six or seven weeks. This long dose of family life was too much for George Goring; he endured it till he could borrow two thousand pounds in his father's name, and a thousand in his own, 'to be repaid when he is able,' and then he vanished. Poor Lord Cork thought his son-in-law added insult to injury, for not only did he 'depart without once taking leave of me, and left his wife and servants here,' but he also 'posted through Scotland into England on the choice grey gelding I bestowed on him called Grey Brown, whose sudden and unknown departure hath much disquieted me, his wife and friends.'

Strafford, who took a good deal of interest in the Gorings' affairs, wrote of them in the spring of 1633:—

'Young Mr. Goring is gone to travel, having run himself out of eight thousand pounds, which he purposeth to redeem by his frugality abroad, unless my Lord of Cork can be induced to put to his helping hand, which I have undertaken to solicit for him the best I can, and shall do it with all the power and care my credit and wit shall anywise suggest unto me. In the mean time his lady is gone to the Bath. All may do well enough if her father be persuaded, and then if she be not as well done to as any of her kin, Mr. Goring loseth a friend of me forever.'¹

In September, Goring himself came over to join his

¹ Strafford to Carlisle, *Strafford Letters*, i. 785.

petitions to those of the Deputy, and the old Earl was obliged most unwillingly to yield, and writes on the 6th of October that he had consented, 'at the importunate entreaties of my daughter and the unavoidable persuasion of the Lord Deputy, conjoined with the necessities of my son-in-law, to buy him one of the Lord Tilbury's regiments, a troop of horse, which the Lord Deputy affirmed would be worth to my son Goring £2000 a year.'

The war in the Low Countries was then attracting many young English gentlemen, and Goring could not have learned the art of war from a better teacher than the General of the English contingent, stout old Vere of Tilbury.

Lord Cork insisted that certain settlements should be made on Lettice in return for the sums advanced to buy the troop of horse, and he also required security that the money should 'not be consumed in George Goring's profuse expenses,' which shows that the days in which he could be cozened had passed by. Strafford was delighted at the success of his mediation, and wrote :—

'Mr. Goring's business is settled reasonably well, I hope : I judge him to be of frank and sweet generous disposition : and if, by the assistance of my Lord his father and other his noble friends, he be provided of this place, which suits certainly extremely well with his genius, I am persuaded that his mind set in ease and quiet, you should see him do very well, and be an honour and comfort to himself and friends. I beseech your Lordship let Lord Goring know this is my opinion, that I will contribute the uttermost of my power towards the setting forth and consummating of so good a work.'¹

Lettice's 'importunate entreaties' also induced Lord Cork

¹ Strafford to Carlisle, *Strafford Letters*, i. 119.

to lend Goring £200 in ready money to pay their expenses back to London; but her father, growing more and more cautious in his dealings with his slippery son-in-law, and 'doubting his readiness to repay it unto me, gave it to Mr. Aldersie to lend as if it were his.' A former debt of £200 the Earl had already written off as 'desperate.'

This importunate pair sailed from the Ring's End on the 10th of October, Lord Cork having done all in his power to provide for his luckless daughter's comfort. He sent her cousin Joan Gwyn to accompany her, and a message to another cousin, Tompkins, 'to receive my daughter Goring if she should be constrained to come and lie there, and use her and her attendant courteously, and I would gratify her with as much plate as should pay my daughter's expenses, for money from her or me I know she would not take.'

But the Earl's anxiety over Lettice was never at rest. In December, when Sir John Leeke was taking over the directions for Dungarvan's marriage settlements to be drawn up by Lord Cork's London lawyer, the Earl begged him, before he attended to any other business, to 'go to my Lord Bruerton's to see my daughter Lettice.'

Unhappy as Lettice must needs have been when with her husband, she was even more wretched when he went to the Low Countries, and left her in his father's care in London. In February 1634 Lord Cork wrote a very diplomatic and very touching letter to that old gentleman:—

'MY NOBLE LORD AND BROTHER,—I have been honoured with the receipt of your letters, and in them the assurance that our son hath obtained a regiment in the Low Countries, and that there is good possibility for his addition of the horse troop therewith. As your lordship hath cause, so am I with

that his employment much comforted, hoping it will be a step to his further grace and advancement. And if I could be satisfied how you and he intend to dispose of my daughter Lettice that she might find rest and contentment, it would much quiet my yet distracted thoughts, for her welfare and my consideration of her estate is a main part of my greatest care. And as at her being here by effectual persuasions, so also by my letters sent her since her departure into England, I have ever counselled and advised her to observe you and your counsels, and not to be led by the advice of any other which shall anyways contrary or oppose your directions, nor to presume upon her own weak wit and judgment to contradict or run any other courses, but to tread that path which you shall chalk out unto her, for therein I assure her she shall find happiness and in no other way. And of this I am as confident as I may be of a woman's promises, that for the future she will observe, wherein I beseech your lordship to encourage and cherish her, and give her boldness to have freedom with you, and then I cannot doubt but all things will succeed contentfully, which I beseech God to grant.'

The Earl then goes on to speak of a difference in money matters, which he was unwilling should still keep him at a distance from Lord Goring, being 'induced principally by my own disposition, which hath been ever unapt to entertain or continue disputes with any stranger, much less with one so near and dear unto me as your Lordship is, for so poor or contemptible a sum of money,' and therefore proposed to refer the matter to the arbitration of Lord Goring himself, Dungarvan, Sir Thomas Stafford, and Sir John Leeke, 'and now that I have made you a part judge in your own cause I cannot believe but you will do me right and justice. . . . And so rendering to your Lordship all hearty thanks for the

great graces and favours you have vouchsafed to my son Dungarvan since his return from his travels, and praying your increase and continuance of them—not only to him, but to my daughter Lettice, who is so near and dear unto me, with tender of my most affectionate respects to your lordship and all yours, I kiss your hand and take leave.’¹

All Lord Cork’s influence seems to have failed to make Lettice’s position in her father-in-law’s house endurable, and it was arranged that she should follow her husband to the Low Countries, escorted by a cousin, Anne Quin, and two footmen ; and Lady Kildare, in her usual kindly fashion, lent her a waiting-woman. ‘God bless and preserve them,’ writes the old Earl.

Lettice wrote from Gravesend, in her usual melancholy strain, to take leave of her father :—

‘GRAVESEND, *Ap.* 11, 1634.

‘MY MOST HONOURED LORD AND DEAREST FATHER,—I have forbore to present your Lordship with my lines till now, that I might at once fully acquaint you with all proceedings, which I fear will not at all answer your expectance, I am sure not your desert, from them that are most obliged to you. My Lady Goring is still herself, and her usage of me in her house answered my expectation, for it was as bad as bitter words could make it, of which my dearest brother is witness. For my Lord Goring I will say nothing of him, because I can never know him truly, for by his words I should judge him very good, but his actions are quite contrary ; of such men I will not venture to judge, but this I may truly say, he is to me the cruelest man living. I beseech your Lordship for God’s sake that I may hear often from your Lordship, which will be my greatest comfort, for whilst I have a being I will never

¹ Add. MSS. 19,832, fo. 36.

cease to be your Lordship's most obedient daughter and humble servant

LETTICE GORING.

'I have my maid over with me, but my cruel Lord Goring would not suffer her to come into his house, who hath done himself great wrong.'

Dungarvan had been directed to see after his sister when he returned to London from courting the niece of the Lord Deputy of Ireland, but he arrived too late, and writes to his father in April :—

'My Lord Goring did take order for my sister and send her over into the Low Countries before I returned from the North : and since my being here, I have received letters from her, of her safe arrival at the Hague, where she hath been very graciously received of the Queen¹ and heartily welcomed by her husband, as she doth express to me in her letters. Before I left the town I furnished her with fifty pounds which she desired of me, and afterwards had a long conference with my Lord Goring for to settle all things in a fair correspondence between them, which I hope hath been done ; and now she is in a place where there is the greatest likelihood of her happiness. Concerning the accounts, which is part your Lordship hath committed to my trust, for to clear all reckonings with my Lord Goring, nothing hath been done in it, Sir Thomas Stafford having been very sick and like to die, and my Lord Goring, out of his civility, as he pretends, refusing to enter into any dispute with me, and excepting Sir John Leeke for being so much your Lordship's servant. I cannot imagine a better course to end all speedily than to refer it wholly to my Lord Goring's judgment, since your Lordship is willing to let those six hundred odd pounds fall rather than

¹ Charles the First's sister, the exiled Queen of Bohemia.

be longer at variance with my Lord Goring, and my Lord Goring cannot in honour but meet your Lordship some part of the way. Sir Thomas Stafford is in this of my opinion.'¹

Lettice found many friends among the English who formed the court of the kindly Queen of Hearts at the Hague, and her father did his best to procure her a welcome by sending to her Majesty a brace of wolf-hounds which Lord Barrymore had destined for Lord Cromwell and the tailor-banker, Mr. Perkins, but which Lord Cork 'made bold' to secure for the Queen of Bohemia.

In the spring of 1636 Lettice was back again in Dublin, and her father as usual notes that he had given her £60 in gold, which made £120 given her since she came to Ireland; and in all the Earl of Cork admitted he was 'out of purse to them £260.'

George Goring met her in London, but when he returned to the Hague he left her in England, and she appears to have made her home at Lord Goring's country-seat at Hurstmonceau, where she at least had the pleasure of seeing her two younger brothers, who spent their holidays with her from Eton. But her unhappiness was too great to be ignored, and even the gentleman who attended on the boys wrote to Lord Cork: 'My masters did comfort her as much as they could, but her languishing heart could not receive much comfort, so that it made them cry often to look upon her.'

Meantime Goring was really showing himself at his best, and after behaving very gallantly at the siege of Breda, received a shot in the ankle which went near to cripple him for life. Garrard described him in a letter to Strafford as limping about London on crutches at Christmas 1637, and added, 'he carries his leg in a scarf and will have little use of it.'

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3, 197-8.

If he did not literally carry out the proverb 'the devil a monk would be,' Goring certainly mended his manners while he was sick, and employed all the charm of which he was master to pacify his wife and her relations. He was about this time appointed Military Governor of Portsmouth, a post, it may be remembered, that he afterwards utilised in cozening both the King and the Parliament. But at the time, the appointment only seemed to promise an honourable and comfortable life to the Goring pair, and as Lord Cork had lately bought a house in Dorset, he was delighted to know that his daughter's new home would be comparatively near to him. He wrote to George Goring with the polite diplomacy he had learned to use when dealing with any of the Goring family :—

'NOBLE COLONEL,—It pleased your honourable father at my being in London, to accompany the several favours he did me at court with his promise that, after your arrival, both he and you would do me the honour to see me here at my poor house, in the latter end of Christmas, which letter he hath vouchsafed to confirm unto me since that by several letters, and to bring my dear Friend Sir Thomas Stafford in your company. And, for that at court Christmas doth not end till Candlemas, I live in hope that his court promise will be made good unto me in the country. And to this house and poor family, who so long to see you, no three persons can be so welcome unto us all, especially yourself, who have been so great and long a stranger unto me. And it would complete our joy if my daughter Lett. might accompany you in this expedition; whom I presume you will not leave, neither will she willingly suffer herself to be left behind you (if she be in England) when you begin your journey hither.

Amongst the many blessings that it hath pleased my God to bestow upon me (for which I beseech the giver of them to make me so humbly thankful as I ought to be) I do rank amongst the highest of His divine favours the good understanding that he hath planted between your father and myself, but now for the happy condition that it hath pleased God in His due time to reduce yourself and your wife unto. And I am confident that it is His divine purpose that hath guided your heart to affect her to whom you are bound by the bonds of sacred marriage, and whom I have ever observed to love and honour you extremely. And so to do and to win th' affection of your parents was in all my councils and hers, and my fatherly charge and advice unto her. And my daily prayers upon my knees to God to reduce you to that happiness and native affection, wherein both your letters now sent me do give assurance with ample satisfaction and contentment, which I beseech God to multiply and increase mutually between you, and ever to thank God for this happy conjunction His divine power hath wrought between you in your climaterical years. I sent two express messengers to Portsmouth to inquire of my Lord your father's being there and yours, with a resolution if either of them had found you there, presently to have journeyed thither purposely to have guided you home to this poor house. And as for Portsmouth, it hath ever been heretofore entrusted to some noble man of eminency and integrity as a place of great honour and command. And as it was a gracious King that hath considered so honourable and beneficial an employment upon you, so it was a provident indulgent and fortunate father that compassed it so happily when you least thought of it. And as I do exceedingly approve of your resolution to live in your father's house whilst you are in London, and to make Ports-



*Roger Boyle, 2nd Earl of Orrery
(grandson of Richard, 1st Earl of Cork.)*

mouth, which is but a summer's day's journey from Stalbridge, the place of your residence while you are in the country : to which your intendments I promise to contribute my best assistance, so you will co-operate with your good father in the study of your customary affairs out of which much sweetness is to be sucked. Give over immoderate gaming and play, which hath much disquieted your good father and very much your mother, and with many private discontentments injured your own fortunes and misspent your time. And the benefit of both these my poor advices will principally tend to your enrichment and content ; which no man can more desire than myself ; who pray you to tender my most affectionate service and respects unto my Lord your father, and noble mother, who is a prophethess, as also to Sir Thomas Stafford and his excellent good lady and to yourself. Th' Earls of Kildare, Barrymore, Dungarvan, and their cabin mates, and your sister Mary with myself, desire to be most kindly remembered. And that the God of Heaven will bless and guide you in all your ways : with which our prayer I conclude that I am your most affectionate father-in-law and true servant.

'STALBRIDGE, 18 *January* 1639.'¹

So a brief period of happiness was granted to poor Lettice, and she was permitted to join the great family gathering at Stalbridge, in the spring of 1639. Dorothy Loftus was the only one of Lord Cork's living children who was not with him at that time. He wrote with delight of the arrival of one after the other : how, on the 18th of May, 'My daughter Barrymore came back from the Bath, where she had left her daughter Ellinor for cure, and she hath brought back from the Bath in her coach Arthur Jones and my daughter

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 5, 279.

Katherine his lady, and my niece Kate Boyle, who with her retinue were exceedingly welcome unto me.' A little later Lord Cork mentions, 'My daughter Goring sent Kate's footman to London with letters.'

Kate Jones remained at Stalbridge till the autumn, when she accompanied her father to London. Warm-hearted Sir John Leeke wrote introducing her to the Verneys as 'my precious Katherine' one of the most beautiful as well as the most talented women of her time. 'A more brave wench, nor a braver spirit you have not often met withal; she hath a memory that will hear a sermon and go home and pen it after dinner verbatim. I know not how she will appear in England, but she is most accounted of in Dublin.'¹ Alas! he does not disguise the truth about Katherine's husband, but calls him bluntly 'the foulest churl in Christendom,' whose best point was that he was nightly dead drunk and so probably not quarrelsome. The beauty of Katherine's face, 'the sweetest in the world,' Sir John admitted was somewhat decayed by sorrow, but certainly what the love and almost adoration of her family and friends could do to compensate Katherine for what was lacking in her husband, never was wanting.

It is sad to admit that but one of Lord Cork's sons-in-law seems to have been entirely satisfactory. Lord Digby never failed to show himself affectionate, dutiful, and sensible. It is true that he, like the rest of the world, borrowed money from Lord Cork, but the loan was not to pay for his own extravagance, but to redeem the encumbered estates of Geashill from debt, that they might descend free to Lord Cork's grandchildren. There was a longstanding difficulty over titles and estates between Lord Kildare and Lord Digby's mother, who

¹ *Verney Memoirs*, i. 203.

was the direct heiress of a former Earl of Kildare, and therefore for her life Baroness Offaley, although the earldom had passed away to the male line. In 1633 the Lord Deputy entered into an examination of the case between Kildare and Lady Offaley, and the Earl of Cork wrote, 'It is my earnest prayer that God may send a good conclusion with peace.' But the satisfactory ending of this family debate came at a time of sorrow. Few of the blows which varying fortune brought to Lord Cork can have been greater than that which carried off the sweetest of his daughters. He wrote in July 1633: 'A most lamentable day to me. This day between three and four of the clock in the morning, it pleased God in his great mercy to translate out of this sinful world into his heavenly kingdom my second and most dear daughter, the Lady Sara Digby, who departed in my house in Dublin.' She was laid in her mother's tomb in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the Lord Primate preached the funeral sermon.

The formal eloquence of a panegyric on Sara Digby, sent by Dungarvan's college friend, James Dillon, to the Verneys, cannot hide the warmth of his real feelings. 'I have lost,' he writes, 'the faithfullest she friend that ever I had, or ever look to meet with. My Lady Digby is dead, whom neither the tears of her father, nor the sighs of her husband, nor the prayers of the poor, nor the moans of her friends, nor in a word, the petitions of all that ever knew or heard of her could withhold from the jaws of death.'¹

The two little daughters she left behind, named after her sisters Katherine and Lettice, and the only son, Kildare, were taken care of by their grandmother at Geashill, where Lord Cork mentions that in 1637 he sent them a present of an angel apiece by Lord Dungarvan, who was riding to visit Lady Offaley.

¹ *Verney Memoirs*, i. 232.

CHAPTER XIV

THE REIGN OF THOROUGH

‘As for the state, indeed, my lord, I am for Thorough.’

Laud to Wentworth.

WENTWORTH’S first year of office was by no means exclusively occupied by ridding the east end of St. Patrick’s of the Earl of Cork’s tomb.

The eagerness with which he attacked and overthrew that stately erection was only an example of the energy which he carried into every act of his administration. The day of superficiality and routine was over; the Deputy’s favourite watchword, Thorough, meant in truth a thorough revolution.

It is tempting to speculate what might have been the course of Irish affairs if Wentworth had stooped to win over Cork, who always admitted the great talent and energy of the Lord Deputy. But Wentworth had already made up his mind that nothing could prosper in Ireland till he had brought down the mighty from their seats; then, when all, both great and small, had been tutored to submission, a benevolent despotism should bring back the Golden Age. But before this could be, every possible opponent must be taught his proper place, and taught also the Lord Deputy’s opinion of him, his capacities, and his honesty. Strafford said later on: ‘Where I found a crown, a church, and a people spoiled, I could not imagine to redeem them from

under the pressure with gracious smiles and gentle looks. It would cost warmer water than so !'

While the Justices were walking in procession and flattering themselves that the country was in an unexampled condition of prosperity, Wentworth was writing back to England, 'I find them in this place a company of men the most intent upon their own ends that ever I met with, and so as those speed, they consider other things at a very great distance. I take the Crown to be very ill served.'¹ The army, he vowed, was only an army in name ; and so far from there being any attempt at a navy, the coasts were abandoned to Algerine rovers and English pirates, from whom even he himself had barely escaped, with the loss, he wrote, of 'as much linen as cost me £500 ; and in good faith I fear I have lost my apparel too.' In his impatience at the muddle of public affairs, Wentworth did not pause to remember that the much-abused Lords Justices had been besieging him ever since his appointment with lamentations over unpaid soldiers, ill-equipped vessels, and the ravages of the Algerine rovers who had but just sacked Baltimore.

At first Wentworth appeared willing to distinguish between the system, and the men who had carried it on ; and although his reforms began at once, he endeavoured by formal compliments and exchange of courtesies to show that no personal ill-feeling dictated his policy.

In January 1634, the Earl of Cork and Lord Loftus both dined and supped at the Castle, and saw a play acted by the Lord Deputy's gentlemen. Puritans though the Lords Justices had been called, they had no scruples concerning theatricals, or against gambling for tolerably high stakes. Lord Cork lost sixty-four pounds to the Deputy at 'quairter lo dicen,'

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 97.

though the prudent Chancellor only lost five pounds. Fortune, which was generally kind to Lord Cork, revenged herself on him whenever he tried his luck in games; in earlier days he had sadly recorded that he lost £17, 13s. 6d. when he played at Mawe, and at a Christmas party in Wentworth's time, 'when myself, Dungarvan, and Lord Digby only, came and dined, the Lord Deputy and I lost at Mawe six pieces of five shillings each to Lord Moore and the Lord Chancellor.' But his loss of thirty shillings was not the worst of this story, for then more theatricals followed, and 'we saw a tragedy in the parliament house, and which was tragical, for we had no supper!'¹

Lord Cork was indeed a jovial old gentlemen when he was left in peace, in spite of bereavement and worries. He could enjoy wagering a pair of silk stockings with roses and garters to Lady Parsons, over the day on which Lord Westmeath would return from his travels; and in April 1634 he was at the Curragh races, when he backed Lord Digby's horse against one of the Earl of Ormond's, and lost a new beaver hat Sir Thomas Stafford had sent him, to Mr. Ferrers, one of the Deputy's gentlemen.

The Deputy seemed anxious to advertise the fact that no personal dislike moved him to his endless wrangles with the old Earl. One evening as the Boyle family were at supper, 'unknown to any, up comes the Lord Deputy, attended by the Earl of Ormond and the Master of the Rolls [Wandesford]. His Lordship, very nobly and neighbourly, sat down and took part of my supper without any addition, and Cath. his Lordship's daughter came and dined with me that day.' Yet only two days after this friendly supper-party, the Deputy in council ordered £5 costs against Lord Cork for having failed

¹ Jan. 1636.

to put in an answer to some complaint, 'which £5 I paid much against my will. God forgive the Lord Deputy.'

A good deal of Wentworth's thunder and lightning appears to have been really bluff. He confided to Cottington that a Lord Deputy was always better obeyed on his entrance than on his departure; 'whilst they take me to be a person of much more power with the King and of stronger abilities in myself than indeed I have reason either in fact or in right to judge myself to be, I shall, it may be, do the King some service.'¹

It was indeed necessary for a Deputy to rule with a high hand if any conventionalities at all were to be observed. Members of Parliament were still as ready for a free fight as when Crofton, Boyle, and Barnaby O'Brien seated the Speaker on Sir John Everard's lap,² and, respectable greybeards though they were, Cork and Loftus still thought no shame of quarrels that in the present day would have carried them both to the police court; and what is even stranger, Cork thought no shame of writing down the squabbles, word for word, in his diary, not veiled in prudent cypher, like Mr. Pepys's confessions, but plain and clear for all who come after to read, and for his sons to comment on in the margins, as they occasionally did.

One quarrel began during the pomp and circumstance of an official procession. When the Deputy took up his appointment in Dublin, he was displeased at finding the nobility did not present themselves to escort him on his state attendance at church. He wrote to the King that he believed this negligence did not come from any ill-feeling, but was a protest against doing that as a duty which they held to be a matter of courtesy. He therefore begged his Majesty to desire all to attend, the bishops wearing their rochets, the noblemen and councillors 'upon their footclothes, or otherwise, on horseback.'³

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 96.

² See chap. vi. *ante*.

³ *Strafford Letters*, i. 200.

The procession accordingly was formed on the following Sunday, but its dignity must have been sadly marred by the Lord Treasurer and the Lord Chancellor, who abused each other like fishwives all the way to church, and then Cork went home after sermon and wrote it all down.

The quarrel, of course, began about the mortgage made long years before on Loftus's lands at Cre Eustace. Lord Cork writes:—

‘August 1633. As the Lord Chancellor and myself this day rode after the Lord Deputy to Christ Church, when he came where the mayor and aldermen attended, there was Sir James Carroll amongst them; whereupon the Lord Chancellor said to me, “Your Lordship hath furnished Sir James Carroll with stores of money now.” I told him I had done what I thought meet to secure my interests in Cre Eustace. He replied that there was neither honour nor honesty in so doing. I answered I never did any thing that was not both honourable and honest, nor hoped in God ever to do, and wished his Lordship had been as careful to do honourable and honest things as I have been, and that if he would turn those his speeches to himself he should place them righter than upon me, neither should he have any foot of my lands, having paid nothing for them, when I had paid over £4000 for them. He replied, “He tendered me the mortgage.” “Yes,” quoth I, “but that was neither honourable nor honest”; and that renewed the unkindness between us. For that I would never have laid out my £4000 in the redemption of Cre Eustace to Sir Nicholas White if, after my tender thereof to his Lordship and his refusal, I had not had his consent to deal therein, and his promise to further me therein. “I deny any such promise,” quoth he. “I must justify it then,” said I, “and also prove it, and to whom you

thus acknowledged it." "Well," said he, "as long as you and I were Justices I did forbear to sue you for it, but now I will begin." "Even when you please," quoth I. "I will entreat no favour from you therein." And so we alighted and went into church.'

The quarrel with the Chancellor naturally ran through all Cork's public and private business. At this time the suit with Blacknoll's widow was still dragging on, and whether from carelessness or as an intentional mortification, the Deputy had again and again postponed the trial, or commanded a meeting of the Council at which Cork was obliged to be present, so as to clash with the hour of trial. The expense of keeping his witnesses idle in Dublin was very great, and the difficulties put in his way were a constant irritation to Cork. He knew, however, that the Deputy was not his only adversary in this matter, and one day, finding Wentworth walking alone in his gallery, he took the opportunity to explain that their long-standing quarrel made it impossible for the Chancellor to be an indifferent judge in his cause. But the Deputy himself was concerned in the matter, as Blacknoll had managed to defraud him of £400, and his friend Sir George Ratcliff of a like sum, so possibly on that account he declined to interfere with the ordinary course of affairs. The Chancellor, therefore, presided at the trial, when, as had been expected, 'he made,' Cork writes, 'a long impertinent speech. I replied I was not of his opinion. His Lordship replied, I care not for your opinion. Nor I for yours, quoth I, and his Lordship said he cared not a rush for me, and so we disputed, till the Deputy told us we were two great officers of his Majesty and prayed us to be quiet. But we, multiplying our unkind conceits one upon another, the Lord Deputy required and commanded us to be quiet, and addressed his speech to the two judges, who

gave their opinions against the Chancellor, wherein the Deputy concurred.'

But though the nobility might wrangle among themselves, the drama that was now to be played out in Ireland soon resolved itself into a duel between Wentworth and Cork ; all the Deputy's lesser enemies were quickly swept out of the way, only the indomitable old Munster Grandee held his place.

The chief matter to occupy the new Governor of Ireland was finance, for the revenue that sufficed for the administration of the thrifty Earl of Cork would not permit of the new plans which Wentworth was resolved to inaugurate.

When the Privy Council met, Cork was slow to speak ; he sat silent and wary, still uncertain whether the new Deputy would be a friend or a foe. As the Treasurer made no motion Sir Adam Loftus spoke, advising that the contribution then paid by the country to the Treasury should be continued for a year longer, and in the meantime a parliament should be called to decide on a new system of taxation. The Master of the Wards was then, after another long silence, called on to speak, but 'answered the Deputy's expectation very poorly.'

'I was then,' continued Wentworth, when describing the scene to Coke, 'put to my last refuge, which was plainly to declare that there was no necessity which induced me to take counsel with them in this business, for rather than fail in so necessary a duty to my master I would undertake upon the peril of my head to make the King's army able to subsist without their help,' and had only put this fair occasion in their hands out of respect to them. But after this outburst he condescended to agree with Sir Adam Loftus, and advised them to offer his Majesty the next year's contribution, with their desires for a parliament. Lord Mountnorris and the Chancellor showed themselves very ready to support this proposal,

‘the Earl of Cork silent, till I had propounded a parliament, and then he did very effectually declare his consent and delivered his opinion that there was all the reason and justice in the world that the army should be maintained hence, without charge to the crown of England ; not doubting but the next year’s contribution would be willingly paid and a course settled for the future by the Parliament. As for Sir William Parsons, first and last I found him the dryest of the company. . . . For the present only I should humbly advise that in some part of your next letter you would be pleased to give a touch with your pen concerning Sir Adam Loftus, such as I might show him, for he deserves it ; it will encourage the well affected and affright the others when they shall see their actions are rightly understood by his Majesty ; and also some good words for the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Cork, the Earl of Ormond, and the Lord Mountnorris.’¹

Lord Cork had the traditional English belief in a parliament, even if that parliament but represented the shadow to which Irish independence had been reduced. The King, who had no very pleasant experiences of meeting his faithful subjects at St. Stephen’s, was most unwilling that the Deputy should call an Irish parliament together, but Wentworth knew that Poynings’ Law gave the Irish legislators into the hollow of his hand, and that the King’s fears and Cork’s hopes were equally vain. He assured his Majesty he need have no fear of trouble, this parliament should be ‘the basis and foundation of the greatest happiness and prosperity that ever befell the nation.’

The writs were therefore issued, and Wentworth took care that the elections should be to his mind. In July, when Lord Cork was out driving, Lord Digby and Lord Esmond being in the coach with him, he received six letters from the

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 98-99.

Deputy, directing him what gentlemen to return as members for his six boroughs ! This was truly to be a packed parliament ! All the members were the Deputy's friends or dependants, save only that as Bandon returned two burgesses, Lord Cork was permitted to send his cousin, Mr. Wiseman, to represent it along with Sir George Wentworth.

But Lord Cork's compliance with the Deputy's commands did not gain him any indulgence. He was astonished and offended, during the sitting of the council in August 1634, to be handed a packet of letters from some of his most intimate friends, Falkland, Ranelagh, and Sir William Beecher, and to find that some of them were dated two years back ! The messenger who had detained them received no reproof ; and to make the case complete, the Deputy picked up the letters from the table, opened and read them, without any remark or excuse to Lord Cork ! Wentworth never condescended to subterfuge ; it suited him better to open and read suspicious letters, in the face of the man to whom they were directed, than to intercept them after the ways of more wily diplomatists. But it is no wonder that Lord Cork's eldest son wrote on the margin of this narrative, 'a strange injury.'

But even yet the council was not schooled to perfect self-effacement, and after Lord Cork had been thus rudely set down, it ventured to begin to discuss the subjects of the bills that were to be laid before Parliament during the coming session. On hearing of this audacity, Wentworth says, 'I went instantly to them and told them plainly I feared they began at the wrong end,' and silenced them so effectually that 'with all cheerfulness they professed they would entirely conform themselves' to his counsels.¹

When Parliament met, the Deputy took the earliest

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 255.

opportunity to make the assembled members realise they were only called together to endorse his commands. This opportunity was given to him by Cork's old antagonist Sir Vincent Gooking, who had lately been publishing scathing criticisms on, it would appear, everybody and everything in Ireland, which remarks, the Parliament claimed, were a breach of privilege; but as the Deputy did not like to hear the word 'privilege,' and objected to their moving in the matter, the houses meekly submitted, 'praying his Lordship to take his punishment unto his own guidance.' And the Gooking cause was quickly forgotten in one of more interest to the Deputy.

The Lords, Judges, and Commissioners were commanded to attend in Castle Chamber, as they imagined to consider Sir Vincent's case, when suddenly the Deputy turned on Lord Cork, violently reproving him for not having sent in to him certain deeds which he desired to see concerning the royal grants of Youghal. By good fortune the Earl had the deeds with him in a box and could exhibit them, but 'so,' he writes, 'without any other motion it began and ended in me, and so the council rose and I came home in my own and not in my Lord Deputy's coach, into which I was invited and rode with his Lordship to court'; and, so far as Lord Cork's diary goes, that was the end of the Gooking case. His own troubles came on him too fast to allow him leisure to blame or pity Sir Vincent, whom we never hear of again.

Parliament had, of course, only been called together in order to vote funds for carrying on the affairs of the country. The Lord Deputy asked for six subsidies, as those already granted only provided for the current year 1634. To preserve the form of consulting the council, five lords were summoned to attend the Deputy; Lord Cork relates, 'We, not knowing

beforehand what we were sent for, the Earl of Fingal moved to know if it were his Lordship's pleasure to have it communicated to the Lords of the House, which was denied, or for the Lords to have any meeting about it.' Lord Cork's share of the subsidy thus imposed on the country was estimated at £3600, which he protested was grossly overrating his property. He was merely answered that when the rating had been in his hands, he had underrated himself and his towns, and the contribution must be paid. The account given of the rating by Cork's supporters is that, when the Justices took over the government from Lord Falkland, they had 'found the country generally exhausted and very poor, occasioned by the levies of heavy taxes, the mortality of cattle, scarcity of corn, and decay of trade. Most of the new corporations in Munster were almost depopulated, particularly Dingle, Tralee, Baltimore, Tallagh, Bandon, Ardfert, Lismore, Cloghnakilty, Askeaton, and Dungarvan ; who, on the change of government, sent up petitions to be eased of those taxes ; setting forth that there were fifty-three corporations in the other provinces that only paid with the country at large ; upon which the council ordered that they should not, for the future, pay more than rateably for what lands they had in their liberties ; and the rather because the charge of the country was, by the Earl of Cork's means, reduced from £40,000 to £20,000 a year, which was both a great ease to the kingdom, and was also found sufficient to support the army three years till Easter 1633 ; but when, in July following, Lord Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, came to the government, he moved the Lords to give their consent, and to signify the same by their letters through the kingdom, that £20,000 might be raised to maintain the forces for another year, to begin in January 1633, which the kingdom

consented to, the new corporations of Munster paying as before only a fair proportion.'¹

But when that proportion was paid, the Deputy, on his own warrant, ordered the President of Munster to levy £1000 more on these towns, upon which Tallow ventured to petition against the £144, 18s. which was laid on it in addition to what it had already paid. The answer to the petition was prompt. The Deputy quartered his troops on the town till the principal citizens entered into bonds for the payment of the assessment, and not till then were the horsemen withdrawn! The contribution demanded from Cork's private property was only paid off by degrees, and it was not till May 1638 that he wrote, 'The whole £3000 which the Lord Deputy (God never forgive his good Lordship) taxed me withal, is fully satisfied and paid.'

¹ Smith, ii. 61-62.

CHAPTER XV

MY LORD DUNGARVAN

‘About me leaped and laughed
The modish Cupid of the day
And shrilled his tinsel shaft.’

The Talking Oak.

THE tension between Lord Cork and the Deputy was rather increased than lessened by the treaty set on foot by Wentworth for a marriage between Lord Cork’s heir and his own niece, Elizabeth Clifford, granddaughter and, with her sister, co-heir to the old Earl of Cumberland. Her mother was a Cecil, sister of the second Earl of Salisbury, so the match was as fine a one as Lord Cork’s heart could desire.

Whether Wentworth had taken a liking to young Dungarvan, or merely considered him a good match, is not very clear ; but when first proposed, Cork certainly took the offer as a compliment, and a good omen for his future relations with the new Deputy.

Young Dungarvan had spent a couple of years at Oxford, but there he had grown very homesick, and begged his father pitifully to let him leave, urging, ‘Good my Lord, I have a longing desire to see you !’ Dungarvan’s petition was granted, and he returned to Ireland in 1630, in time to be present at his sister Joan’s marriage to Lord Kildare ; and once at home, his father seemed unable to part with him, and there was no thought of his returning to Oxford. He fell into his natural



Richard, Viscount Dungarvan

*Richard, Viscount Dungarvan
afterwards
Earl of Cork and Burlington.*

place at Lord Cork's side, riding with him to races and assizes, and, save for a little extravagance in tailors' bills, 'Dick' seems to have been a model son. He had not the brilliancy of his younger brothers Roger and Robert, but he was a sensible, gallant young fellow, and no doubt had more fun in him than he let appear in his letters to his father.

Just as the old Earl was congratulating himself on the prospect of the Clifford alliance, he was much taken aback when the King himself condescended to express a wish that Dungarvan should offer himself to Lady Anne Fielding, a maid of honour, and 'niece to our late servant the Duke of Buckingham.' Lord Cork in a great hurry sent off his son to England, under charge of his Swiss tutor Mr. Frey, to do his best to slip out of the Fielding marriage and conclude the Clifford match.

Dungarvan's account of his interview with King Charles is interesting. The Lord Holland who introduced him at court was the son of that Deputy Mountjoy who had aided Carew to pacify Ireland in the days when Boyle was but the clerk to the Munster Council.

'July 16, 1632. LONDON.

'MY MOST HONOURED LORD AND FATHER,—What our proceedings were at York in my letter by Turlogh I fully related unto you. Now I will give your Lordship an account of my actions since my coming hither. The eighth of this month we arrived here late, the ninth we rested ourselves all day, and the tenth we went to Greenwich to wait upon the King, but he being come to St. James', my Lord Ranelagh and I followed him thither.

'As soon as I came to court I made my addresses to my Lord Holland, and desired him to do me the favour as to

bring me to kiss the King's hand ; he immediately went down unto chapel where the King then sat to have his picture drawn, and brought him up to where we were. As soon as I saw him coming I fell on my knee, and the King [reached] his hand and gave it me to kiss. After I was risen he called my Lord Ranelagh into the gallery, and there discoursed with him a quarter of an hour. What it was I leave to his own relation, who I am sure will give you a perfect account of it, but the King having ended with him called for me, and when I came to him told me he had written a letter to your Lordship, wherein he propounded a marriage between my Lady of Denbigh's daughter and me, and desired that your Lordship would understand him the right way it was meant, and believe the letter was neither procured by importunity of friends nor as a common letter, but his own well wishes to both your Lordship and my Lady Denbigh's family made him first make the proposition ; whereof he never received from your Lordship an answer. I answered his Majesty that your Lordship thought you could give him no greater testimony of your obedience to his commands than in sending me over to attend his will and pleasure. The King seemed with that very well satisfied, and then told me he heard there was some engagement between Mrs. Clifford and me, and therefore desired to hear from me the truth of my proceedings there. I then informed his Majesty that you received from the Lord Deputy a proposition touching Mrs. Clifford which you declared unto me, and advised me if it lay in my way to go and view her, but commanded me strictly not to engage myself till I had waited upon your Majesty and received your commands. Then when I came into Yorkshire my Lord Clifford invited me to his house, when I saw his daughter and presented my humble services to her, but from all engagements I assured

his Majesty I was free, and would be until I had satisfied him. Then the King told me, for to urge my affections was against his disposition and a way he never meant to use with any of his subjects, much less with any of your children, he having found your Lordship so faithful and honest a servant unto him, but he desired I would rather match into that family than any, it being the family which above all others he did esteem and love. I answered his Majesty that nobody was more a servant to that family than your Lordship, and for my part I had the greatest desire to match there of any place till my misfortunes made me vow the contrary. Then I told his Majesty that about seven years since there was a proposition of a marriage between Mrs. Anne Villiers and me, that I had seen her and liked her as well as it were possible for one of my age to like a woman, and that after this, the match was between our parents broken off, and when I saw she was disposed of another way, I made a vow unto myself that since my misfortune was so great as to miss her, I would never marry any of that family. This answer I think satisfied the King more than any, as my Lord of Holland afterwards told me. And then the King said: "My Lord, conclude upon nothing suddenly, lay your hand upon your heart and give me an answer as your affection moves you; this much I will assure you, whether you like or dislike the lady I will never think the worse of you"; and thereupon the King departed. My Lord, I vow unto you I never saw a man express himself more sweetly and nobly than the King did in this business. On Wednesday I will attend the King at Oatlands and there give him my answer, and desire leave of him to travel. I hope to set forward on this day sennight. What answer the King shall make I will write unto your Lordship, and then advertise you of many passages here. I pray, my Lord, if I

fail in any part of my relation to you, let me know of it and I will mend it in my next letter.' ¹

It may perhaps be remembered that when Dungarvan was a boy of thirteen there had been talk of marrying him to one of Sir Edward Villiers's daughters, a first cousin of the proposed Denbigh bride. The King had truly good reason to assert he would not force any one's affections, for the eldest daughter of Lord Denbigh was now dying broken-hearted, the victim of a loveless match made by royal command ; but the whole interview gives an idea of a pleasanter, more cordial manner than many reports credit to Charles the First.

Dungarvan's difficulties were not yet at an end. No sooner had he won permission from the King to decline one young lady than he found the other slipping out of his fingers. Like a thunderbolt came a letter from Lord Clifford, saying he heard rumours that the negotiations for his daughter's hand were merely a bait held out by Lord Cork to propitiate Wentworth, and were not entered into in earnest. The suggestion was so dangerously plausible that only one person was capable of having invented it : Dungarvan's brother-in-law, George Goring, whether from idle ill-nature or from sharing his wife's predilection for the Fielding match, had determined to spoil Lord Cork's fine scheme of securing the Clifford heiress, and he nearly succeeded in his design. Lord Clifford was naturally deeply hurt by the report of Lord Cork's dishonest intentions, and writing from Hatfield, where he was staying with his brother-in-law, Lord Salisbury, demanded an explanation. He became almost incoherent in his desire to express his liking for Dungarvan without calling Dungarvan's brother-in-law a liar !

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 184.

‘NOBLE SIR,—Since I cannot expect to see you before your travels, and hold it fit (and so doth my Lord of Salisbury) and most necessary to acquaint your Lordship with some ill language which hath lately been repeated to my Lord of Salisbury and myself by a person of no ordinary quality or repute; and your brother-in-law, Mr. Goring, was the man who should say these words. . . . Mr. Goring said: “That there was no such intention as to marry with my daughter; it was true that there was such a treaty which should be kept on foot till your return, which was not like to be a good while, and in the meantime my Lord of Cork would work his ends upon my Lord Deputy, and for yourself (my Lord Dungarvan) that upon the sight of my daughter you should say you never liked a woman worse.” My Lord, I am confident of your nobleness that you never said this, but my Lord of Salisbury, who is not so well acquainted with you, and his niece as near to him in affection as in blood, and knowing the party that told us this to be so worthy, as he is very confident these words will be proved to Mr. Goring, but he spake them to that other gentleman. . . . I have engaged myself very deeply to my Lord, how I think nothing can be further from your own noble heart than such unworthy thoughts or words, for I hold you to be a more brave cavalier than so.’¹

Dungarvan naturally returned a vehement protest, of which he sent a copy to his father:—

‘MY NOBLE LORD,—I received this morning your letter which you sent on to me by Mr. Roberson your servant, wherein I conceive there are some exceptions which I am both in honour and honesty tied to satisfy. The first is

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 187.

that I should speak slightly of Mrs. Clifford, your daughter, and say that I never liked a woman worse in all my life. This, my Lord, I protest to God is the falsest report that ever was raised of any man, for as I profest myself a servant unto her since I first had the honour to see her, so I do continue constant in the same resolution, and in my opinion my behaviour at court is a sufficient confirmation of it.

‘The second is that we meant to keep this proposition afoot till my father could work his ends upon my Lord Deputy. My Lord, as of the one side I am confident my Lord Deputy will no way oppress my father, so of the other I am certain my Lord will no way trouble his Lordship with any unjust suits or demands, and therefore I shall beseech your Lordship to say unto my Lord of Salisbury that my Lord did neither at first entertain, nor doth now continue this proposition out of any unworthy respect. What may have passed from my brother Goring I conceive I am not answerable for; this much I may perhaps have said unto him, as I have done to the King and others, that as I am a free man from anything that may be called a contract, so my resolution is not to marry till my return from my travels, and that your Lordship knows always to have been my resolution.

‘Now, my Lord, that I have thus freely and ingenuously exprest myself to give satisfaction, let me entreat you to answer for my Father and myself that we are free from any mean and unworthy thoughts, and for myself let me assure your Lordship you shall always find me your humble servant,

‘DUNGARVAN.’¹

The position was so exceedingly delicate that it is impos-

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 189.

sible for an ordinary mind to comprehend in what relation Dungarvan stood to Lady Elizabeth, and his letter to the young lady herself is equally cautious :—

‘SWEET MISTRESS,—The honour which I received by the admittance into your service hath made me thus ambitious to express the happiness which by your company I enjoyed, as now I do lament the loss of it by my necessary stay abroad during my travels. Nothing can recompense that distance but your good opinion of him that truly serves you and undertakes this journey to make himself worthy of the title which he desires to enjoy, by continuing, Madame, your Ladyship’s most humble and affectionate servant,

‘DUNGARVAN.

‘LONDON *the 19th August, 1632.*’¹

Dungarvan’s gentlemanlike letter appears to have satisfied both the heiress and Lord Clifford, but the young man must have drawn freer breath when he was safe in Flanders, out of reach of kings, brothers-in-law, and irate parents !

These little differences of opinion between the principals and their parents, however, made not the least difference to the Lord Deputy, who continued unmoved to discuss settlements and dictate ‘articles of agreement.’ Lord Clifford had authorised Wentworth to act for him, and Lord Ranelagh usually represented the Earl of Cork at the debates ; for debates there soon arose, both long and fierce. The agreement between such high contracting parties was not likely to be concluded in a hurry, and when the question developed into a duel between Cork and Wentworth, the negotiations, the meetings, and the letters became elaborate enough to conclude a treaty of Utrecht or to draft a Petition of Rights,

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 190.

till Laud himself warned the Deputy that he was accused by many of demolishing Lord Cork's tomb in St. Patrick's out of revenge for the difficulties put in the way of Mrs. Clifford's marriage.¹ There really seemed danger of a final breach when Lord Clifford, who seems always to have been a peaceable, sensible person, suggested that Dungarvan should come into England to talk over the settlements quietly.

In the spring of 1634 the invitation was accepted, and Garrard in his gossiping letters mentions that my Lord Dungarvan was often at Lord Salisbury's, and very hot upon his marriage with Mrs. Clifford. The atmosphere of England was less electric than that of Dublin, and Dungarvan and Lord Clifford found little difficulty in coming to an agreement. Yet still the lawyers were kept hard at work, and messengers were posting between Dublin and Cumberland and Cork; and it was not till the 1st of July 1634 that Dungarvan received the hand of his mistress in the chapel of Skipton Castle, and Sir John Leeke carried back the first dutiful greeting from the bride to her father-in-law. Dungarvan was twenty-two and Lady Dungarvan just of age.

When they arrived, two months later, in Dublin, she was received with great affection by her father-in-law, who presented her with a cupboard of gold plate that glittered on Lord Falkland's sideboard when he was Deputy, and had been bought by Lord Cork for £202.

The Earl had provided a house in Dublin for his son, but for a while the young people seem to have stayed with him, and it was to Lord Cork's house that the Deputy came to visit his niece and welcome her to Ireland.

Rich, young, fêted and beloved, Lady Dungarvan might seem to be a favourite of fortune, and yet her position in her

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 211.



Walter B. Bicknell, Ph. Sc.

*Elizabeth Clifford
wife of Richard Earl of Cork and Burlington.*

new home was not an easy one to fill. Her uncle the Deputy was now at open war with Lord Cork, and as he was warmly attached to his niece, meetings between the warring dignitaries were inevitable, and the decencies of social usages could not prevent skirmishes from taking place even in my Lady Dungarvan's parlour. Dungarvan naturally sided with his father, but he was shrewd enough to see the hopelessness of a contest with the despotic ruler of Ireland, and did all he could to moderate the old man's vehemence. Lord Clifford was naturally anxious to pour oil on troubled waters, and sent much prudent counsel to Lord Dungarvan, and wrote wise and peaceable letters to both the Earl of Cork and the Deputy, which letters shared the usual fate of unasked advice and were civilly neglected.

Lady Clifford wrote a few lines of thankfulness to Lord Cork for 'your care and love to Bess,' and in his answer he could not refrain from touching on the troubles that were besetting him. It may be noticed that the quaint fashion of those days was not only to drink to the health of a friend, but to 'eat to the noble family.'

Lord Cork's letter, he says, is intended to give 'some acompt of our daughter and myself'; 'for her ladyship, she looks, and likes Ireland, very well, and every day more than other her virtues and goodness attract unto her the affections and respect of the best sort of people, and from her husband, and me her father-in-law, most of all. Now the Parliament is adjourned, we intend, God willing, to-morrow morning to begin our journey towards my country house of Lismore, from whence I have been absent almost seven years, and there, God willing, we intend to keep a merry Christmas amongst our neighbours, and to eat to the noble family at Skipton in fat does and carps, and to drink your health in the best wine we

can get, hoping at the spring to welcome your ladyship and your noble lord both here and there, and the sooner ye both come the more shall you endear you unto us. In the meantime I can only not without some resentment let your ladyship know that for a pretended business of thirty years old I am sharply pursued in his Majesty's Court of Star Chamber, wherein neither mediation nor letter of any subject can work me any pacification. God's providence which never failed me, and my own innocence, only must deliver me. . . . I wish this attempt had been made upon me more seasonably than at your daughter and her friends' first arrival.'

Lismore had been left so long unvisited by its lord, that great preparations had been needed for this Christmas gathering. Lord Dungarvan, when he came from England, had been commissioned to bring new furniture and linen, all of which was methodically entered in Lord Cork's book of plate and household stuff. Two pair of large sheets and four 'pillow beers' cost the astonishing sum of £32, 4s., and the bedstead and chairs for the chamber of the guest, Lord Strange, were newly decorated with scarlet cloth and silver lace.

The journey to Munster was an adventurous one, for in the Four-mile Water, between Clonmel and Lismore, the coach was overthrown, and not only were the horses in danger of drowning, but the youngest of the party, little Robin Boyle, was rescued with difficulty by one of the mounted servants. However, no lives were lost, the coach and horses were extricated, and the whole party arrived safe at Lismore, after a progress that had taken four days and cost twenty-four pounds.

Sir Randall and Lady Clayton came from Cork to join in the festivities, bringing with them the Earl's two youngest

daughters, Mary and the baby Peggy. Christmas Day was spent at Lismore, but the New Year was welcomed in at Castle Lyons, where Lord Barrymore 'feasted the family for two days.' Lord Cork, as usual, wrote in his diary a list of the New Year's presents: he gave 'to my daughter Barrymore her mother's purple cut velvet gown with those things that belongeth thereto, to wear for her good mother's sake.' Sir Randall Clayton had brought with him to Lismore a large fair pearl that had been found in Bandon River by a poor woman who had sold it in Cork for two and fourpence in beer and tobacco. The buyer bartered it for two cows; it was next sold to a merchant for twelve pounds, and the Earl's goldsmith cousin, Mr. Bardsley or Barsie, who was now living in Bandon, counselled Sir Randall to buy it for the Earl for thirty pounds. Lord Cork agreed to take it, and presented it to Lady Dungarvan for a New Year's gift, and soon after gave her twenty-five more large Bandon pearls, and about a hundred and fifteen little ones, paying Mr. Bardsley thirty-five pounds for the set. It is curious to think of green Ireland being chiefly famed for its gold and pearls; but records come of pearls found in almost every stream, the Dingle pearls being especially famed for their beauty.

It may be hoped that Lady Dungarvan proved the truth of the old proverb, and was lucky in love. She certainly was very unlucky at cards, and Lord Cork had to go into partnership with her that Christmas to save her from bankruptcy. He notes the terms of their agreement with due seriousness: 'My daughter Dungarvan having this Christmas lost £40 at play and being drained of money, I supplied her with twenty pieces, and she to play them, and if she lost them, she to add other twenty pieces of her own, and the loss again to be equally divided till more be gotten, or that lost by her at play.'

The heiress was in no ways a very economical lady, and Dungarvan did not set her an example of thrift. It was not long before his father had to pay a tailor's bill for him that amounted to £1000 for two years' dress. His allowance from his father seems to have been £1500, not a very large amount considering the society in which he moved; but there is no mention of what fortune Lady Dungarvan brought with her, which may have increased their income considerably. But in 1635 Lord Cork had once again to have a serious settlement of accounts with his son, and once again paid £800 of debts, and lent him £3000 to be repaid as a portion to his little sister Margaret when she married.

Soon after, Lord Cork turned his thoughts to the final division of his lands, settling a due portion of his estates upon each of his sons. Unfortunately he could not do this without reopening all the burning questions that had almost wrecked Dungarvan's hopes of marriage. The Earl very naturally wished the most important part of his property to go with his title, and therefore entailed it strictly upon male heirs, first to his sons, then nephews and other heirs-male of his father, and only failing any male representatives of the Boyles would Lord Dungarvan's daughters have a claim.¹

The Deputy, who looked on Lady Dungarvan's affairs as his own, interfered in a very peremptory manner, being resolved that the daughters of the Clifford heiress should have as fair an inheritance as their mother had had. So the next day Lord Ranelagh and Chief Justice Lowther were hurried off by Lord Cork to discover 'how to give content to the displeased Lord Deputy and his great favourite Sir George Ratcliffe'; and not till there had been many meetings and endless debates did the Deputy consent that the lands should pass to male

¹ See Appendix II., *Septpartite Indenture*.

heirs, on condition that if Dungarvan died without leaving a son, his eldest daughter should have ten thousand pounds and the younger ones five thousand each, with a hundred a year for maintenance during minority.

Dungarvan's eldest daughter, 'little Frank,' was born in Lord Cork's house in Dublin in 1636, and when three months old was established with her nurse and three women servants in her own house at Trim. The second daughter was born in England in October 1637, and christened by the curious name of Catherine Verge, which can only be interpreted as 'Catherine Virgin and Martyr.' Possibly the baby was not expected to support the whole title, but the note was put in the grandfather's diary to remind him the name was not borrowed from his dear dead wife or Katharine Jones, but, as was fitting in the days of Laud, was that of a real saint whose name was set in the Church calendar.

Little Catherine died two years after at Lord Salisbury's house in London, but Frank grew up and eventually was married to the Earl of Roscommon. But she did not inherit the ten thousand pounds after all, for an heir to the united glories of Boyle and Clifford was born at the Savoy in November 1639. His proud grandfather 'bestowed a hundred pounds on the christening banquet, to which the Queen and great ladies of the court came.' The ceremony of baptism was performed in the chapel of the Savoy, 'the King's Majesty having promised to be present, and honoured the child with his name of Charles.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE HUMILIATION OF THE GREAT EARL

1633—1638

‘The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to the toad.’

KIPLING.

IT has been said that the greatest of tragedies is a quarrel in which both sides are right. Cork and Wentworth had each good reason to believe his own side to be right, only their standards and ideals of right were so completely different that neither could do the other justice.

Cork honestly believed himself to be a pillar of the Church in Ireland. His services to it were notorious, and his praise was in the mouth of both archbishops. Wentworth and Laud held him to be a robber of churches, an oppressor of the clergy, and more or less of a hypocrite.

Bishop Bramhall was sent over by Laud to assist the new Deputy in putting the Irish Church to rights, and was not long in calling Wentworth's attention to the large number of Church leases and livings that had come into the Earl of Cork's hands. Wentworth eagerly took up the matter, and he and Laud were never weary of elaborating jokes on the drastic treatment they were preparing for the Earl of Cork. The Archbishop wrote in 1633 to the Deputy:—

‘MY LORD,—I did not take you to be so good a physician before, as I see you are : for the truth is, a great many church cormorants have fed so full on it that they have fallen into a fever, and for that no physic better than a vomit, so it be given in time ; and therefore you have taken a very judicious course to administer one so easily to my Lord of Cork. Go on, my Lord, I must needs say this is thorough indeed. . . .

‘Now for your question, what my Lord of Cork will say ? I cannot tell : but sure I am so many of the Fraternity as think it Popery to set the communion table at the end of the chancel and for the Prebends to come in their formalities¹ to church are either ignorant or factious fools. But I warrant you the poor Vicar thinks very well of you, and so doth the King, to whom I have told what physic you have given the Earl of Cork.’

It may be remarked, in passing, that it is little wonder that the old-fashioned churchmen, whom Laud contemptuously called a fraternity of Puritans, were startled at some of the innovations introduced by the new Church rulers in Ireland, for Lord Cork wrote in his diary for May 1635 : ‘This day being Whitsunday, in Christchurch, the Dean thereof administered the Sacrament to the Lord Deputy. The Dean kneeling down on his knees all the time he was speaking the words both at the delivery first of the sacramental bread, so likewise of the wine.’²

The Archbishop and the Deputy might jest over their onslaught on the Earl of Cork’s Church lands, but they soon found he was no easy man to deal with. He fought tena-

¹ Official dress.

² In the following century we are told that the nonjuring Bishop Cartwright was accustomed to administer the Sacrament standing on the Lord’s Day, but on weekdays kneeling.—*The Nonjurors*, Overton, p. 366.

ciously over every separate item, so that the ownership of starveling vicarages, and tithes worth but a few pence, absorbed an amount of time and attention that would have been preposterous except for the principles involved. The reader need not be wearied with more than a couple of examples of the petty matters, which the Deputy thought worth contesting if they enabled him to score a point against Cork, and which the Deputy's enemies thought worth raking up when the day of retribution came and Strafford was brought to trial in Westminster Hall.

One of the most fiercely contested of these cases was that of one Arthur Gwyn, who had been presented by the Deputy to three lapsed livings belonging to the Earl of Cork, Ardfynnan, Rathronan, and Mortelstown, in Tipperary. At Strafford's trial Pym described this nominee of the Deputy's as 'Arthur Gwyn, who about 1634 was an undergroom to the Earl of Cork in his stable: in the year after, Dr. Bramhall preferred him to be a clergyman, and a parsonage and two vicarages impropriate were taken from my Lord Cork and given to this Arthur Gwyn! I shall add no more patterns of the clergy,' concluded Pym scornfully.

In 1635 the Earl had written in his diary that Arthur Gwyn who pretended by grant from the King to be vicar of his impropriate vicarage, 'preferred a forged invention and most slanderous false petition against me to the Lord Deputy.' The Deputy and Council had then ordered that Gwyn should have possession and Cork should recover his rights, if he had any, by law; Gwyn giving his bond ('which,' Lord Cork adds, 'is nothing worth') that he would pay the damages if the judge gave the case against him. At the Strafford trial, Cork related that he had duly proceeded to endeavour to recover his vicarage by course of law, but the Deputy had

threatened if he did not call in his writs he would clap him into Castle Chamber. 'I will not,' said he, 'have my orders disputed by law or lawyers.' The case finally was fought out between Gwyn and a tenant to whom Cork had leased the vicarage, from whom Gwyn recovered it and to whom the Earl immediately made a new lease of it!

When Strafford was asked about the case, he could at first remember nothing of it; but then, recollecting himself, he said the rectory recovered to the Church from the Earl of Cork was of so small and trivial value, that they knew not who to get to serve the cure, and on that occasion the man (Gwyn) was recommended. 'I think,' he concluded carelessly, 'thirty pounds a year shall go far in his preferment.' As for the interference with the Earl of Cork's writs, the Deputy had done it because it was the King's command that all questions of Church titles should be reserved for the decision of the Council and not heard before the law-courts.¹

The case of yet another wretched vicar was brought up at Strafford's trial. The poor man had fallen into debt and was imprisoned, 'and the prison being very loathsome,' the Bishop had written to beg the patron of the living, the Earl of Cork, to permit him to raise money by leasing the glebe lands to a tenant. Cork said he foresaw there would be trouble about such a lease, and refused to have anything to say to it, till 'the vicar's wife, poor woman, persuaded him to it, as an act of charity.' When Wentworth came over as Deputy, he pounced upon this lease, and had a bill preferred against Lord Cork in Star Chamber (surely a slip of the reporter for Castle Chamber?) accusing Lord Cork of having broken an Act enjoining that no lease of glebe should be for longer than the acting incumbent's life. Cork protested that he had never heard of such an Act,

¹ Rushworth, *Strafford Trial*, 123; also Smith, i. 60.

and he was certain it had never been published; to which the Deputy rejoined that Acts made by his Government should be as binding as Acts passed and published by Parliament!

The few pounds recovered for the Church by these measures of the Deputy's can hardly have been worth the bitterness of feeling they excited, and he had but little better success in restoring the Church buildings in Ireland, than in assisting the clergy who served in them. Possibly the veneration cherished for the sites of shrines, destroyed many hundred years before by the Vikings, made the sight of 'bare ruined choirs' less shocking to Anglo-Irish eyes than they were to such newcomers as Wentworth and Bramhall; certain it is, that many of the finest Irish churches were in ruins then, and in spite of Wentworth's zeal remain neglected ruins to-day.

Archbishop Laud was especially shocked by the reports that reached him of the condition of Lismore Cathedral. It appears that the building had been so completely wrecked during the Desmond wars that Lord Cork had long hesitated to undertake any work of restoration. However, in 1623 he had paid £23, 19s. 2d. for wainscoting the part of the church that was still standing, and £17 for making a pulpit and other carved work, and breaking down the wall for windows. In 1627 he writes, at Lismore 'the charge of my chapel did cost me £117, 14s., and this day I paid Catts the painter £30 more for his work, besides stuff,' that is, building materials. Then in January 1634 the Earl made larger plans and wrote, 'God bless my good intentions and endeavours in this work. This day I resolved with the assistance of my good God to reedify the ancient cathedral church of Lismore, which was demolished by Edmund Fitzgibbon, called the White Knight, and other traitors in the late rebellion. The chancel of which church I did at my own charge rebuild, £217, 14s. 9d., and

put a new roof covered with slates, and plastered and glazed, furnishing it with ceiled pews and pulpit, and have given orders to have the ruins of the body and aisles of that church cleared and the same new built fair or fairer than ever it was before.'

But the agitating years of Wentworth's rule left the old Earl small leisure to plan the restoration of churches, and it seems that little or nothing was done to carry out this pious intention ; for Laud wrote to Strafford, 'As for the building of the church at Lismore I will believe it when I see it. Yet this I must say, none so fit to build a new one by repentance as he that pulled down the old by sacrilege.' It was enough for Laud that Lismore belonged to Cork, for no mischief could happen in Munster but Cork was to be considered guilty of it. At any rate, he had neither time nor patience to waste in measuring out praise and blame when crying evils were waiting for reformation, and the Bishop of Waterford and Dean and Chapter of Lismore, with all the authority gained by the support of the Archbishop, made no suggestion or request, but 'ordered' that the ruins should be cleared away by the Earl of Cork and a new church built in their place. Some preparations were made in answer to this command, for the Earl noted in his diary for April 1638 that he had that day begun pulling down the ruins 'with a godly resolution to rebuild the cathedral church and mansions for the vicars choral,' and in 1640 certain money coming from the manufacture of scythes was set aside for roofing Lismore Church.

It is very probable that Lord Cork hesitated over spending money at Lismore, because just then there arose a possibility that Lismore might not long be his own. The chief instrument in this assault was a kinsman of his own, Michael Boyle, Bishop of Waterford. He and his brother Richard Boyle,

Bishop of Cork, were sons of the merchant Michael Boyle of London, and owed their preferments in Ireland to their cousin the Earl of Cork, who afterwards wrote bitterly enough of his 'unthankful kinsmen,' and when he stood godfather to Bishop Richard Boyle's son, he did so 'praying he might be a better man than his father.' Laud liked the Boyle bishops as little as did their cousin the Earl, and as Michael of Waterford unluckily came from Laud's own college, St. John's, Oxford, the Deputy, who was a Cambridge Johnian, was delighted to have such an excellent joke against the Archbishop, and tormented him with hits at St. John's, Oxford, in season and out of season, till Laud grew absolutely incoherent in his vehement endeavours to defend his beloved college.

This little-loved Bishop Michael Boyle held the See of Lismore joined with that of Waterford, and Bramhall reported to Laud that the Lismore portion of the revenue was farmed by the Earl of Cork, who only paid forty shillings a year to the Bishop.¹

When the Desmond wars had left Lismore a heap of ruins, Raleigh obtained a lease of it from the Bishop of Waterford at a nominal rent, and it was sold with Raleigh's other Irish possessions to Boyle.² In 1607, Lord Deputy Chichester issued a warrant for a pardon to Boyle for all alienations wherewith the manor of Lismore might be chargeable, and a release and confirmation to him of all his lands, pursuant to his Majesty's letters, dated Hampton Court, 1603. But when a new Bishop came to the See he was naturally indignant at finding the church property alienated, and as Raleigh was a prisoner in the Tower, Boyle, who had merely bought Raleigh's rights, was, in spite of this pardon, brought to book. The validity of Raleigh's lease and

¹ *Dom. S. P. Charles I.*, ccxlv. 48.

² See Appendix I.

sale were debated in the Irish Parliament in 1614, when the Bishop of Waterford's claims were, according to Lord Cork's diary, 'by general clamour and consent cast out of the house.' When the Ralegh grants were confirmed to Cork in 1629, the Lismore Church leases were included with the rest. Cork therefore held Lismore by purchase, by a grant from King James in 1603, a parliamentary decision in 1614, and a fresh grant sealed by the great seal of Charles the First in 1629. Yet all these documents were ignored by the Deputy and Archbishop !

Unfortunately for Lord Cork, Laud, as has been said, found an instrument ready to his hand. The very failings of the Bishop of Waterford made him now valuable, for the Archbishop knew that the mean and grasping Michael Boyle would be too eager to increase his own income to feel any compunction at moving against his generous kinsman the Earl of Cork.

Laud wrote of him with contemptuous satisfaction :—

'I have known the Bishop of Waterford long, and when he lived in the college he would have done anything or sold any man for sixpence profit. It seems he carried the same mind with him to Ireland, by which means Lismore and Youghal have fared never the better by him. But since Lismore was in huxter's handling before he came to Waterford, it may be, if he be handsomely wrought upon, he will be brought to petition me about it, which will be an excellent ground for us both to work upon. The Bishop of Waterford was ever full of jests, and would at any time rather lose a friend than spare it, and therefore it is no wonder if he spare not the Earl his kinsman. But a passing good jest it was that he brake upon him, and as like him as could be. I could find it in heart to forgive him some errors if he would

petition me about Lismore: but 'tis so easy a thing for the Earl to keep him from it, that I shall not believe he will do it till it be done, for if the Earl will feed him with a little money, farewell Lismore and the petition too. . . .'

'I am sorry to speak it,' wrote the Deputy to the Archbishop, 'but truth will out, the Bishop is a St. John's man, of Oxford I mean, not Cambridge—our Cambridge panniers never brought such a fairing to market.'

'A St. John's man you say he is, and of Oxford,' cried Laud, 'and "your Cambridge panniers never brought such a fairing to market"! Yes, my good Lord, but it hath! for what say you of Dean Palmer? who, beside his other virtues, sold all the lead off his church at Peterborough, yet he was brought in your Cambridge panniers! I pray you examine your Cambridge panniers again!'

The Bishop of Waterford fulfilled the hopes of Laud, but the case was referred to arbitration and never came to open trial. Bishop Bramhall and Cork's friend and kinsman Sir William Parsons gave their decision in March 1638, when Cork was obliged to pay down £500 in gold, in return for which the Bishop, Dean, and Chapter signed a release for Lismore, Bewly, and Kilmolish, and made a sixty years' lease of Kilbree and Affane at £12 rent.

But the recovery of certain Lismore and Ardmore leases did not exhaust the serviceableness of the Bishop of Waterford. The Bishop also held the sinecure position of Warden of Youghal College, and as such received a twentieth part of its revenue. If he could be induced to disavow the agreement entered into by the Earl of Cork when he obtained new letters patent, and doubled the stipends of the warden and fellows, there would be no choice but to condemn the great Earl for fraud!

The news of this tremendous charge against the Earl of Cork was naturally a shock to all his friends. It was bad enough that the grave and reverend seignor should be charged with fraud ; but further, if the 'omnipotent Deputy' gained the case and confiscated all the Youghal estates that Cork had bought from Raleigh and Carew, the old man would be half ruined. He was already hard enough hit by the subsidies that had been laid on him, and the large settlement Wentworth had obliged him to make on his own niece, Dungarvan's bride.

Lord Clifford, the father of young Lady Dungarvan, endeavoured to persuade Lord Cork, and himself, that the Deputy was really a most benevolent person, who would 'do nothing in your contrary but very unwillingly and upon constraint.' His warm-hearted lady did not pick her words so carefully, and gave full sympathy to the father-in-law who was so good to her Bess. She wrote in December 1635, regretting that she could do so little :—

'I cannot tell what to think truly, but do plainly wish your Lordship might have your desire, and if I were with my Lord Deputy I should say so much to him, and do mean yet, if I may have the least word from your Lordship, to try my Lord Deputy in three or four lines, if I may do you service at all.'¹

The curious part of the matter is that Wentworth wrote to Laud, from whom he had no secrets, that he never in all his life undertook any business so much against his private affections, and were it possible to conceal this business and yet preserve those duties he owed to God, and the faith and integrity which he must exercise towards his master, he would gladly have done so.² Perhaps Lady Clifford's 'few lines'

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 236.

² *Strafford Letters*, i. 459.

had their effect in producing such an unusual display of soft-heartedness from Wentworth, or possibly Lord and Lady Dungarvan had been doing what they could to soften him. But what Lord Clifford did not know, and Cork did not know, was the true reason for the Deputy's attack on Youghal. It comes out plainly in Wentworth's letter to his royal master, May 1634 :¹—

‘In that other great business concerning the Earl of Cork, I have clearly set forth the state thereof in my letter to my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, only I shall crave leave with some assurance to deliver my opinion to your Majesty, that if in your wisdom you shall think it good to entrust it with me, I rest most confident out of his fine to discharge one-half of the debts which press so heavily upon this crown, and that with all honour and justice, without straining only one point further than the merits of the cause will carry it ; but then I must crave your Majesty would ground a full resolution not to take it out of the hands of your justice for any solicitation of himself or friends, which doubtless, when he findeth himself pinched, will be very importunate and instant.’

This letter makes credible Cork's report of a conversation he had with the Deputy at the end of the struggle, which otherwise we should have been tempted to believe was a cob-web spun out of an angry old man's brain. ‘I prayed him to consider,’ says Cork, ‘whether in justice he could impose so great a fine upon me. Whereunto he replied, “God's wounds, Sir ! When the last parliament in England brake up, you lent the King fifteen thousand pounds, and afterwards in a very uncivil, unmannerly manner you pressed his Majesty to repay it you. Whereupon I resolved, before I came out

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 257.

of England, to fetch it back again from you, by one means or other. And now I have gotten what I desired, you and I will be friends hereafter.”¹

Wentworth was nothing if not plain-spoken. He was indeed too proud to deceive others, and too clear-sighted to deceive himself. Laud might desire to enrich the Church, Charles might even persuade himself that Cork deserved punishment for sacrilege; Wentworth's one object was to serve the King. The tithes and the presentations to some few livings, a small matter of some six or seven hundred a year, which he wrested from Cork, certainly did go to enrich the Church, but a string of parsonages, rectories, and churches, settled on Dungarvan, were untouched; the College House at Youghal, whose ownership has blackened Cork's name with the ban of sacrilege for two centuries, having been settled on the Deputy's niece as a dower-house, was never restored to the Church, and the vast fines with which Cork bought his estates a second time over went to fill the royal purse, not to feed the starving clergy.

It was fortunate for Lord Cork that he had all the College deeds in his own hands, and was able to deposit before the court the original founder's deed given by the Earl of Desmond in 1464, and bulls from many Popes to the Chapter, as well as the royal grants, and the agreement as to the lease entered into by the Bishop of Cork and the Warden and Collegioners of Youghal on the one hand, and Sir Richard Boyle and Sir Laurence Parsons on the other, in 1605. Many of the deeds, Lord Cork relates, were so old as to be almost rent in two.

The Attorney-General's first bill charged the Earl of Cork with obtaining Church lands and tithes by unlawful oaths and

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 257.

other inducements, with keeping men of straw as fellows of the College at Youghal, and sometimes even failing to fill up vacant fellowships ; he was further charged with having kept and used the College seal for his own ends and refused to return it to the fellows, and virtually of having himself sealed the transfer of the College to himself ! Later on another charge was added, as Laud doubted whether any lease of the College to a layman could be valid. So far as the College seal was in question, it does not seem surprising that when the College documents and deeds were left with the Earl, he should also have had the seal. He replied to this charge that at the time the fellows asked him for it he was at some distance from home, and did not choose to send it by a common messenger and without a proper receipt. He entirely denied that he had failed to fill up vacant fellowships, and asserted that the churches in the gift of the College had all been repaired during his occupancy, and better supplied with ministers than they had ever been before.¹ He acknowledged that he had used the College as his dwelling-house, but it had already been turned into a private residence and occupied by Sir Thomas Norris, Sir George Carew, and Mr. Jones for several years before he gained possession of it.

Although Wentworth's motives could be very shortly stated, the action dragged on for many a month. When Lord Clifford had paid a visit to Ireland, he ventured after all to write to the Deputy on the Earl of Cork's behalf. Wentworth admitted that he laid himself open to the charge of persecuting his nearest friends ; but, he said, if he did not press the charges, not only would the Church lose Youghal, but the

¹ The settlements on Dungarvan included the Church property of Skull, Killimore, Myros, Cahara, Ballymodane, Temple Guillian, etc. At the same time the rectories and impropriate livings of Askeating, Ballingarry, Mallow, Kilbolane, and Dromlariff were settled on younger sons.

world would believe that great people were able to escape punishment. 'If the Earl did not prove the consent of Warden and fellows to the grant of fee farm now in question, then I judge it of absolute necessity the cause should proceed to an open censure of justice,' that is, the Earl should be indicted for either fraud or forgery. If, on the other hand, continued Wentworth, Cork should succeed in proving that the Warden and fellows were parties to the agreement, the conclusion might be referred to his Majesty's goodness; but Wentworth hoped that the end would be that the Warden, fellows, and choristers should be once more settled in the College, his Majesty's piety making him a second founder, and that the Earl should pay a fine of at least £10,000. But, he urged, one thing was all-important: the case must be decided on Irish soil, under the Deputy's own authority, as it 'imports his Majesty's service to preserve the credit of a Deputy.'¹

Important as it was for the Deputy to keep the case in Ireland, it was equally important for Cork's safety that he should escape to England, and lay his case directly before the King. He had good friends at the English court, while in Ireland he stood alone before the Deputy.

When Lord Dunluce was on his way to England in 1635, he supped with Lord Cork, afterwards driving in his Lordship's coach to the ship, and took on himself the rather dangerous office of carrying letters from the Earl to the King, praying leave to come over; and answers were received the following October, when the favourite servant 'Badnedge, having left my two younger sons Francis and Robert Boyle with Sir Henry Wotton at Eton, brought me over letters from the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury, with other letters

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 459.

from Mr. Secretary Windibank to the Ld. Deputy, signifying his Majesty's pleasure that when all examinations in the Star Chamber suit were taken and published, and the Lord Deputy had certified the state of the cause and his opinion thereon, that then I should be licensed to carry them over and present them to his Majesty and submit myself to his censure.' That is to say, Wentworth was to have the odium and the King the advantage. Wentworth on this wrote very plainly to his Majesty complaining that Windibank's letter flatly contradicted the directions sent him at exactly the same time by Laud.¹

With reference to these letters it may be worth remembering that Badnedge's accounts mention a silver ewer and bason, costing £66, 16s., presented to Mr. Secretary Windibank, and £40 to Mr. Reed, the Secretary's kinsman, to quicken the despatch of the business, and also £50 given to the Lord Chamberlain's secretary. The Earl certainly did his best to get him friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, but once under Strafford's heel, neither silver ewers nor royal letters had much avail. The diary goes on: 'I delivered those letters to the Lord Deputy, who was very much offended at me for procuring them, as if I had appealed from his justice, affirming he would write to answer to his Majesty and alter that direction if he could, and he would receive a new command from the King ere he would obey this. We discoursed privately in the gallery three hours at the least, and in conclusion he promised me to forbear doing or writing anything till his certificate was prepared after examination and publication.'

Windibank's letter, one would have imagined, would have pleased Lord Cork as little as it did the Deputy, for it

¹ *Strafford Letters*, i. 477.

described Lady Dungarvan's relations in England as acknowledging him guilty, and merely crying for mercy and begging that the matter might be hushed up for the sake of the family name. Wentworth, as we shall see, had no objection to hushing the matter up, so long as he could get what fine he pleased out of Lord Cork ; but the old man himself, assured of his own innocence, neither acknowledged himself beaten, nor had any wish but to prove his case before all the world. Probably the Cliffords and Salisburys, being lookers-on, saw most of the game, and knew how it was being played and how it would end.

The business now was to force Cork into this admission. A complete history of the pressure put on him was written down by Cork under the title 'The Earl of Cork's Remembrances of the £15,000 imposed on him.'¹ His story opens with a visit from the Lord Primate Ussher on the 23rd of April 1636, to ask him privately if all the papers relating to Youghal had been delivered to the Attorney-General, as he had heard the Deputy give direction they should be sent for ; 'and the Lord Deputy,' writes Cork, 'told him that he hoped I would disobey his command and not deliver up my writings, which if I did not, he would that he might commit me to the Castle of Dublin and not enlarge me till I had paid as great a fine to his Majesty as the College of Youghal was worth' ; but fortunately the Earl's gentlemen Badnedge and Hynson had already carried the papers to the Attorney-General. The Archbishop further told Lord Cork that the Deputy had said, 'If I would condescend to give the King thirty thousand pounds, he would be my friend, and the suit in Castle Chamber should be withdrawn.'

Two days later, therefore, Wentworth sent for Cork into

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 247.

his study, there being no one else there but his confidential friends Wandesford and Ratcliffe, and proposed that the Earl should appoint three friends to act for him and arrange the matter privately for him, and he would then keep his promise to the Lord Primate. Cork boldly answered he was resolved to have a public hearing and acquittal; 'then his Lordship replied, "By God, that you shall never have." I aptly conceiving that this meeting was not intended for any good unto me, but only to gain from me the main point of my defence, that he might be the better prepared against me, I told his Lordship this treaty was only intended to gain a submission from me.'

The Deputy then reminded the Earl that whether he were proved guilty of forgery or no, there could be no question that he was liable to censure for making the College authorities take an oath never to trouble him. The Earl replied their oath was a voluntary one, but even if it were illegal it was not a matter for the decision of Castle Chamber. The Deputy evidently was not ready with an answer to this bit of legal acuteness, for he replied he would not discuss the matter further in private and sent for Lord Ranelagh, Lowther, and the Master of the Wards, to whom he made a long discourse on his care to preserve the Earl; and so having talked from nine till two—they really seemed able to talk the clock round!—they all dined together, and his Lordship drank to the Earl and showed him a great deal of respect.

Then there appears to have been a stay of proceedings for a while. Perhaps this pause was made to permit Cork to pay the large subsidy of £3000 at which he was rated, before making an even greater demand on his purse.

Then suddenly, in the course of a friendly visit, Wentworth informed Cork that his case would be called the following

Tuesday. On that day Lord Cork stopped the Deputy in the gallery on his way into court to remind him of his promise, given six months before, to grant him licence to go over to England and plead his cause before the King, so that this 'speedy day of hearing seemed vearie sodden and most strange unto me.' On this Wentworth turned the tables by declaring that if the case were brought to public hearing, it was all owing to the Earl's wilfulness, who would never be advised by him, Wentworth, who was the best friend he would ever have. He then repeated his former offer, that the Earl should depute three friends to act for him, Lord Ranelagh, Sir W. Parsons, and Sir Gerard Lowther, and refer it to them on one side, and to Wandesford and Ratcliffe on the other, to decide whether or no the Earl were worthy of censure.

So these gentlemen did meet at the Castle, and there they debated from nine in the morning till two in the afternoon, and came to the conclusion that Lord Cork ought to be granted two days more in which to consider his position, and then on the 27th of April he attended the Lord Deputy on the terrace between the two towers of the Castle, and once more protested his own innocence: that he had never put a seal privately to his lease of Youghal, but that the Warden, fellows and patron met in the Chapter House and formally sealed the deed. 'I concluded,' says Lord Cork in his diary, 'that as I had formerly left the marriage of my son and heir at his disposal, and as my Lord Clifford had in his last letter advised me to refer myself and cause to his Lordship,' and as the Deputy had made so many offers and promises of favour, 'I desired his Lordship to impart unto me, if I should refer myself unto him, how he would deal with me.' Any hint of compliance softened the Deputy, who answered graciously that

it was too great a business for him singly to undergo, 'but he would discuss the subject with the five gentlemen who had been chosen to arbitrate.'

The Primate came the same evening to urge Lord Cork not to let the case go to extremity, but the old man was exceeding loth to buy his escape, besides fearing such an escape would be equivalent to admitting his guilt and desire to avoid a public trial. However, the Archbishop was not the only friend who counselled submission, and the next day, the 29th, Lord Cork yielded so far as to send an ambassador.

'This day I sent my son Dungarvan to Sir George Ratcliffe, and then to his Lordship; for that I saw my danger approaching and the vehemency of his Lordship's [*i.e.* the Deputy's] protestations, first by my Lord Ranelagh, then by the Lord Primate, and afterwards that night by the Lord President of Munster and the Master of the Wards, and therefore to pacify and satisfy his Lordship I gave my son order to tender him ten thousand pounds, and if that would not be by him accepted, to raise my offer rather than incense his Lordship higher, to fifteen thousand pounds Irish.'

But these offers were rejected and despised; and then Dungarvan on his knees, with tears in his eyes, entreated his father to yield all the Deputy required, offering either to surrender all the estates settled on him at his marriage to make up the sum demanded, or else to arrange that it should be charged on the inheritance to come to him at his father's death, but Lord Cork absolutely refused to impoverish his eldest son by accepting his generous offer, and still held out. Then the next day came Sir Adam Loftus and Sir Gerard Lowther to join their entreaties to those of Dungarvan; but he was firm, and spent all May Day in instructing his counsel, who all assured him that legally he was liable to censure for

nothing but the oath taken by the Warden and collegioners, and that, having been voluntary and a customary thing in Ireland, would be no serious matter ; but if it should prove to have been illegal, it was a case for ecclesiastical and for not civil courts.

Then at midnight, when the lawyers were but just gone, came Archbishop Ussher once more, to suggest the Earl's offering £10,000 English money. 'I told to him,' writes the Earl, 'though I knew my innocency as clear as the sun at noonday, yet I had made as great, or greater offer by my son Dungarvan, and yet it was rejected,' and further that he believed many of the messengers sent him by the Deputy were only meant to ensnare him. The Primate then assured him that the Deputy protested that, if Lord Cork did not make a liberal offer, he would the very next morning impose a judgment of £30,000 on him, deprive him of his office of Treasurer, and clap him up into the Castle of Dublin. Yet still the old man sat unmoved, and declared he was so assured of the justice of his cause, that he believed God would vouchsafe him a gracious delivery, which the good Lord Primate could but pray might be so, and then went home. Even Cork's enemies were moved with pity and endeavoured to turn his mind, though most men feared to speak out in the Deputy's hearing. Next morning when Lord Cork arrived at the Castle, he found his old adversary the Lord Chancellor sitting on a form, who called him to sit down, and said, 'My Lord, you and I knew one another when we were young men, and have both been long loving friends, and although of late some unkindness have happened between us, yet thanks be to God neither of us have drawn blood of one another. . . . And after that used many reasons and arguments to bring me to a private composition rather than a public hearing. I asked his Lordship

whether he had perused the pleadings and examinations ; he told me he had, and overread them and weighed every word in them. I desired him to let me know what he conceived of them. He protested unto me that he conceived me so innocent that he thought there was no cause to blame me, much less to censure me. Then I told his Lordship I hoped he would deliver his vote for my clearing. "Nay, by my faith," quoth he, "I will not promise you that!" I replied again that if he were in my case I would clear him if my conscience did assure me he were not guilty. His Lordship answered that it was very necessary for me to be exceedingly careful of myself, for that it was not my cause, but my judges that I was to fear.'

The Master of the Wards and Sir Adam Loftus, who had meantime gone with Sir George Ratcliffe into the Deputy's chamber, came out after half an hour's discourse and called Cork in. 'As soon as I came in, the Lord Deputy asked me whether I would have peace or war. I told him I did pursue peace but it flew from me. Then he replied, I have offered you peace and sent many messengers unto you, but you will not embrace it, and therefore I must needs enter into the lists against you, and repeated the threats he had made before.'

Cork replied that as the offers he had made by his son had been rejected, he had made a vow never to make an offer again. Then said the Deputy, 'Let the Master of the Wards make an offer for you, for he knows my mind.' So at last the stiff-necked old Earl consented to retire into the gallery and let his friends talk the matter out ; and then Sir George Ratcliffe called him in and the Deputy told him his fate : that Sir William Parsons had offered on his behalf a sum of £15,000, to be paid in three instalments ; and in return the

Deputy promised a new grant from the King of the College at Youghal, but the parsonage and tithes of the College were to remain at the King's disposal.

Cork always asserted that he had only maintained this long struggle for the sake of his good name. So far as the mere money was concerned he paid it willingly, as it was to go to his gracious master the King, for whose service he would gladly sacrifice life and estate, but he was assured if the King only knew how unjust this proceeding was, he would never take one penny thereof; he prayed God forgive the Deputy and his counsellor Ratcliffe, but the chief blame he always laid on 'the perfidious Lord Bishop of Cork, my faithless and unthankful kinsman, whom I have raised from being a poor schoolmaster at Barnet when he had but a stipend of twenty pounds.'

Yet even after the ransom was agreed on, and the Deputy had condescended to promise he would hereafter be friends, Cork's troubles were not over. On the second of July he writes, 'his Lordship made a fresh assault on me, which troubled me more than all the payment of money. For he, being that day to take shipping into England, came unexpectedly into my house and called for me, taking me along with him into my gallery, where he fell into discourse touching the Lord Mountnorris, charging me that I heard the Lord Mountnorris say that he made his Lordship Lord Deputy.' Probably every one in Dublin had heard Mountnorris utter some wild speech or other, without feeling disposed to take up the cudgels on behalf of the Deputy. But Cork goes on: 'Whereon, when I could not give him satisfaction, he took me along with him in his coach to the Castle. And, I waiting on him to his study door intending to call for my own coach to be ready to wait upon him to the ship side, he called me back,

and in my hearing asked Sir George Radcliffe whether all things were gone a-shipboard. He answered that all things were, saving that casket of writings which he knew he would not trust to any other, but would carry it along with himself. But, quoth Sir George, my Lord of Cork hath not yet signed his petition to the King. But it must be done, saith the Lord Deputy, for I cannot go without it. Then he called me to sign to a parchment that was ready prepared, telling me it was a petition to the King for the new granting of the College of Youghal. I told his Lordship, This is the first time that ever I heard thereof, and that I made no suit for any such thing, and therefore desired his Lordship that I might have time to consider it, and that when I had so done I would subscribe it and send it after him into England. Then came his gentleman usher unto him and told him he would lose the benefit of the tide and passage if he did not make haste; and thereupon the trumpet sounded and every man went to horse. Whereupon his Lordship standing with one leg within the study door and the other without, told me if I would not trust him I might read it, which I beginning to do, he took it out of my hands and said Sir George Radcliffe could read it better than I, for he was better acquainted with it. And so Sir George in a very hasty manner read it over and desired me to make haste to put my hand unto it, whereupon I being surprised made some stay in subscribing; whereupon the Lord Deputy was much offended, telling me that since I had put myself into his hands I must trust him. And thereupon I signed it conditionally that he should send me a true copy of it under his own hand when he came into England, which he faithfully promised me, and then clapped the writing into his cabinet. But from that day to this I could never see that, nor the copy of it, neither can I remember the contents of it,

it was so postingly read over unto me ; which hath ever since disquieted me.’¹

Then the fluttered and hurried old man had to get into his coach and solemnly join with the whole council, Sir Adam Loftus and Lord Digby, in the escort of the Lord Deputy to the shore, and on the road between Dublin and Howth the Deputy knighted two gentlemen, and so departed from Ireland in all state.

Can anything be more dramatic than the whole story ! Grey-bearded Lord Chancellor Loftus sitting on a bench in the gallery, and only daring to whisper his real thoughts ; the stormy Deputy, wild with the memory of Mountnorris’s insolence, snatching the parchment out of the fumbling hands of the Earl of Cork, and pausing half in and half out of the door to order the old man to set his name to a petition whose contents he did not know, ‘the while, far off, a summoning trumpet blew.’

Lord Cork’s narrative may be obscure and his style involved, but the very faults of his diary make it the more obviously ‘a human document,’ that brings back to life for us the men who were making the history of the seventeenth century.

The Deputy’s stay in England was of the shortest, and the 27th of this June 1637, Lord Cork was summoned to appear at the Castle to conclude the business with his ‘three feofees of trust,’ Sir William Parsons, Sir William Fenton, and Sir John Brown, to meet ‘with the wicked Bishop of Cork and Mr. Rugg, who signed for Michael Boyle, the Bishop’s son, being new made College owner, and surrendered the College of Youghal, with the house, gardens, and all the possessions thereof to his Majesty ; and the Lord Deputy who had assured

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 259.

me that he had procured and brought out of England his Majesty's letters for regranting the house and lands to me and my heirs for ever,' called the secretary in the hearing of all these gentlemen and ordered him to fetch the letters and deliver them to the Earl of Cork, and the secretary replied that he had no such letters at all! Next morning the Deputy had to admit 'the King's letters I promised your Lordship are either mislaid or forgotten, but I promise your Lordship on my faith and honour that if Council draw up such a warrant I will transmit it to his Majesty and procure it to be signed.'

The last instalment of the immense fine laid on him was paid by Cork in May 1636. He notes that he sent Badnedge, Donell Duff the Queen's harper, and three servants to Dublin to carry it, to complete the payment of the £15,000, 'God knows upon what grounds, for I do not, which the Lord Deputy by his omnipotent power hath laid on me.'

But the new grant of Youghal from the King does not seem to have been signed till December 1640, when the Deputy is said in the diary to have once more promised he would procure it. The rough draft of this much-desired warrant probably exists in the shape of a formal letter from the King to the Deputy, preserved among the *Lismore Papers*. It is corrected and amended all through in Lord Cork's handwriting.¹ The letter directs that an estate in fee-simple should be granted to the Earl and to the trustees of Lady Dungarvan of the Earl's dwelling-house, called the New College House in Youghal, and all the messuages, edifices, orchards, entries, etc. etc., except the old College House, which was to be reserved for a dwelling-house 'for the parson or vicar that is to serve the cure of the parish church at

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 271.

Youghal and to his successors for ever.' All this estate to be held of the Castle in Dublin in free and common soccage, and not *in capite*, or by knight's service; as also the village and land of Ballymulcask and other lands, at reasonable rents. And a full release, acquittance, and discharge to the Earl and other persons who had disposed or entered into any of the rents and tithes of the said College, or any of the rectories or vicarages belonging to it. This, in regard of the faithful services done by the Earl of Cork, and in consideration that he had paid £10,000 into the Exchequer, and given bonds for £5000 on the 24th of June ensuing.

'I can with truth affirm,' said Cork at Strafford's trial, 'that I am the worse by £40,000 for him in my personal estate, and £1200 a year in my revenue. . . . He hath enforced me to pay £4200 within this five years for subsidies which might have ransomed me if I had been prisoner with the Turks, and was more than himself and all the Lords of the Council in England paid for the last subsidy in England.'¹

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 4. 174.

CHAPTER XVII

A HAVEN OF REFUGE

1638

‘Where vice prevails and impious men bear sway
The post of honour is a private station.’

ADDISON, *Cato*.

DURING the winter days of 1637 the old Earl sat once more by his own fireside at Lismore, and there while he summed up the income his children would receive from the inheritance he had allotted to them, the old man’s heart overflowed with thankfulness, in spite of his sorrows and losses, and he wrote down in his diary his gratitude for ‘the large revenue where-with my good and gracious God hath, without any merit or desert of mine, so bountifully with his all-giving hand blessed me, for which bounty of our God to me and them, the Almighty make me everlastingly and truly thankful, and that we may enjoy and increase them with his blessing and with all happiness and prosperity as given us by his divine hand. Amen. Amen. Amen.’

Lord Cork’s words of thanksgiving were even more solemn than were his wont, for when he wrote he was not sure that he might not be taking his last survey of the riches he had gathered during his long life. That winter it had seemed to all that yet another broken heart would be laid beneath Irish sod, and that the name of the great Earl of Cork would be entered, after Clanrickard and Desmond, in

the roll of those who were too proud to survive the vicissitudes of fortune. Directly after the record of lands and of gold in the diary comes the entry, 'Given Mr. Jacob Longe of Kinsale, my German physician, for his plaisters and prescriptions to stay the encrease of the dead palsy which hath seized upon all the right side of my body, God help me, £5.'

All Lord Cork's children gathered to Lismore to tend and console the old man. He wrote with pleasure how 'the Earl of Kildare and my daughter, with their son and heir, and Sir John Browne and his lady, and Stephen Crow and his wife, came to Lismore to visit me in mine infirmity.' Lady Browne and Mary Crow were, it may be remembered, the daughters of the Earl's beloved brother, Bishop John Boyle, while Sir John Browne of Awney, the nephew of the Earl's first wife, must have brought to the old man memories of her, his first love, to whose generosity he had owed the beginnings of his wealth and prosperity.

Mary Boyle also came over with Lady Clayton for a ten-days' visit, and her father wrote that he 'gave Moll ten shillings and her maid ten shillings,' and with the unfailing delight in his treasures, which is pathetic enough under the circumstances, he also wrote that he gave to her and to Lady Kildare each 'a rich Indian coverlid for a bed, all wrought with needlework, being well worth a hundred pounds apiece.'

But most welcome of all to Lismore must have been Lady Barrymore, who came, not to pay a mere visit of condolence, but to remain there and be installed as mistress of her father's household; in the autumn following he wrote that he was paying her £10 a week for the charge of the housekeeping, besides £18 paid to Sir William Hull for sugar and other provisions.

It was no wonder that the old Earl had broken down

under the humiliation that Strafford had heaped upon him, but the care of his children and his own wonderful constitution triumphed over the paralytic seizure. He was of tougher fibre than that proud Earl of Clanrickard who had not survived the mortification of his defeat by the Deputy. The Earl of Cork had been taught endurance by many years of struggle, and in an astonishingly short time the irrepressible old man was once again plunging into the life of business and politics as though age and sickness had no power over him. If we had no other records to tell of the Earl's recovery, the housekeeping accounts speak plainly enough, for from £10 a week during the enforced quiet of his invalid days the household expenses sprang to £200 a week in the year 1639.

Even before his illness he had realised that Ireland was not large enough to hold both the great Lord Deputy and the great Earl of Cork, and had sought for an English place of refuge beyond the reach of Strafford's heavy hand. From this time forward his thoughts were chiefly turned towards the estate in Dorset which he decided to purchase from Lord Castlehaven.

This estate was near Sherborne, the castle where Raleigh had lived in the days of his prosperity, and that had now passed into the hands of that wise Lord Bristol who had been Ambassador at Madrid. Lord Bristol was exactly the old-fashioned type of politician that suited Lord Cork's taste, and he was also the kinsman of Cork's son-in-law Lord Digby, so there can be little doubt it was with the advice of this sage friend that the Earl selected the Manor House of Stalbridge for his English home, and prayed in his diary—

‘God of Heaven bless me in this my first English purchase.’

The purchase cost him £5000, paid in instalments, and at one time he feared it might prove even more costly, as the widowed Lady Castlehaven refused to consent to her son's sale of the estate, without a present to herself of one hundred pieces. Lord Cork seems to have had a particular objection to paying dower on his land purchases, and was disposed to do as he had so often done in Ireland, buy the land as a speculation, on the chance that Lady Castlehaven would give way, when it was discovered that the Countess had already resigned her right of dowry from Stalbridge, and the purchase was completed without any more ado.

In August 1637, having hunted the old man well-nigh to death, the Lord Deputy graciously signified that Lord Cork might crawl into a corner and be at peace, and signed a warrant granting him leave for an unlimited stay in England, carrying with him out of Ireland twelve saddle horses and twelve post horses. But the great Earl of Cork had no mind to hurry out of the country as though he were an escaping criminal: he spent a whole year in setting his house in order, and then on the last day of July 1638 he left Lismore in his wonted patriarchal fashion. He had but one unmarried daughter to accompany him to England, for baby Peggie's short life was over. When Lettice Goring brought the motherless child from England in 1631, she was at once sent off to kind Lady Clayton, under the care of her maid, Nan Roseen, while Lady Kildare lent her own children's nurse to superintend the baby's journey; but she was a delicate little thing, and all their love only kept her alive for a few years. In 1637, Lord Cork wrote, 'Gave Dr. Higgins at Lismore £5 in gold to give physic to my daughter Peggie, which he never did.' And the following June is the entry, 'God called to His mercy, out of this world to a better,

my youngest daughter, the Lady Margaret Boyle, who departed this life in Sir Randall Clayton's house near Cork. Buried in Youghal.'

But now in 1638 Clayton was dead, and his widow was diminishing her establishment, so Mary Boyle returned to her father, and with Lord and Lady Barrymore and their three children, Peggy Sherlock, Lord Barrymore's sister, and Lord Kildare's little son and heir, sailed down the Blackwater to Ballynetra with Lord Cork. There they dined and took leave of the Smyths, and the same night they embarked at Youghal on the King's ship, *The Ninth Whelp*. The wind, however, was unfavourable, and the next day they came ashore again to sup with a friend, but the following morning they ventured to set sail, 'and, God be ever praised, had a very good passage and landed all safely at Bristol, August 4, and I gave the company of the King's ship £20, and to the Captain Owens a fair sword, a silver salt, and all that was left of a hogshead of claret wine.'

The day after their arrival being Sunday, they rested to praise God for their happy passage, and on the 6th of August they left Bristol at ten in the morning, the Earl riding on a gelding lent him by George Hillier, the merchant, who was now Sheriff of Bristol. 'And,' writes the Earl, 'came in good time to my house at Stalbridge in Dorset, being the first time that ever I saw the place. My son Dungarvan met me six miles on the road, and I found his lady and her daughters here before me, and Mr. Robert Christopher.' Strafford had certainly not succeeded in making an end of the Great Earl! The old man was now seventy-two years of age, and had been struck by paralysis, and yet he chronicles as a matter of course that he rode nearly sixty miles in one day.

Before Lord Cork fairly settled himself in his new home

he paid a hurried visit to London, to make sure that his position in England was secure. Sir Thomas Stafford had been almost his first guest in Dorset, and probably it was his advice that brought the Earl up to court, leaving home on the 9th of October 1638, in company with Barrymore and Dungarvan. They slept a night at Eton that Lord Cork might see his two boys, and the visit to town, though short, proved eminently satisfactory. Cork had a 'most gracious conference with his Majesty at Whitehall, who gave me a most comfortable acknowledgment of the many good services I had done his royal father and himself, especially for my acceptable discharge of the government of Ireland, which he would reward to me and my children. Then I had the like from my Lord of Canterbury, both in the hearing of the Lord Goring.'

Truly life is well compared to an April day: 'A little sun, a little rain!' Can any transformation scene be more abrupt than this, when my Lord of Canterbury is paying compliments to 'Old Cork'? And perhaps the strangest thing of all is to find Cork accepting all these fine phrases as genuine; but he knew they ought to be true, and therefore, with dignified self-respect, he assumed they were.

Indeed the old Earl's wisdom and urbanity plainly made a considerable impression on Laud, who wrote with surprise and pleasure to tell Strafford 'how discreetly and nobly the old man spake.' The relations between the Earl and Archbishop continued to be quite friendly, and when Laud was making great efforts to raise funds to restore old St. Paul's, Lord Cork sent 'thankful letters to my Lord of Canterbury, and £100 to present to him for the re-edifying of Paul's Church.' The money was delivered at Lambeth by Perkins the tailor, who usually acted as banker to the Boyle family. A true Londoner, Perkins had no love for the Arch-

bishop, and wrote a lively account of his proceedings to Lord Cork :—

‘I attended Sir T. Stafford to the Archbishop with £100, for so Sir Thomas would have it, and in a fair white purse presented it to his Grace, after that Sir Thomas had presented your Lordship’s services to him. He took it very *respectively*, and heartily thanked my Lord of Cork, and turning it out of the purse on the carpet, said, “A man may tell money after his father,” and so himself told it and found it to be £100 in fair gold, and put it up into his purse and so into his pocket, telling me that I should receive from him an acquittance for so much, but he was full of business for the present.’

Lord Cork had not been long at Stalbridge before he found the mansion was not large enough for his great family and overflowing hospitality, so he was able to indulge his Elizabethan passion for building with a clear conscience. He wrote to Monsieur Decon, a French architect belonging to my Lord Chamberlain, to ‘draw a plot for contriving my new intended building over the great cellar at Stalbridge.’ The architect was paid £5 for his plans, and the business of carrying them out was intrusted to a local builder, a ‘free-mason,’ Hyde of Sherborne.

We all know and admire the stately Jacobean stone mansions of the West of England, so it is curiously interesting to be actual spectators of the erection of one of these houses, and hear how the builder was paid £8 for eight round pillars with bases and capitals of Hampden stone to set up in the cellar and support the first floor, and that one great beam of twenty-four feet long cost forty shillings. The terrace before the hall door was to be closed in with a stone balustrade made of the same pattern as that of the staircase within the house, only three inches higher, cramped with iron, and the

balusters set so close that a dog could not creep through. The same balustrade was to rail in the raised way from the hall door to the front gate, the whole way to be paved with freestone after the fashion of Lord Bristol's at Sherborne.

The same builder was to put up chimney-pieces 'of Marnell quarry stone, with figures answerable or better than those already in the Earl's bedchamber,' and was to keep six masons at work till the building was complete. A skilled freemason of Bristol, Christopher Watts, was commissioned to make some finer chimney-pieces. A very superior one for the parlour was to reach up close to the ceiling, with the Boyle coat-of-arms on it, 'complete with crest, helmet, coronet, supporters, and mantling and footpace, fair and graceful in all respects,' costing £10. He was also desired to make twelve figures, each three feet high, to stand on the staircase; but there came to be a debate over the price of these, for the sculptor asked twenty shillings for each figure, and the Earl thought thirteen and fourpence would be enough. It was at last agreed that he should cut two sample figures, one of Pallas holding a shield, and one of the Earl's coat-of-arms, when it would be seen what the work was really worth.

In August 1639 the Earl was able to improve the approach to the house, by securing the life-estate of a poor woman 'in the cottage and garden adjoining my orchard wall, to lengthen the walk or career by me newly made and set with young elms, called William Sidenham's Walk,' no doubt the raised way that is elsewhere described as leading from the high road to the hall door, through an avenue of elm-trees.

The following winter the Earl had a bowling-green laid out, himself providing materials and carriage, and paying £70 in all to the workmen.

The garden was also newly stocked with fruit: Daniel

Sullivan of Berehaven sent Harvey apples and Bon Chrétien and Bergamot pears over from Kerry, and also for the shrubbery forty-four arbutus or cane apples, as they were usually called, four of which were presented to Lord Bristol, and four to his lordship's son-in-law, John Freke. Lord Cork had perhaps discovered and admired the arbutus trees of Kerry in his old campaigns under Carew; he certainly made a specialty of them, as they were among the first shrubs planted in his pleasure-grounds at Youghal, and when Ralph Verney wished to add some to his collection at Claydon, his cousin, Magdalen Falconer, wrote from Castle Lyons that none were to be got in that part of Ireland but from Lord Cork; but she made no doubt but to get some slips, and send them over at the proper time for planting, in the beginning of February.¹

The inside of the house at Stalbridge was not neglected, and orders were given to Mr. Spence at the sign of the Grasshopper to send from London a new red embroidered satin bed, and a tawny velvet carpet, chairs, stool, and couch. It is interesting to find that Cowper's pity in the *Task* for our sofaless ancestors was wasted, and the Earl of Cork at least possessed a velvet couch. The new satin bed also acquires fresh interest when we read that more material was provided for it than was wanted, and the piece of red satin over was given to Lady Mary Boyle as a New Year's gift to make her a waistcoat!

The house linen bought included 'two caddows for my servant, £10, 13s.' Caddo is the Irish name for a rough blanket, so it may be seen that the Earl could use an Irish word or two, even though an interpreter was present when he sat at Magistrates' meetings in Western Munster.

¹ *V. Mem.*, i. 29.

But Lord Cork did not wait till his house was beautified before filling it with guests. He did but rest two days after his arrival from Ireland before riding over to Sherborne to 'present my love and service to my noble friend the Earl of Bristol,' and in a few days' time the Earl of Bristol returned the visit, accompanied by his lady and his daughter-in-law, Lady Digby, 'daughter to my much-honoured Lord the Earl of Bedford,' Lord Cork is careful to note. On St. Bartholomew's Day the whole family from Stalbridge rode over to feast and pass two nights at Sherborne Castle; and then the lively old Earl went further afield for his junketing, for he rode with Barrymore, Dungarvan, his nephew Dick Power, and Mr. Christopher, to 'the Bath,' where they lay at the mayor's house, and on the 31st of August they rode on to Badminton, where the Countess of Ormond was staying, and spent the night there. They returned to Stalbridge on the 1st of September to find Lady Barrymore entertaining 'Sir Thomas Stafford, Sergeant Dendy and Mr. W. Perkins, Mayor, who came kindly purposely from London, to pay me a visit.'

It is perhaps fanciful to search for political intrigues in these friendly visits, but it is impossible to avoid noticing how Strafford's enemies were made welcome at Stalbridge; old Sir Piers Crosby, who had dared to speak his mind concerning the King's graces in the Irish Parliament, and had been clapped into prison by Strafford, paid Lord Cork a visit, and the Earl lent him twenty pounds in gold without any bond but his promise to repay it. Even Lord Mountnorris forgot his ancient squabbles at the Council table in Dublin Castle, and came to visit Lord Cork, and Lord Esmond was actually staying at Stalbridge when an officer arrived from Strafford to arrest him, when Lord Cork gave bail for his appearance, and

took Mountnorris and Esmond over to dine at Sherborne Castle. Men of all parties were glad to take counsel with the wise old Earl of Bristol; but when he in his turn invited Lord Cork purposely to meet Puritans such as Newport and Essex, we cannot but suspect that the talk was of more serious matters than apple-trees and terrace balustrades.

But plenty of cheerful visitors came to stay at Stalbridge whose coming had no political significance. Old 'Cozen Tompkins came out of Herefordshire purposely to visit me'; smart friends arrived from London, and grandchildren from County Cork who were scarcely younger than the Earl's youngest sons, and with the merry party overflowing from the great house into village lodgings and rooms at the rectory, the good old days began again, and the old Earl was once more the complacent provider, ruler, and counsellor of a tribe of relations and dependants. His niece, Dorothy Smyth, now married to the son of his old friend William Freke of Sareen, came over that her first baby should be born and christened at Stalbridge; and Dorothy's sister Kate, whom the Earl had married to his ward William Supple, was not long in following. Even Kate's foster-sister away in County Waterford could not get married without Lord Cork's help, and sent her brother all the way from Ireland to beg for a dowry, when Lord Cork directed that twenty pounds out of the forty due to him for rent should be made over to the bride for her fortune, and he gave her brother half a piece for his trouble and an order for a horse out of the horse-herd at Lismore.

A lady of higher rank sent over on much the same business. Sir John Leeke's widowed daughter Biddy Hals had promised Lord Cork she would not marry again without his approval, so although her suitor was Lord Cork's favourite gentleman, Tom Badnedge, she would not give him an

answer till she heard the old Earl's opinion. The match was not exactly a good one for her, as her position in the county would be lowered unless Badnedge were made a knight, while, as her father proudly wrote to his Verney cousins, she was 'well worth two hundred marks, her debts paid, and her child well provided for.' Evidently Lord Cork approved, and Biddy's ambition was conquered, and her father wrote, 'She will live happy, for she loves him.' Lord Cork made him Captain of the town guard at Youghal, but Sir John confessed that although the office 'was a credit, it was not a pound profitable.' But Badnedge also was granted favourable leases of lands about Tircullen, and the Earl bequeathed him an annuity of £20; he did not, however, live to be an old man, and Biddy had a third husband before she died.

Then Lord Cork, whose greatest joy in life was making up a match, had the pleasure of marrying his favourite niece, Kate Boyle, to William Tynte, the son of Sir Robert Tynte and Spenser's widow, 'and,' writes the Earl, 'my servant delivered her £50 to buy clothes and linen. The Great God of Heaven bless and prosper her with all happiness.' The wedding was at Stalbridge Church in August 1639, Lord Esmond and Sir Thomas Stafford and other fine folk being present. She had arrived at Stalbridge the previous spring, when Lord Cork had written with delight of 'Arthur Jones and my daughter Katherine his lady, and my niece Kate Boyle, who with their retinue were exceedingly welcome unto me.'

It was also not long before Lady Kildare arrived at Stalbridge, bringing the two youngest Boyles, Francis and Robert, for their holidays from Eton, and then Broghill and Kinalmeaky returned from making the grand tour with Mr. Marcombes, their tutor, who had been recommended

to Lord Cork by the great Provost of Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. Mr. Marcombes, Sir Henry had written, was 'by birth French, a native of the province of Auvergne, bred seven years in Geneva, very sound in religion and well conversant with religious men, furnished with good literature and languages, especially Italian, which he speaketh as promptly as his own, and will be a good guide to your sons in that delicate piece of the world. He seemeth in himself neither of a lumpish nor of a light composition, but of a well-trying mean.' Robin Boyle, who later on passed in his turn into Mr. Marcombes' hands, describes his tutor as 'a traveller and soldier, better read in men than in books, not wanting in scholarship, but hating pedantry as he did the seven deadly sins. He was thrifty, not from avarice, but from prudence, desiring to live handsomely all his life.'

In those days travelling was no easy or safe amusement even for wealthy young lords who had all the conveniences that money could supply, and the tour narrowly escaped a tragic termination, for the two Boyles and their cousin, Boyle Smyth, fell ill of a virulent type of small-pox at Genoa, and in spite of the tutor's devoted care young Smyth died. Mr. Marcombes' letters had given a vivid account of his difficulty in nursing the three boys, none of whom could understand a word said by their foreign doctors and servants, and of his endeavours to prepare Boyle Smyth for death. 'The end of his life,' said Mr. Marcombes, 'was not the end of my trouble, for I was afraid the Inquisition would seize upon him and ourselves,' and would send the corpse to be buried in the place where they bury their horses and their dogs. Mr. Marcombes could not even buy a coffin, and was driven to place his pupil's dead body in a trunk and pay a

mariner to carry it to sea and cast it overboard ten or twelve miles from land.

No wonder Lord Cork's heart overflowed with thankfulness when his boys came back to him, and he could write in March 1629 :—

‘This day, my true friend Sir Thomas Stafford brought me home to Stalbridge in health and safety my daughter the Lady Lettice Goring and my two sons, the Lord Viscount Kinalmeaky and the Lord of Broghill, with Mr. Marcombes their tutor. As they all departed from me together at Dublin, so God of His great goodness brought them back together to me this day, for which blessing may God make me and them thankful to His divine Majesty.’

Lady Dungarvan and Lady Barrymore shared the responsibilities of housekeeping for this large family, assisted by Thomas Langdale, Clerk of the Kitchen, and Thomas Cross the Steward. They were allowed £50 a week, out of which they were to pay 11s. to the stables, and were to have the produce of the lands and woods of Stalbridge, besides powdered beef, salt salmon, bacon, and stalled oxen brought from Ireland. There is something very stately in importing your own fat oxen as though you were merely sending for eggs from your poultry-yard !

With so many coming and going, £50 a week was found to be insufficient to carry on the house, and Lord Cork soon had to increase his daughters' allowance to £200 a week, paid beforehand.

The whole establishment reminds one of the housekeeping of the ‘old courtier of the Queen,’ who ‘kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate.’ But unlike the indulgent old master and mistress of the ballad, the old Earl knew very

well indeed 'what belonged to coachmen, footmen and pages,' and wrote down the rules for the government of his servants with his own hand.

'A FORM FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE EARL OF CORK'S
FAMILY AT STALBRIDGE.¹

- '1. First, All the Servants except such as are Officers or are otherwise employed shall meet every morning before Dinner, and every night after Supper, at Prayer.
- '2. That there be Lodgings fitting for all the Earl of Cork's Servants to lie in the house.
- '3. That it shall be lawful for the Steward to examine any Subordinate Servant of the whole Family concerning any Complaint or Misdemeanour committed, and to dismiss and put away any inferior Servant that shall live dissolutely and disorderly either in the House or abroad, without the especial Command of the Earl of Cork to the contrary.
- '4. That there be a certain number of the Gentlemen appointed to sit at the Steward's Table, and the like at the Waiter's Table, and the rest to sit in the Hall at the Long Table.
- '5. That there be a Clerk of the Kitchen to take care of such Provision as is brought into the House, and to have an especial eye to the several Tables that are kept either above Stairs, or in the Kitchen and other places.
- '6. That all the Women Servants under the Degree of Chambermaids be certainly known by their names to the Steward, and not altered or changed upon

¹ *Add. MSS.*, 19,832, f. 23.

every Occasion without the consent of the Steward, and no *Schorers*¹ to be admitted in the house.

- ‘7. That the Officers every Friday night bring in their Bills unto the Steward whereby he may collect what hath been spent, and what remains weekly in the House.

‘Indorsed : Thomas Cross his Orders for the Keeping of the House.’

The younger servants of the household were formally apprenticed to their trade ; a poor ragged boy, John Wilmot, was indentured for nine years to learn to become a cook, and a garden boy was indentured for five years, receiving £3 wages and a suit of clothes. The footmen received livery as well as wages, and the household musicians were dressed in scarlet.

With so many visitors to Stalbridge from London and Munster as well as from foreign countries, it soon struck Lord Cork’s country neighbours that he could conveniently be used as a banker. Wherever he was, the chief currents of life seemed to flow his way, and now in his retirement he noted ‘Mr. James Smith of Torrington hath this day, though I never knew him or heard of him before, brought me hither £200 with request to receive it and give him my bill of exchange to be repaid at Lismore, which I did,’ and two gentlemen going over to Munster to buy cattle gave him £100 to be repaid in Ireland on his bond.

And so the St. Luke’s summer of Lord Cork’s life set in, and after the season of visits and country rides came a jovial Christmas at Stalbridge, and a wonderful array of New Year’s

¹ Beggars ?

gifts ; Lady Dungarvan's gloves lined with marten's fur, and Lord Kildare's 'pantables overlaid with gold,' were chosen with kindly thought for the old Earl's comfort, and his lady friends overwhelmed him with home-made medicines. Lady Stafford sent a little bottle of spirits of amber, sovereign against the palsy, which the Earl's servant, William Chettle, was to keep in his charge. Lady Stafford also sent a bezoir stone, and the Countess of Kent three balls of cordial. The good Countess of Bristol bestowed on him a ball of country 'yeartar,' but this mysterious remedy is not further explained. Daniel O'Sullivan, however, took no thought of the wholesomes and sent a 'Runlet of pickled scallops,' but these Lord Cork passed on to the Countess of Manchester. Lady Stafford made preparation for the season's festivities and sent a bale of dice and a pack of cards, Lord Dungarvan gave his father a book called the *Practice of Piety*, and Lord Kildare presented his father-in-law with a fair Bible, a present he usually selected when he had been getting into trouble and was promising to reform. Some of the Earl's presents he passed on, as of old, to other friends ; 'a very curious French watch all enamelled,' that Lady Stafford sent him, he bestowed on his 'vocal wife, Lady Marie Fielding,' a young lady who seems to have held the position of the Earl's valentine.

The most serious New Year's presents were naturally those offered to Royalty, and in the low state of the King's finances these became less a present than a tax. The ubiquitous Mr. Perkins wrote to the Earl in January 1639 that having been to the court to present New Year's gifts to the King, 'the master of the jewel house told me it was expected from your Honour that you present the King as other Lords do. I demanded of him if any Earls of Ireland did it, he told me yes, and assured me that from My Lord of Cork it

was expected upon his own knowledge ; and further told me, he would see your Lordship had a bill of *impost* of eight tun of wine for your housekeeping. If your Lordship please to think well of it, it will be acceptable to the King, and the charge will be borne by the remuneration that his Majesty bestows upon you back again.'

CHAPTER XVIII

ETON GENTLEMEN

1635—1639

‘ While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply,
’Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty,
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign.’

GRAY, *Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College.*

It is to the Earl of Cork’s youngest son that we owe our knowledge of the Earl’s theory of education, for Robert Boyle himself, under the pseudonym of Philaretus, has left us a charming little sketch of his own youth.¹

He relates that his father had a perfect aversion for the prudence ‘that would breed children so nice and tender that a hot sun or a good shower of rain endangers them as though they were made of butter or sugar.’ ‘He therefore intrusted his children to country nurses’; that is to say, like most children of the time they were sent to the house of native foster-parents, where, as old Aubrey heard tell, Robert was ‘nursed Irish fashion, in a pendulous satchell instead of a cradle, with a slit for the child’s head to look out of.’

Many of the Munster gentry left their children so long with the foster-parents, that the little heirs grew up ‘sons of the soil,’ knowing nothing of the language or position of

¹ *Boyle’s Works*, i. 7-9; edit. 1774.



Robert Boyle.

their real parents ; but the Earl of Cork brought Robert home as soon as the time for lessons came, and he, with his three elder brothers, was educated by his father's chaplain, Mr. Wilkins, who taught him, he says, all the Latin he forgot at Eton, while French they learned from a French tutor who bore the strangely English name of Mr. François de Cary ! In 1631 Lord Cork presented this gentleman with a black silk cloak and suit lined with taffeta and laced with embroidered satin.

Robert says he ever reckoned it among the chief misfortunes of his life 'that he did never know her that gave it him.' 'Her free and noble spirit had a handsome mansion to reside in, making her so hugely regretted by her children and so lamented by her husband.' No doubt it was for want of his mother's care that little Robin, as he was called, got into a habit of stammering, picked up from mimicking some children with whom he played. He improved in 'smoothness of speaking' when he went to school, yet even after he had grown to be a big boy he was so unable to speak when excited that his tutor wrote 'he could scarce forbear laughing at him.'

But in all other respects Robin was a pride and delight to his father. He says himself he does not know if he was the favourite because he was the youngest, or if it was because he was not of an age to run into debt and trouble the Earl as his elder sons did. But he admits that his studiousness greatly endeared him to his father, who also was wont to say he never knew Robin tell a lie. Robert's own remembrance of one instance of his childish truthfulness is quite as pretty an anecdote as the threadbare tale of Washington's cherry-tree. He modestly tells it of himself in the third person.

'As there was scarce anything he more greedily desired than to know the truth, so there was scarce anything he more

perfectly detested than not to speak it ; which brings into my mind a foolish story I have heard him jeered with by his sister, my Lady Ranelagh, how she having given strict order to have a fruit-tree preserved for his sister-in-law, the Lady Dungarvan, he, accidentally coming into the garden and ignoring the prohibition, did eat half a score of them, for which he, being chidden by his sister Ranelagh, for he was yet a child, and being told by way of aggravation that he had eaten half a dozen plums, "Nay, truly, sister," answers he simply to her, "I have eaten half a score."

Lord Cork had sent his second and third sons to be educated at Trinity College, Dublin, but as he found the results anything but satisfactory, he decided that the two youngest boys should follow their brother-in-law Barrymore to Eton. He told of their departure from home in his diary for September 1635 : 'This day, the great God of Heaven bless, protect, and guide them, I sent my two youngest sons, Francis and Robert Boyle, with Carew their servant, under the charge of my servant, Thomas Badnedge, from Lismore to Youghal to embark for England to be schooled and bred at Eton, as my worthy friend, Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, shall direct and order, to whom I wrote for that purpose. I gave Badnedge £50 in ready money at his departure to defray their charges, and my letter of credit to the now Lord Mayor of London, to supply him with any monies he should demand, not exceeding £300, and I gave £3 to my sons.'

The little fellows, who were making their first venture from home, were aged twelve and eight. Robert remembered afterwards that they had to wait a week at Youghal for a favourable wind, and then on starting were beaten back again and had to wait yet another week before they could set sail.

They touched on their voyage at 'Ilford Combe' and Minehead, and landed safely at Bristol. On the 23rd of October their father chronicled, 'Badnedge delivered the boys to my worthy friend and countryman, Sir H. Wotton, and the tuition of Mr. John Harrison, chief schoolmaster. God bless and prosper them in true religion and learning.'

Sir Henry Wotton, the statesman and scholar, will be long remembered for his biting pun, that 'an ambassador was an honest man sent to lie abroad for his country's good.' His shrewd wit no doubt helped to endear him to the Earl of Cork, who loved a jest; but the two great men were especially drawn to each other as both had been born in Kent, Sir Henry, in his letters to Cork, constantly signing himself 'a humble devoted servant with the old Kentish plainness.' Wotton, it has been said, was not only a fine gentleman himself, but was also skilled in making others so; he was wont to pick out the most hopeful scholars under his care and have them to attend him at his meals, 'out of whose discourse and behaviour he gathered observations for the better completing of his intended work on education.'¹ The Boyle brothers were often honoured by the Provost's invitation to dine at High Table, where he took much notice of them, and was loath to have to tell Lady Dungarvan when her favourite, 'sweet spirited Frank,' was not in strong health.

Robert had but just reached the age when, according to the original statutes, students might be admitted to Eton. He and his brother were entered as commensals, that is to say, they received their education in grammar free with the scholars on the foundation, but paid for their other expenses. They dined in hall at the second table with the chaplain, the second master, or usher, and the 'upper clerks who were skilled in

¹ Walton.

chaunt.' They were waited on by the lower clerks and thirteen poor lads or servitors, who were being prepared to take holy orders or become transcribers of books. During dinner one of the scholars read aloud from the Bible or the Lives of the Fathers. After the Loving Cup had gone round, every one was commanded to leave the hall without loitering, for as the statutes wisely say, men are more quarrelsome on full stomachs than on empty ; but on saints' days and festivals there was a fire in hall, and the scholars and fellows were allowed to divert themselves with songs and other proper amusements, and to discuss poems and the wonders of the world.¹ Eton Montem was in full swing in those glorious days, and the boys had other festivals ; on New Year's Day, when they played for little gifts, and on Shrove Tuesday, when verses in praise of Bacchus were composed, a theme which some of the young poets found so inspiring that Mr. Pepys saw them fill up rolls of paper as long as the College Hall ! On May Day the Eton boys went out into the woods to fetch home branches of hawthorn, after the headmaster had solemnly cautioned them not to wet their feet ; and in September they all went out nutting, and brought home part of their spoils to offer to the masters.

The Boyles were known in college as 'a Boyle' and 'Boyle 1,' the latter being Robert. At this time many noblemen were taking advantage of the permission granted by the Eton authorities and were entering their sons as commensals. Among the Boyles' schoolfellows were Lord Henry Ker, Lord Mordaunt, and the four sons of the Earl of Northampton. All the students, commensals as well as collegers, wore black frieze gowns, but Mr. Perkins sent down very gay clothes to be worn by Lord Cork's sons ;

¹ Maxwell Lyte, *Hist. Eton Col.*, 500.

possibly it was in the Montem procession, or on some holiday junketing up to London to visit Lord Dungarvan, that Francis and Robert appeared in their scarlet suits with laced bands, or glittered in cloth of silver doublets.

The commensals did not live in Long Chamber with the collegers, but had rooms in the house of the Provost or one of the Fellows, which they furnished themselves and where they were waited on by their own servants. The heir of Lord Tyrone had come to Eton attended by a regular suite, but the Boyles appear to have been content with the services of young Cary or Carew, who was half tutor, half valet, and altogether scamp.

Robert Boyle soon became a great favourite with Mr. Harrison, the headmaster; in his autobiography he relates that Mr. Harrison 'would often dispense with his attendance at school at the accustomed hours, that he might instruct him privately in his chamber,' and 'would often, as it were, cloy him with fruit and sweetmeats and those little dainties that age is greedy of, that by preventing the want, he might lessen both the value and the desire of them. He would sometimes give him unasked playdays, and often bestow on him such balls and tops and other implements as he had taken away from others that had unduly used them.'

It speaks highly for Robert's natural amiability and modesty that he was not spoilt by this unusual notice from the headmaster, and the charm which he always exercised over those who knew him seems to have prevented any jealousy on the part of his schoolfellows, so that even Francis did not rebel when his small brother gravely 'exhorted' him to be industrious over his lessons! Probably Robert's own strong sense of humour saved him from becoming too hopeless a little prig.

The first letter from this most indulgent of headmasters to the Earl of Cork is dated October 19, 1635, and sealed with the familiar legend 'Floreat Etona.'

'RIGHT HONOURABLE,—There were brought hither to Eton the second of this present October, two of your honour's sons, Francis and Robert, who as they endured their journey both by sea and land beyond what a man would expect from such little ones, so since their arrival here, the place hath seemed to agree wondrous well with their tempers, and I hope they will grow every day more and more in a liking and love of it. The care of their institution Mr. Provost hath imposed on me, by his favour the Rector at the present of this school. I will carefully see them supplied with such things as their occasion in college shall require, and endeavour to set them forward in learning the best I can. And so, forbearing to be any further troublesome to your Lordship at this time, I rest, your honour's humble servant, JOHN HARRISON.'

Francis also wrote to tell his father of their arrival. His beautifully written epistle is dated the 17th of October. It is as formally correct as any good little boy's letter could be, and he loved letter-writing as little as any other schoolboy. Fortunately Cary had an Irish readiness of pen and tongue, and lightened the task of correspondence for his two charges.

'Francis Boyle to his father, October 17, 1635 :—

'DEAR FATHER,—With bended knees and hearty prayers I importune the Almighty for a long continuance of your health and happiness, and that I may not be deprived of so great a felicity as your blessings, which I do most earnestly crave: and as for news which your Lordship will expect from me, I have scarce any, but some things which I observed in

my travels which I will leave to the bearer's relation, in regard I am incited by my school exercise. Only I must humbly entreat your Honour to take notice of this kindness of Sir Henry Wotton toward us, and how lovingly he did entreat us and entertained us this first day of entrance at his own table. He hath also lent us a chamber of his own with a bed furnished, afore our own will be furnished, all which I leave to your Lordship's consideration.

‘We are much bound to the young Lords, and especially to the Earl of Peterborough's son, with whom we dine and sup. My other occasions call me away, therefore I beg pardon for not imparting more of my mind, but must remain your most obedient son to command,

FRANCIS BOYLE.

‘We have been kindly used by Mr. Badnedge in all our travels, and he sent us linen after our coming here, for which we are much bound unto him.’

Francis having evidently exhausted his stock of elegant phrases in this epistle, left it to Cary to give all the real information about their position, as follows :—

‘Robert Cary to the Earl of Cork. October 19, 1635 :—

‘I pray deliver this in the sign of the Ship in Fleet Street at Mr. Perkins' house to be conveyed to Ireland by Mr. Badnedge or his man.

‘RIGHT HONOURABLE,—Whereas I am hereunto induced by the importunateness of my masters, I do not only implore your honourable acceptance, but beg a pardon for so high a presumption. . . . They are very well beloved by their civil and transparent carriage towards all sorts, and especially my sweet Sir Robert, who gained the love of all. Sir Harry

Wotton was much taken with him for his discourse of Ireland and of his travels, and he admired that he would observe or take notice of those things that he discoursed of. He is mighty courteous and loving towards them, and lent a chamber furnished, until we could furniture so their own chamber ; we enjoy it yet, which is a great favour ; and did invite my masters to his own table several times. Thanks be to God they're very jocund, and they have a studious desire whereby in short time they will attain to learning. They have very careful and reverend masters. It is their only grievance to be exempted from your Lordship's sight and the society of their brothers and sisters.

'Touching my masters' essence, they dine in the hall with the rest of the boarders, where sit the Earl of Southampton's four sons, the Earl of Peterborough's two sons, with other knights' sons. They sit promiscuously, not observing of any place or quality, and at night they sup in their chambers, but my masters, in regard our chamber is not furnished, do sup with my Lord Mordaunt, the Earl of Peterborough's son, where they are most kindly entertained, but we have our own commons brought thither ; yet they take it a great kindness to be so lovingly used, they are very familiar with one another. And, my Lord, there is to be observed the fasting nights, whereupon the college allow no meat, Fridays and Saturdays. We must upon those nights have the cook's meat, which is sometimes mighty dear, for we must have his own rate, not the college price, as also for breakfast, for every day they have a poor breakfast at two pennys apiece. This will come to money, beside their chambers, accoutrements and clothes which your Lordship must furnish them withall.

'The school exercise would admit no vacancy (vacant time to write) for my master Robert to present his duty to your

Honour, for they are up every morning at a half-hour before six, and so to school to prayers, and their hours for writing be these, from nine to ten in the morning and from five to six in the evening.'

It will be noticed how much finer the servant's language is than that of the Earl and his friends: 'my masters' essence' is worthy of Dogberry himself.

He writes again a little later to tell more of their doings. His description of Robert's theatrical debut reminds us that plays were part of the usual festivities of an Eton Christmas, and a box of players' clothes kept in the masters' room. The plays were usually in Latin, but sometimes a witty English piece was chosen.¹

Cary mentions that he had been alarmed about his employer's health by the 'relations of malicious informers,' two Irish vagabonds having spread a report that Lord Cork was dangerously ill. 'I concealed it from my masters, but at last they had some intelligence of it which made them much to lament if I had not encouraged them, for my hope was in the Almighty whose favour I perpetually wish unto your Honour in soul and body. . . . As for my masters' private and public devotion, their civil and courteous carriage towards all men accordingly, their neatness in apparel, combing, and washing, and my tender care of their health and prosperity in learning and all other noble education, I leave to the approbation of their noble friends Sir Harry Wotton and Mr. Harrison, whose vigilant care over them requires no less than your honourable favour, and my masters do in all matters obey and observantly perform their mandates. . . . They will neither chop nor change a book nor any thing that is theirs

¹ Maxwell Lyte.

without my consent, who will not see any disadvantage or deceit used against them. . . . Mr. Francis is grown mighty tall since he came hither and very proportionable in his limbs, graciously imitating that brave patron of virtue my Lord Dungarvan, more and more ; he is not so much given to his books as my most honoured and affectionate Mr. Robert, who loseth no hour without a line of his idle time, but on schooldays he doth compose his exercises as well as them of double his years and experience. They are under the tuition of the usher in regard they were placed in the third form ; a careful man he is, yet I thank God I have gained their love so far that I can get them to do more than their school exercise in the chamber, and am authorised to do so by Mr. Harrison, who sees that they do so with much willingness and facility. They write every day most commonly a copy of the French and Latin besides their versions and dictaments [dictations?] more than any two of their rank in the school can do. They practise the French and Latin, but they affect not the Irish notwithstanding I show many reasons to bind their minds thereto. Mr. Robert sometimes desires it and is a little entered in it. He is grown very fat and very jovial and pleasantly merry, and of the rarest memory that I ever knew ; he prefers learning afore all other virtues or pleasures. Mr. Provost doth admire him for his excellent genius. He was chosen in a play the 28th of November. He came upon the stage ; he had but a mute part, but for the gesture of his body and order of his pace he did bravely. . . . Mr. Francis is sickly, which is a grievous thing for me to relate, but praises be to God, it's no vehement sickness whereat your Lordship should conclude any grief. It did proceed from a cold that he took in school, for his clothes are very little for him, he growing so, blessed be God. And he writ divers times to

Mr. Perkins for a new suit, yet we can see none come, for Mr. Badnedge told him they had sufficient clothes as he doth allege, which was an ungrateful office. His sickness continueth these sixteen days, yet did not hinder him of writing and studying in his chamber, being kept warm. He is very pleasant and merry and wants no kind of attendance nor comfort and good counsel from Sir Harry Wotton. . . . Sir Harry Wotton hath made choice of a very sufficient man¹ to teach them to play on the viol and sing; he doth also undertake to help my master Robert's defect in pronounciation, which is a principal reason that they should bestow any hours in that faculty, for it is a thing that elevates the spirits and may hinder their proceedings in matters of greater moment. Here are two Frenchmen, the one waiting on one of Lord Dover's sons, the other on the Earl of Northampton's sons, and men of good life and conversation, and God being pleased I shall make choice of one with Mr. Provost's approbation after Christmas; in the meantime they shall do as they did hitherto, read a chapter most commonly every night in a French testament afore they go to bed, besides their private prayers. I get the one to read in the English testament and th' other in the French, and so mutually as may appear. God forbid that I would relate anything to my most honoured Lord and best benefactor but the plain truth. Mr. Badnedge kept a Bible that the virtuous Lady Dungarvan sent to my master Francis, which I am nothing capable of.'

Probably the other members of the Earl of Cork's household felt some jealousy of his Lordship's prime favourite, Badnedge, and Cary never let slip a chance of a sly hit at him. A little later on Lady Dungarvan and Lady Barrymore were of the same way of thinking, and got their housekeeping

¹ Said in a letter of Sir Henry's to be the Master of the Choristers.

accounts into sad confusion through their dislike to employing the paragon Badnedge.

It will be seen that the boys took private lessons in French and music, the regular school-work being of course classical. They used the time-honoured grammars which have survived to the present day, the Eton Greek grammar having been introduced by Wotton's predecessor, Savile, and the Eton Latin Grammar having been compiled by the famous Lilly in the time of Henry VIII. Robert remembered that it was his chance reading of Quintus Curtius that 'conjured up in him that unsatisfied appetite of knowledge that is yet as greedy as when it first was raised.'

The exact order of the day's study in the seventeenth century has not been recorded, but in the conservative Royal College it probably varied little from the routine in Elizabeth's day, when the boys rose at five, and at six o'clock the usher read prayers in school. At seven the headmaster came in, and work went on till nine, when there was an hour's interval before ten o'clock chapel, and probably the boys breakfasted, as Cary mentions Robert having once made himself ill by going to church without his breakfast. At eleven o'clock came dinner, and at noon they went into school again till three, when there was an hour's play, known to-day as 'after four.' Then came an hour's work, and supper at five. Preparation lasted from six to eight, relieved by a 'bever' of bread and beer at seven, and all went to bed at eight.

In January Cary explains that he cannot give an exact account of the boys' yearly expenses, as 'I was not thereto authorised by Mr. Badnedge who had power from your Honour to manage all my masters' affairs,' but he has entered all the expenses he knows of in his book. The list of necessities for the schoolboys is rather interesting. Mr. Perkins supplied

the bedding, 'one fleild bedd' (perhaps camp bed?), 'curtains and valance of blew perpetiana,' a feather bed, bolster, two pillows, four pillow covers and two pairs of sheets. One rug, two blankets, two table cloths and a dozen of diaper dinner napkins, the latter very needful as no forks are given in the list. Two knives, two spoons, a tankard, a salt cellar, and two pewter porringers and a dozen trenchers furnished their table, with three pewter dishes bought by Mr. Harrison. Their bedroom also was supplied with a looking-glass and six towels, a brush and two wooden combs, two stools, two chairs, a carpet 'suitable to the bed,' fire-irons, shovel and tongs, bellows and snuffers. Mr. Cary had a flock-bed, a bolster, two coarse pairs of sheets, a rug and two blankets, and doubtless slept on a truckle bedstead in the corner of his young masters' chamber.

The commons were at the rate of five and sixpence a week, besides the extra suppers on fasting nights, which possibly varied according to the chances of getting fish. Their breakfasts were fourpence a day, the washing sixteen shillings a quarter. Rent of chamber £5 a year. Wood and coals are a heavy item, Mr. Harrison laid out thirty-four and sixpence on them. 'Candles I received from Mr. Harrison sixteen pound, and thinks myself very sparing in not spending more, for this month past was an expensive time for candles, by reason of a sport they use in the hall every night and every recent [comer] must find candles. For my masters, a half pound every night and on play nights a whole pound. For their tuition the ordinary custom is ten shillings a piece, yet they leave it to your honourable bounty.'

When Lent came the boys boarded at the usher's in the town at seven and sixpence a week apiece, for no meat was dressed in the college in Lent. 'Mr. Provost bids that they

and the Lord Mordant should dine and sup together and I will not be against it, but I know there may be something saved without any prejudice to their honour if they had been private in their own chamber.'

Cary writes, Feb. 29, 1636, to 'inform your Lordship in some measure' of the boys' dispositions.

'Mr. Francis, who is endued with the excellentest disposition that was created in man, even his meekness of heart causeth such a bashfulness in him that he is not able to make any outward expression of his good intention to anybody—he hath indeed diverse times hidden from me, who am his most humble respective and transparent servant, those things that would be better discovered, as being in a fit of extreme pain he concealed it from me for no other reason as he afterwards confessed, but because I took it so grievously, and told me if he had seen me cry it would add to his grief. . . . He is grown in tallness very much, and straight but poor in body. He is of sweet and decent carriage, comely in visage and a lover of pious books and of the scripture. He is active in his recreating exercises, in which Mr. Provost commends him and exhorts him thereunto for his bodily health, provided it be at his spared hours. He loves learning, but he is much inferior to Mr. Robert's virtue, an please your Honour. His body is soon distempered either with the alteration of diet or by crossing his good nature, which I, to prevent those motives and his inclination to melancholy, do endeavour to keep him in a temperate diet, and I spoke to his tutor to use a cherishing not a severe way in his teaching, which he hath very well observed, howbeit there was no occasion to the contrary, yet his tutor's love and affability did encourage him to perform his exercises. He is of a quite apprehensive wit, yet all his delight is in hunting and horsemanship, from which desire

Mr. Robert often dissuades him, and exhorts him to learning in his youth, for, saith he, there can be nothing more profitable and honourable, and in such a manner that your Lordship would admire of it, or think it incredible what flowing virtues my poor wit can find in him. He is wise, discreet, learned and devout, and not mere devotion as is accustomed in children, but with all sincerity he honours God and prefers Him in all his actions. He is of a fair amiable countenance, grown much in thickness and tallness and very healthful. Praised be God, during his residence here he had but one fit of sickness, which came by a casualty, not any innate infirmity. The 10th of January he took a conceit against his breakfast, as he is always curious of his meat, and would go fasting to church. It being a cold morning the piercing air entered into his tender stomach and caused a grievous griping for the space of two days, and Mr. Provost would have him take physic ; but I was against it, and desired respite till next day, and in the mean space he was well recovered, thanks be to God, and continues, still increasing in virtues. His delight is in his learning, and as well in all other noble faculties, for he takes no delight in playing with boys nor running abroad but when I wait on him, and to talk Latin he hath much affected. This quarter he learned to play on music and sing, but he could not proceed far, for his teacher had much employment abroad in the country this quarter. My most honourable Lord, what a happiness it is to me to see how lovingly they live together that never yet two ill words pass between them, which is rare to see, and especially when the youngest exceeds the eldest in some qualities. Then most commonly there is an emulation between them, as I see in this college between two brothers and nobleman's sons ; there is such envy between them always that their servants cannot live quietly for them, but the peace

of God is with my masters : they live in such natural fraternity and amity that all the college of all degrees take notice of them, and as well for that as for their brave courteous carriage to all men, they are highly respected and well beloved. And there passed some discourse at these grave fellows' table of the college boarders how they behaved themselves, and the Vice-provost, which is my masters' landlord, protested that never he saw sweeter nor civiller gents in the college than Mr. Boyles. . . . I could not get Mr. Francis to write this time, for he alleges that his hand shakes as it did at the writing of his last letter, and my Master Robert's thumb is sore, wherefore he could not write.' . . . And so their 'humble respective and transparent servant' had to do his best to fill the gap, and please all parties.

Robert said in after days that he had never cared much for games, excepting tennis and mall ; the little philosopher would not condescend with Gray's schoolboys 'to urge the circle's rolling speed,' although he did 'chace the flying ball.'

The Eton boys of the time had Christmas holidays extending from the 20th of December to Shrove Tuesday, but it does not appear that many of them went home. In the summer the scholars 'being carried away by the desire of visiting their parents and friends' were permitted by the rules to take a holiday of three weeks from Ascension Day to the eve of Corpus Christi.¹ At the time the Boyles came to Eton the summer holidays had grown to be a month in length, and the journey to Ireland was too adventurous a one to be lightly undertaken, so the good Provost had to arrange where Francis and Robert should spend their vacation. He wrote to their father in June 1636 :²—

¹ Maxwell Lyle, 141.

² *L. P.*, ii. 3. 262.

‘ . . . Concerning the two nearer pledges of your trust under my care, I received some days since from my Lady Goring, their sister, some few lines expressing a desire to have them with her at this time of our vacation, when our school breaketh up two weeks before Whitsuntide and pieceth again a fortnight after, which just and kind motion was to be an absolute command. And so I sent them to her at Lewes in Sussex, together with the Captain of our school, a well-learned and well-tempered boy, whose friends dwell in that shire, so as he may serve them both for a good guide and companion. It will be a solace for my Lady, and for them a fine refreshment. And I am glad to tell your Lordship that she will see Frank in better health and strength than he hath been in either kingdom before. And Robert will entertain her with his pretty conceptions now a great deal more smoothly than he was wont. We expect them both again under God’s favour on Saturday come seven night.’

Cary wrote on the 9th of June to describe the holidays at Lewes. ‘The boys,’ he says, ‘have been this vacation with their dear sister, where there was nothing wanting to afford a good and pleasant entertainment, if my honourable Lady had not been visited with her continual guest, grief and melancholy : which is incurable while she lives among those unhappy plants which yield her nothing but vexation of mind, yea, have already sucked from her all comfort. My wit is not able to make a full relation of her estate, but my mind is capable of grief to know the truth of it. She prays incessantly that she may enjoy your honour’s presence here, as there. My masters did comfort her as much as they could, but her languishing heart could not receive much comfort, so that it made them cry often to look upon her. They were, since 8th of May until the 7th of this present, being

admonished by Sir H. Wotton, their tutor and schoolmaster, who went all into the country this breaking time, to recreate themselves in the country at their pleasure : and it was not without some relation to the book, for most commonly every morning they compose a piece of Latin, and sometimes they write verse, but the rest of my Master Robert's time was employed in reading some pleasant history, wherein he takes no small delight, and reaps thereby much profit, for what he reads takes such impression in him that it cannot easily get away, and not only the method, but the same phrase, he runs without book.'

Unless the neighbourhood of Lewes was still a primæval forest, it is difficult to imagine what 'unhappy plants' Cary alluded to. It is just possible however that he wrote 'plaints' for 'complaints,' and Dr. Grosart failed to decipher the abbreviation. 'The pleasant histories' to which Cary alludes were doubtless *Amadis de Gaul* and other romances which Robert had been given to read, to while away the hours when sick with the ague. In later life he considered that he had wasted too much time over such idle reading; it may seem to us that it was not entirely waste of time to cultivate the imagination of which he afterwards made such a 'scientific use,' but he declares these 'fabulous and wandering stories' so unsettled his mind that he became unable to fix it on any work, and only succeeded in curbing his volatile fancy by extracting cube and square roots and working at algebra.

This ague Robert had caught during a visit to Lord Dungarvan in London, which seems at that time to have been as constantly the home of malaria as of the plague. All that the doctors could prescribe had no effect, and even the Queen's physician could only suggest his being sent back

to Eton to try the effect of good diet and good air. But the sweet air of the playing fields did not restore little Robert to health, and he suffered many things from his doctor and grew no better, till at last his cure was worked by a happy accident. A good-natured maid heard him lamenting bitterly over the nauseous medicines with which he was drenched, and was so moved that she secretly threw away the potion, and filled up the bottle with the syrup of stewed prunes. As Robert was convinced that physic must needs be loathsome, he heroically swallowed down the syrup, and never realised that it had been changed till the maid 'acquainted him with the cozonage,' when, whether it was his mirth that cured him, or whether the ague had worn itself out, he could never say, but from that hour he completely recovered. It would have been but fair if the maid had had the fee, but Robert proceeded with due formality to 'thank and reward the physician,' and although he found it very difficult to keep his countenance when the doctor laid all the credit of his recovery to the last prescription, he enjoyed tricking the learned man as thoroughly as any 'lower boy' would to-day.

He had good reason for disliking medicine ; once he was given a wrong one by mistake, and very nearly died of the blunder. Nor was this his only escape ; once when out riding his horse threw him and trod upon him, and one night he and Francis narrowly missed being crushed to death, for the wall of their chamber fell in, half burying them in falling rubbish mixed with the furniture and books from the room above. Fortunately 'a lusty youth' who was sitting talking with Francis by the fire, pulled him out of the ruins, while Robert, who was in bed, had the presence of mind to wrap his head in the sheet, which 'served as a strainer for the dust and

preserved him from suffocation.' We must not for a moment think that the little philosopher was frightened and hid his head under the bed-clothes!

But other and worse dangers lay in wait for the two boys, of which unsuspecting Sir Henry Wotton knew nothing. In some way or other Lord Cork's suspicions were aroused, and he began to doubt whether Cary, for all his warm heart and elegant epistolary style, was quite a satisfactory companion for the children. He wrote to ask Sir Henry's opinion, but Cary seems to have known how to get round the excellent Provost, who answered, 'We are all here so well persuaded of young Mr. Cary's discretion and temper and zeal in his charge and in the whole carriage of himself, as it will be hard to stamp us with any other impression, yet because your Lordship's letter was so confident, I bestowed a day in a little inquisitiveness, and found indeed that between him and a young maid, daughter to our undertaker (and I do not altogether, I must confess, think unhandsome, nor so far otherwise as she thinks herself) there had passed long since certain civil, which she was content to call amorous, language.' The Provost had evidently learned the maxim '*Cherchez la femme*,' as he laid all the blame of the flirtation on the undertaker's conceited daughter. He continued warmly, 'Truly there cannot be a more tender attendant about your sweet children, insomuch as when Frank was sick of no deep infirmity, [when] he was out of his sight [there was nothing] but tears distilling, no doubt from a good nature.'

Alas! the boys could have told a different story. Robert related afterwards that Cary 'wanted neither vices, nor cunning to dissemble them, especially he had a dotage upon play which brought him into ill company and other excesses.'

In August 1638, as soon as Lord Cork arrived in England,

Lady Kildare brought down Francis and Robert to spend their summer holidays in their new Dorset home, and then their father discovered that Cary was indeed not a man to be trusted with the care of the boys, and that Eton was doing no good to either of them. Frank had been induced, either by Cary or by an Italian servant of the Provost's, to back a bill, while a new headmaster had replaced kind Mr. Harrison, and Robert's progress in learning had suffered in consequence. Lord Cork did not take long in making up his mind that his sons' Eton days must come to an end. We do not hear how he broke the decision to the good old Provost, we only hear abruptly that he halted at Eton on the 23rd of November on his way home from London, 'Whence I took my two younger sons, for whose expenses for three years for diet and tutorage and apparel I paid £914, 3s. 9d.' Mr. Harrison, who still had some connection with Eton, was asked to send their bed-linen and furniture down into the country, and their school life was at an end.

Cary went abroad, and the last we hear of him is from Mr. Marcombes, the tutor of Lewis and Roger, who came on the foolish young Irishman in Paris, 'in poor equipage,' and gave him twenty-five French livres to bring him home.¹

Francis and Robin's education was carried on by the clergyman at Stalbridge, Mr. Douch, who received them and their servant into his house for fifteen pounds a quarter. Mr. Douch 'instructed them with care and civility,' and Robert recovered his Latin, which he had almost forgotten under 'the new rigid fellow' who had replaced his beloved Mr. Harrison. He now began to write Latin verse and prose, and also had lessons in singing and instrumental music.

But the next summer a glorious prospect dawned before

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 217.

the school-boys. Their three elder brothers were riding to join the King's expedition against the Scots, and Lord Cork seriously thought of letting Francis and Robert also offer their swords for his Majesty's service. It was characteristic enough that the Earl should be proud to show, that he not only had gold to give to his King, but that he had bred up five noble sons to serve him, even though Robin's twelve years' old arm could hardly yet 'lay on like a butcher' in the royal cause.

But alas! Francis fell ill, and Robin was needed by his playfellow, and to their desperate disappointment the two saw their elder brothers ride away without them. But Robin consoled himself, and in after years would often recall that ideally happy summer in green Dorset. His father trusted him with the keys of all his orchards and fruit gardens, but what the boy loved best was to steal away alone into the woods and meadows, and there weave day dreams of romance, where no doubt the comrades of Amadis of Gaul mingled with half-remembered heroes of Irish nursery lore. Who knows what sweet influences those peaceful days may have shed over Robert's future life? Perhaps among the horrors of war, or the tawdry gaiety of the Restoration court, he found that even kind Mr. Harrison's lessons were less inspiring than those he had learned when

‘His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.’

CHAPTER XIX

SAVOY WEDDINGS

1638—1640

‘Paint to her mind the bridal state,—
That bluff King Hal the curtain drew,
And Catherine’s hand the stocking threw.’

Marmion.

FOR ten months Lord Cork enjoyed the company of all his children, and was able to devote himself with undisturbed satisfaction to negotiating weddings, and selecting the carvings for his new staircase.

But elsewhere history was being made, and the discontent that was simmering throughout all the three kingdoms came to a head in Scotland, where a General Assembly established Presbyterianism, and all classes united in opposing the Crown, and in signing a solemn Covenant to withstand the religious innovations advocated by the King and Archbishop Laud. Lord Cork had little sympathy with such irregular methods of supporting national liberties, and writes on the 27th of April 1639 : ‘This day his Majesty left the court and began his journey from Whitehall toward York to reduce his rebellious subjects in Scotland, wherein I beseech God to bless his army.’

Dungarvan instantly offered to raise one hundred men for the royal service. The old Earl was not much pleased at his usually docile son making such an independent move ‘without

his privy,' but after a little grumbling he consented to advance the necessary £2000 for equipping the troop, on the understanding that Dungarvan should repay it, with interest, to the two daughters of Lord Barrymore, the two daughters of Lord Digby, and Katherine Tynte, for whose portions it had been laid by.

Although he did not care to have his hand forced, the Earl was ready enough to do his duty to his sovereign, and proposed, as has been told already, to send all his five sons to serve under the royal banner; but Francis falling ill, he and Robert were kept at home and given the keys of the Stalbridge fruit-gardens to console them for the laurels they might not gather on the Scottish border.

On the 4th of May, Lord Cork writes: 'This day my son Dungarvan's waggon and carriages began their journey from Stalbridge to go to his Majesty's camp at Newcastle or York. God speed them well to return. Dick Power, Dungarvan's coronet of horse, arrived at Minehead out of Ireland yesterday and came this night to Stalbridge, leaving the horsemen and horses to come hither after him.' The Earl had bought saddles, horses, and armour of proof for 'Lewis and Hodge,' and his list of accoutrements ends with the prayer, 'The God of Heaven bless, guide, and protect them. God, I beseech Him, return them safe, happy, and victorious to my comfort. I have promised to allow each of them, besides their own and their servant's diet, £500 apiece in money for apparel and charges.' And so, on the 9th of May the old man's three sons rode away to the north, Dungarvan mounted on his father's own saddle-horse, Grey Coote, Broghill on Grey Muskerrey, and Kinalmeaky on Bay Eddow, a horse bred no doubt by Lord Cork's servant John Eddow.

Perkins commented with cynical freedom on the young lords' departure, 'It were best for them to be with your Lordship at Stalbridge, for nothing is to be had of them [the Scots] but knocks, and ragged knaves if they will not be ruled, as I hope there will never be blood drawn in the quarrel.'

Lord Barrymore hurried back to Munster to beat up recruits for a regiment of foot among his tenants, but one young Irishman lingered on in London after the army had marched north, for in June Perkins reported that Lord Kildare was still in town, 'branching it out as brave as may be. I hear his lady sent him over £300 lately, and that is bravely bestowed and I believe gone; for some few days since I was at his Lordship's lodging to speak with Mr. Freke, and his Lordship asked me to furnish him with £1000. His garb that he lives in, never merrier, for he sings about the Strand as merry as mulled sack, and that the boys know well enough, for they flock about him. . . . This day a gentleman who is gentleman usher to the Duke of York showed me a pair of pistols that the Little Mad Lord gave the Duke not long ago, who makes excellent sport with him.'

Perkins was spiteful. Kildare might easily have been worse occupied than in sporting with the seven years old prince!

Dungarvan wrote on the 29th of May from Duddoe, near Berwick, to describe the march north to his father:—

'The King daily visits the camp, where his affability to the soldiers has gained their hearts; for he dines amongst them, and the other day marched eight miles with the foot, distributed his own dinner amongst the soldiers, and six or seven waggons of cold meat. He is truly infinitely careful in their accommodation, and grows daily expert in martial discipline.'

But no word came of battles fought and won, only rumours of the inexperience of the English army, and of astute negotia-

tion carried on by the Scots' leaders, and then, as Midsummer's Day dawned, the household at Stalbridge was awakened by the clatter of hoofs on the avenue and Broghill's voice as he sprang from his horse and shouted that he had ridden all night to bring the news of peace declared. Joyful as were the tidings, the old Earl's pleasure was a good deal dashed when he heard the terms granted by the King, that the Scots had been promised that all their grievances in matters ecclesiastical should be determined by an assembly of the Kirk, and in matters civil by the Scottish Parliament; and that the Assembly and the Parliament were already summoned for the following August, when the King himself would honour them by his presence.

Lord Cork confided to his trusted friend Lord Ranelagh that he could not but wish that the King's service had required his sons' longer stay in Scotland, 'and that his Majesty had not dissolved his army so soon, for it had been a more brave and safe work to have given them laws with an army and his sword drawn, than to have stood upon capitulations as this enclosed proclamation will show you to be the present case.'

Soon after George Goring arrived with his brothers-in-law at Stalbridge, and on the 23rd of August came Lord Barrymore and several of his officers, with heavy hearts enough, for, as Lord Cork explains, the King had only allowed £2000 to Lord Barrymore, for 'the expense of raising and bringing out of Ireland fifteen hundred Irish soldiers, to serve against the covenanting rebellious Scots. But the King having concluded a peace before they could come to his camp they were dismissed, with command to return to Ireland, to the great loss of Lord Barrymore, for to content them he was enforced to bestow more money among them than the King gave him.' Such was the royal gratitude to the poor chieftain of the

Barrys, for all his exertions in raising his regiment! What wonder that the Irish soldiers were discontented! The real wonder was that there should be any loyalty left in Ireland at all.

When his sons came back to him from the Scotch war, Lord Cork decided to emerge from his retirement and spend the winter of 1639 in London. There were many matrimonial projects on foot that aided in drawing him thither.

Sir Thomas Stafford had by this time married a court lady, the widow of Sir William Killigrew, and when the Staffords came to pay their summer visit to Stalbridge, they had brought with them Lady Stafford's daughter by her first husband, a pretty minx named Mrs. Betty Killigrew. Mrs. Betty, though little more than a child, was already a maid of honour, and her pretty face and her court graces quite turned the head of the gentle Eton boy, Francis Boyle. But this was all as it should be. Early in the summer Lord Cork writes that he and Lady Stafford had 'conferred privately between ourselves touching our children, and concluded'; and in September came royal letters urging the match, for Betty's father had been Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, and her Majesty was graciously desirous to support Lady Stafford's wishes.

Lord Cork had come to dislike boy and girl marriages, but Lady Stafford wrote very urgently to press that there should be no delay:—

'I have given the King and Queen a just relation of your favour to me and mine, and found them much pleased with it. . . . If there be no other goodness in this place but fair promises I am most unhappy, for my desire to serve you is beyond my expression, which your Lordship may easily

believe when you call to remembrance the noble way you have obliged me; wherein for ever I must study to deserve by being faithful to you and yours. And if your Lordship thinks fit, I beseech you send my dear Fs. straight away, for we long to see him; and your Lordship must resolve to be governed by the King and Queen, for they will have it at court, believing that to be the more honour for your Lordship; and now I have done, so you will pardon these lines, and believe me to be the humblest of your Lordship's servants,

MARY STAFFORD.'

Mary Boyle long afterwards described my Lady Stafford as a 'cunning old woman.' She certainly was an experienced woman of the world, who knew how to take advantage of every turn of court politics, and who had no intention of letting such a good match for her pretty daughter be lost for lack of hurrying matters on. But the old Earl was not easily to be talked over, and when Francis went up to town he carried a very serious and touching protest from his father to Lady Stafford.

'MY MUCH HONOURED LADY,—I will forbear all tedious discourse and lay all compliments aside, for that my intents to your Ladyship and yours are real, without any ceremonial mixture, and so the effects shall speak me, for I hold it the more essential part of an honest man to do their promises.

'I am satisfied and consequently most thankful for the noble offices you have vouchsafed me to his Majesty and his gracious queen, whose person I am obliged to honour, and to whose services my heart is devoted.

'I do now send the bearer to offer his service unto you, and to be commanded and governed by you. My faith

assures me that God gave him me that I might bestow him upon you, and so I do with all my heart and best blessing, desiring you to dispose of him for your own honour and his best advantage, and to remember that he was born upon the 25th of June 1623, and that he is now but upon the worst side of the sixteenth year of his age. And I intend to spare neither care nor charge to give him a noble breeding in foreign kingdoms ; and whether an unripe marriage may not hinder his corporal growth, or his proficiency in learning, or raise higher thoughts in him than to be ordered and governed by a tutor, I pray you to take into more than ordinary consideration, for I send him unto you as a silken thread to be wrought into what sample [sampler ?] you please, either flower or weed, and to be knotted or untied as God shall be pleased to put into your noble heart. Yet in my best understanding, a good and sure contract is as binding as a marriage, especially when all intentions are real as mine are and ever shall be, which are accompanied with a strong assurance that this child of mine will prove religious, honest, and just, though he be modest and somewhat over bashful, but good company and foreign travels will I doubt not in time breed greater confidence in him. What he is, is with himself and yours, and therefore I pray, guide him to the best improvement of himself and yours.

‘I will detain you no longer, for that I purpose very shortly to do myself the honour as to gain the happiness of waiting upon you, and in the mean time and ever, make it my suit unto you to esteem me as I am, your Ladyship’s most affectionate and humblest of your faithful servants,

R. CORK.’

The King and Queen, who looked on Mrs. Betty as a

pretty plaything, were eager to give her a gay wedding without delay, and Lord Cork's scruples had to give way to the obedience due to royalty.

The share of his Munster estates destined for Francis had already been settled by the septpartite conveyance, and now at the right moment an estate was offered for sale that would provide an English residence for the young couple near to Mrs. Betty's inheritance in Devonshire. Captain Arscott, the grandson of the last St. Leger of Annory, desired to sell that historic mansion near Bideford, and after some negotiations Lord Cork bought it for £5000. He wrote to Whalley at Lismore describing the new purchase as 'one of the goodliest houses in the western parts of England, and I can put my foot in a boat at Youghal and land at my own door. It is very well wooded and watered, with goodly gardens, orchards, and fisheries. It is nearer Youghal by many leagues than Mine Head, and the fittest place in all England for me, considering how my land lies in Ireland, and with what convenience all things may be brought from one house to another.' Although the estates were offered to Lord Cork in 1639, the purchase was not concluded till 1641, when Lord Cork calculated that the hop-gardens, fishings, lands, and woods were worth £3000 a year. On the 3rd of August 1641 he sent by carrier to Bristol, to be forwarded to Annory by boat, twelve 'back chairs' and twelve high stools of Turkey work, four feather beds, and two flock beds, with pewter, brass, and other necessities.

It may be suspected that even if he had not wished to get an English house for Francis, Lord Cork could not have resisted buying a place that charmed him so greatly; after living so long in the bustle of a seaport town, perhaps he grew a little weary of the 'sweet inland tones' of Stalbridge,

which in after years his son Robert described as a very hermitage of retirement.

With Frank's wedding in prospect, Lord Cork and his family prepared to leave Stalbridge, and take up their abode in the lodgings in the Savoy Palace which Carew had bequeathed to Sir Thomas Stafford. Francis was already there, with his brother Kinalmeaky and the Gorings, not a very staid party, and Sir Thomas Stafford hinted that Lord Cork would do well not to leave the young people too long to their own devices. He wrote from Whitehall on the 26th of August :—

‘MY LORD,—When I consider how ill arithmeticians young ladies are, confirmed by that [opinion] of my dear Lady Katherine, makes me again wish that your Lordship would hasten your coming hither, or at least my Lady Dungarvan, who will prove a good Mareschal de Logis to dispose to everyone their part of your old Savoy house, that if I may have the happiness to know when you begin your journey I will not fail to wait on you.’

Alas ! Sir Thomas's belief in Lady Dungarvan's powers as Mareschal de Logis was not entirely justified by her house-keeping at Stalbridge. It will be remembered that she and Lady Barrymore had been given a regular allowance with which to carry on the household ; but Lord Cork writes, ‘Now, however, when I was to go to London, promising myself to be clear and out of all debts, they and Thomas Langdale, who they wholly employed in disbursing of my moneys, baulking Thomas Badnedge, made it appear they had grown in debt to diverse merchants, vintners, brewers, graziers, in the sum of £700, which for the preservation of their credit

and mine in the country I fully discharged with ready money, to all such as were present to receive it.'

We cannot but imagine the scene—the coach and six waiting at the great gate, and the brewer and grazier and vintner dunning the two trembling ladies and the unlucky clerk of the kitchen, and how the great Earl looked when he demanded the cause of the delay, and what the great Earl said when he sent his trusty and slighted Badnedge to fetch the money-bags from the iron chest. It really was happy that the old gentleman did not have a second paralytic fit! But his indignation seems to have been soon appeased. They arrived that night at Salisbury without any further incident, and the fourth day, 'God be praised, I and mine came safely to London, where Sir Thomas Stafford had prepared his house of the Savoy bravely furnished with all things save linen and plate, which I brought with me.'

Sir John Leeke had announced the arrival of the Boyles to his Verney cousins as 'the greatest family that will live in London; I pray God the old man hold out.'¹ The family was indeed so great that many of them had to lodge in other houses, but all met for meals at Lord Cork's table. Lettice Goring afterwards lamented the fatigue that so much bustle and noise must have caused her father, but she probably was not pleased at the authority of the house being taken out of her hands. Not only were Lady Dungarvan and Lady Barrymore there, but Sir Thomas Stafford's much-admired Lady Katherine joined the party. Sir John Leeke sent a formal announcement of her arrival to the Verneys, describing her as a paragon of goodness and cleverness, and only hoping that London would appreciate her. Before leaving Dorset Lord Cork had written to entreat Lord Ranelagh to spare his son and Katherine for a prolonged visit in England.

¹ *Ver. Mems.*, i. 204.

‘MY NOBLE LORD AND BROTHER,—I should long since have given you many thanks for having permitted my daughter to see me, after the long absence of three years from me, but that at her first coming she talked of so speedy a return that I thought she would have been the first convenient messenger I could have sent them by.’ He proceeds to give an account of the birth of his daughter’s baby ‘ffrank,’ and to entreat that Katherine and her husband might remain in England for the winter, ‘for the doctors are of opinion she will not be in case with safety to travel till then and to divide them were an unpardonable sin. And for him to return and leave her behind, in the weak estate she is in, would be such an affliction unto her as she will never endure; for if be so, no persuasion can work in her to stay behind. . . . They shall both be lodged and dieted in my house and heartily welcome. And I dare confidently affirm unto you that I observe Arthur to be so discreet and careful that he will make the best use of his time. And that his winter stay here will render him unto you much improved; he being more eager to study serious things than to be carried away with levity and youthful vanities. . . . And that the expense of his time in London will much better him in all respects, now he hath given over immoderate play in corners. I must now conclude this suit, that if anything in the managing of this affair seem in your better judgment to be in error that you will lay it to my charge and not to your son’s. . . .’

As soon as the ‘great family’ were settled at the Savoy, Francis was married with all the pomp and strange ceremonies of the time. Lord Cork, when he wrote it down, felt the royal favours showered on his family were some compensation for the humiliations he had endured.

October 24, 1639.

‘This day my fourth son Francis Boyle was married in the King’s chapel at Whitehall, to Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, one of the Queen’s Majesty’s maids of honour.—The King with his own royal hand gave my son his wife in marriage and made a great feast in court for her, whereat the King and Queen were both present, and I with three of my daughters sat at the King and Queen’s table amongst all the great Lords and Ladies. The King took the bride out to dance, and after the dancing was ended the King led the bride by the hand to her bedchamber, where the Queen herself did with her own hands help to undress her. And his Majesty and the Queen both stayed in the bedchamber till they saw my son and his wife in bed, and they both kissed the bride and blessed them, as I did, and I beseech God to bless them.’

The next day ‘My daughter-in-law and my son Francis having both this day presented their humble thanks to their Majesties for the great favours and grace done them, and kissed their hands, came from court to my house at the Savoy with me, accompanied with the Lord and Lady Elizabeth Fielding, the Mother [of the maids of honour] and all the maids of honour, Sir T. Stafford and his lady with diverse courtiers, on whom I bestowed a feast where there was great revellry.’

After but three days of married life the poor boy bridegroom was bidden take farewell of his bride and was packed off to Geneva with his tutor, going as sadly and unwillingly as a Cinderella leaving the court ball to return to her kitchen. He had, however, the comfort of his inseparable brother Robin’s company, and all too many letters followed him from Mrs. Betty for his tutor’s approval.

Sir Thomas Stafford did not pay over her fortune at once,

but gave the Earl £40 a quarter, as interest on the £2000 and to pay for her maintenance. Betty took up her abode in her father-in-law's house, and became the chamberfellow of her youngest sister-in-law, Mary, with whom she struck up a schoolgirl intimacy that led both silly girls into sad scrapes.

Betty, for the time, seems to have been very much attached to her husband, and to have shared his indignation at their separation. So before many months were past the harassed tutor reported to Lord Cork that he had heard from 'Somebody (which did reveal it presently unto me) that Mrs. Boyle hath desired Mr. Francis oftentimes by letters to return into England for some special business, and that he should stay but a while; and that I must confess I did not approve, but rather I did dissuade him by strong reasons (but speaking always in the person of others as if I had known nothing of the contents of his letters), never to undertake such a thing, alleging at last that a wise governor is obliged to prevent such a thing by his authority when his reasons cannot prevent. Assuring yourself that I did not give him so much money as once I used to do, for if I had not looked very narrowly upon him, he had done I do not know what. But now there is no danger till we come to Paris, and therefore I think your Lordship would do very well to command me in all your letters to say unto Mr. Francis that if ever he should undertake to return into England or Ireland without your Lordship's special order, or if he doth not dissuade by all his letters his wife to undertake any journey out of the kingdom with whatsoever person of the world, not excepting her own brother Mr. Thomas Killigrew, by whose counsel she must not be ruled, but rather that if he do not persuade her to go into Ireland or else to stay with her own mother, in that case you will disinherit him, and not acknowledge him for

your son. And take my word, my Lord, that that will much prevail with him, and he with his wife ; for as it should be a ridiculous thing that she should undertake to come to meet him, so it should be a great pity that he should return home without those qualities that befit a gentleman of his quality ; and that he could not get in any other place as well as he shall in Paris.'

Lord Cork was indeed wise to send his younger boys to finish their education far from the follies and extravagances of the court and the gaieties of the Savoy, where Mary said afterwards her father 'lived extraordinarily high and drew a great resort thither.' The after lives of Francis and Robert owed much to Mr. Marcombes' training. Lord Cork's elder sons, alas ! came too late under his care for him to acquire much influence over them, and Broghill led a fast enough life, if contemporary gossip may be trusted, while poor Kinalmeaky before long had hardly a shred of character left him ; and yet, sad to admit, save for the bitter shame and anger with which his father made one or two entries about him in his diary, which are too outspoken to reproduce, no one in society seems to have thought a whit the worse of the young fellow, and he was considered as desirable a match as if he had been a Sunderland or a Falkland.

Very soon after Francis' wedding Lord Cork and Sir Thomas Stafford 'being in private conference with the Countess of Denbigh, the Queen's Majesty came unlooked for in upon us, whose gracious hands I had the honour to kiss, and she vouchsafed to give me thanks for obeying her desire in her letter touching the marriage of my son Francis to Mrs. E. Killigrew.'

This solemn conference in Lady Denbigh's rooms of course concerned another marriage, and soon after, Lord and

Lady Denbigh came with their son-in-law the Marquis of Hamilton, the cousin of the King, and Lady Victoria Cary, Lord Falkland's sister, and 'invited themselves to supper, when the Marquis and Countess treated with me for a marriage to be had between Lady Elizabeth Fielding and my son Kinalmeaky, which, till the King's Majesty had expressed himself to the Lord Marquis and the Countess, what marriage portion and preferment he would give me with that lady, was deferred ; and I bestowed a good feast upon them.'

The King took a special interest in the Fieldings, as Lady Denbigh was sister to his early favourite, the great Duke of Buckingham ; he had arranged Lady Mary Fielding's semi-royal marriage with the Marquis of Hamilton, and it was to be expected that he would do all in his power to forward her sister's match with the son of the rich old Earl of Cork. No time was lost, and evidently the King's dowry was all that could be desired, for a week after, the Earl's confidential servant, William Chettle, was sent 'to carry £100 to Lewis, to provide him with apparel fitting for his marriage with Lady Elizabeth Fielding, one of the ladies of her Majesty's privy chamber.' 'And I,' ends the economical Earl, 'lent him my son Frank's wedding-shoes, which were delivered to him the 18th of this month.'

The day after Christmas Day was the wedding, which eclipsed that of Francis and Betty, with 'much revelling, dancing, and feasting, and the Queen presented the bride with a rich necklace of pearl valued at £1500, which the King's Majesty put about her neck, and it was and is and shall be my prayer to God to bless, guide, and preserve them with health and long life, and to make them fruitful in virtuous children, in good works, to His glory. Amen, Amen.'

Lady Kinalmeaky was greatly beloved by the old Earl.

She was a beautiful and fashionable woman, and doubtless knew how to make herself agreeable to him. We never hear of her doing or saying anything especially charming, but any one connected with the Villiers family had a sort of glamour for Lord Cork, and he probably endeavoured to do all in his power to make up to her for the want of happiness in her married life. One of the allusions to her in his diary describes with emotion her escape from a serious danger in passing under old London Bridge, where the tide swirled in rapids through the narrow arches.

‘*July 1641.* This day Mrs. Kirke was drowned coming through London Bridge. The Earl of Denbigh and his daughter, my dear dear daughter-in-law the Lady Kinalmeaky, through God’s good providence and mercy, being also cast away in the Thames, were miraculously preserved : for which great delivery God make me and her ever most thankful.’

In January 1640 Lord Cork wrote to give Mr. Marcombes all the family news, and, most joyful tidings of all, that a son and heir was born to Lord Dungarvan. He writes :—

‘On the 12th of December it pleased the King’s Majesty to christen the child by the name of Charles, being assisted by the Marquis Hamilton and Countess of Salisbury. Your friend Broghill is in a fair way of being married to Mrs. Harrison, one of the Queen’s maids of honour, about whom yesterday a difference happened between Mr. Thomas Steward,¹ the Earl of Berkshire’s son, and him, which drew them into the field. But thanks be to God, Broghill came home without any hurt and the other gentleman not much harmed ; and now they have clashed their swords together they have grown good friends. I think in my next I shall advise you that

¹ Evidently a slip of the pen for Howard.

my daughter Mary is nobly married and that at the spring I shall send her husband to keep company with my sons at Geneva.’¹

But Mary would none of the ‘noble marriage.’ In the course of his long life the Earl of Cork only met with one person who finally got the better of him; the great Lord Deputy’s triumph over him was but for a season; it was reserved to a girl of fifteen to do battle with the Earl and come off final victor.

Lady Mary Boyle was but thirteen when she was taken from the motherly care of Lady Clayton, as she herself says ‘much to her own dissatisfaction,’ to find herself at Stalbridge, lost among a crowd of grown-up brothers and sisters who were too busy over their own affairs to take much interest in the clever and spoilt little girl. If we may guess anything from her father giving her a copy of Sidney’s *Arcadia*, she probably inherited the literary tastes of her grandfather, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, and she certainly inherited her father’s tenacity of purpose. Lord Cork wished her first appearance in England to be worthy of her rank, and before she left Lady Clayton, he had sent Ned, Lady Barrymore’s tailor, to Cork, with ‘ten yards of scarlet ingrain plush, at twenty-four shillings and sixpence the yard in Dublin, an ell and a half of taffeta and fourteen yards of silver bonelace spangled, weighing seventeen ounces, to make Mary a new gown withal,’ and he allowed her a hundred a year for her dress, besides a little meadow of four acres ‘to buy her pins.’

A marriage had been already arranged for Mary with the son of Lord Clandeboye, a grandson of the great Lord Deputy Perrot, but alas! when the suitor presented himself at Stalbridge, Mary took such a violent dislike to him, that although

¹ Printed in Smith, i. 87.

her then. I am afraid she has altered her opinion since 'twas too late, for I do not take Mr. Howard to be a person that can deserve one should neglect all the world for him.'¹

Betty naturally had many friends among the court gentlemen, and was very intimate with Charles Rich, who, when there was no further question of rivalry with Broghill, made friends with him, and soon became a constant visitor at Lord Cork's house. There he consoled himself for his loss of Mrs. Harrison by paying attention to Mary. He was, Mary says, a very cheerful and handsome, well bred and fashioned person, and Mrs. Betty did all in her power to further his suit, which was kept a romantic and profound secret between the two girls. At last Mary caught the measles, and Mr. Rich's manifest anxiety made the rest of the family suspect that something was going on, so old Lady Stafford got the whole history out of Betty and told the Earl, who promptly packed Mary off to Hampton out of the way. Broghill drove her down in his coach, and he and his elder brother Dungarvan came to visit her more than once and urge her to give up such a detrimental suitor, but Mary answered like a heroine of romance that if she could not have Mr. Rich she would never marry anybody. No chaperon seems to have been put in charge of the young lady, and her lover was not slow in following her from town and urging his suit. Then old Lord Goring very good-naturedly came forward and tried to bring Lord Cork round, and at last his persuasions, joined with those of Lord Holland and Lord Warwick, induced the irritated father to consent to an engagement, but he marked his displeasure by only promising a very moderate fortune to his troublesome daughter. Then Mary

¹ *Letters*, Dorothy Osborne, 129.



Lady Margaret Howard
wife of Lord Broughall afterwards Earl of Orery.

was brought home and fell on her knees and promised to be a good girl, and directly after, went off with Mr. Rich and was privately married at a village church near Hampton! She says she was averse to a public wedding, but it may be suspected that the romance of an elopement had as much to do with the escapade as her modest hatred of display.

Lord Cork was naturally very angry, but he made the best of it when he wrote to Whalley, saying: 'The marriage of my daughter Mary, unlooked for, to the Earl of Warwick's son, occasions me to pay him £5000 of the £7000 portion before I leave this town, praying you to be very careful to get in all my rents and debts and arrears, for I shall come home like a spent salmon, and as weak and empty as may be.'¹ This is the solitary allusion to Mary's wedding to be found among the Lismore records; the Earl was too much hurt to make any note in his diary on the subject.

Lord Cork must, however, have found some consolation in the end of Broghill's love affairs. He indeed 'gained a loss' when he lost Mrs. Harrison and won Lady Margaret Howard, third daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, the radiant creature whose wedding is celebrated in Suckling's well-known poem, when

' No sun upon an Easter-day
Was half so fine a sight.'

They were married in Lord D'Aubigne's house in Queen Street, Covent Garden, on the 27th of January 1640. The bride's portion was £5000, to which Lord Cork added another £5000. Possibly this was in land, as most of the Munster estates already assigned to Broghill by the Septpartite conveyance were brought into the marriage settlement, and a rent-charge of £500 a year secured to Lady Margaret with the house

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 4. 210.

at Broghill. For an English home Lord Cork bought them the Manor of Marston Bigot in Somerset, paying £10,350 for it to Sir John Eppsley. Lord Cork told Whalley, 'it hath a fair house, with orchards, gardens and pleasant walks about it. I durst not but give you this account for my great disbursement of money for fear you should think London hath made me unthrift, and I spend my money as my son Kinalmeaky does.'

The generosity of the settlement shows that Lord Cork was well pleased with Roger's choice, and 'Lady Peg,' as her brothers-in-law called her, proved to be as good as she was beautiful, and in Robert Boyle's words was 'the great support, ornament, and comfort of the family.'

CHAPTER XX

THE OPENING OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT

‘Strafford called this Parliament, you say?’

But we’ll not have our Parliaments like those in Ireland!’

BROWNING, *Strafford*.

THE peace which the King patched up with the Scots in the autumn of 1639 was so manifestly hollow, that both sides continued their warlike preparations without any disguise, and the King called to his help the one strong man in whom he could trust. Wentworth came over from Ireland at his summons and gave him an unexpected counsel; he advised the King to call a Parliament. The Irish Parliament had been taught to grovel at his feet, and he vowed that England should now learn the same lesson, even though Sir John Eliot should come to life again to oppose him. The King agreed, and even marked his approval of the policy by creating his councillor Earl of Strafford, and raising him from Deputy to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, all of which favours Cork duly noted in his diary, but made no comment.

The party that was forming to oppose the growing influence of Strafford upon English affairs naturally hoped to have the support of Lord Cork, who knew better than any man what the rule of Thorough had been in Ireland. But Cork was wary, and did not betray his real opinions even to the pages of his private diary. It is possible that he saw that Strafford was necessary to the King, and loyally refused to

oppose the man whom his Majesty delighted to honour ; on the other hand it is quite probable that Cork suspected that Strafford's rash meddling with English politics was sufficient to bring ruin on his head without any interference from the Irish nobility. Whichever case was the true one, it is certain that Cork knew very well that he was still in Strafford's power. The permission granted him to reside in England might be revoked any minute, when he would have to creep back to Ireland into the very jaws of the lion. The new grant of his property at Youghal was not yet signed, and his western estates and castle of Beleek were threatened by the Plantation which Strafford was busily carrying out in Connaught. The great Earl of Cork was not so childish as to risk his liberty and lands for the mere pleasure of gossiping about the Lord Lieutenant.

In fact, ever since he arrived in England, Cork's attitude had been so diplomatic and his language so urbane that Laud had written with surprise and pleasure to tell Strafford, that Lord Cork 'coming to take his leave of me before his return into Dorsetshire, where he means to expect the spring for the use of the Bath, we had a little more free discourse ; and truly, my Lord did to me speak as much good of your Lordship as any friend you have could, for your prudence, your indefatigable industry and most impartial justice, with a protestation that he never spake any other language since his coming over, nor ever meant to do, and concluded with all this that you were the best servant of the Crown that ever came into those parts ; he hath likewise promised me some money for St. Pauls'. This I thought fit to let you know, the rather because if I be not much mistaken, he hath been solicited to speak other language.'¹

¹ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 245.

Strafford cared as little for praise as for blame, and acknowledged Laud's account of Cork's compliments with haughty condescension.¹

'As for my Lord Cork, I cannot deny but that his carriage therein is more noble than I expected, it must be confessed (howbeit nothing but just and honourable on my part, and that singly with respect to the matter, not prejudiced against the person), his Lordship hath in a judicial way had more taken from him than any one, nay, than any six in the kingdom besides; so as in this proceeding with me, I do acknowledge his ingenuity as well as justice.'

It was only by special grace of the Lord Lieutenant that Cork could be excused from returning to sit in the Irish Parliament which Strafford was now summoning together. Cork when writing to acknowledge this favour took the opportunity to beg the Lord Lieutenant to deal mercifully with his Connaught estates:—

'March 16, 1640.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LORDSHIP,—Mr. Raylton² in the evening of the 14th of this month sent me his Majesty's writ of summons to appear the 16th of the same month at the Parliament now to be holden in Dublin. And therewith his Majesty's gracious letter dispensing my appearance in pursuance of your noble promise, together with a blank warrant of proxie for me to fill up. And when I had humbly made known to his Majesty that I had made choice of the Earl of Ormond to answer for me in Parliament and that my two sons who had received the writs [Kinalmeaky and Broghill] were both under age, his Majesty was pleased to approve of my choice of the Earl of Ormond and to express his pleasure that in regard my sons were both minors, and not of years to

¹ *Strafford Letters*, ii. 271.

² Strafford's English agent.

grant proxies, that those writs of summons should be void and no further proceedings upon them. . . . I humbly beseech your Lordship to give me leave to put you in mind of the noble professions you vouchsafed unto me of your favour in all my just and honest causes, and to be so indulgent unto me as that I may find the like respect to be given unto me as unto other noblemen of my quality, whose Connaught lands are fallen within the compass of plantations, as mine there are, the rather that I purchased them for valuable considerations and have enjoyed them this forty years. And in the general revolt of that province, maintained my then besieged castle of Belleck with a strong ward at my own charge, until the Queen's force under Sir Robert Fowle, Provost Martial of Connaught, were employed to relieve it, and were defeated by the way, and he slain ; yet John Floyd who was my constable there, with my ward, defended it and killed sundry of the rebels who besieged it, which caused the enemy to begirt it so straitly as they took away from them their water, and thereby compelled them by laying sheets on the top of the castle to get the dew to stint their thirst. And in conclusion when they were hopeless of all relief, they were promised if they would yield up the castle, they should go away without any drop of blood to be drawn upon them. But when the rebels were on those terms possessed of the castle, they took my ward and hanged them all, except the constable, in revenge of their fellow rebels whom they had slain and demolished. Whereupon I rebuilt my castle which had the honour to receive your Lordship one night in your Connaught progress ; which I humbly offer to your Lordship the better to induce you to continue me therein during my leases, and not to suffer the Lord Lambert . . . to have the rendition of it. . . . But I hope your Lordship will be so gracious unto me that if I may not have all my Con-

naught land confirmed unto me by this Commission of grace, yet at the least your Lordship will deign to let me be tenant of the other fourth part thereof that is to fall to his Majesty by course of plantation, I paying such increase of rent as a new planter should do, otherwise my tenants and farmers will be much disappointed on part of their several farms, and I thereby driven to make them new leases at proportionate rent ; which will be great vexation to them and trouble to me.'

In April 1640, the much desired English Parliament met, but instead of taking the preparations for the Scotch war into consideration, the Houses proceeded to count up the ecclesiastical and political grievances that had accumulated during the long eleven years of Charles's personal government. The irritated King made short work of their complaints. On the 5th of May Lord Cork wrote: 'This doleful Tuesday the Parliament was dissolved before any Act was past, to my great grief of heart, as also to the deep sorrow of many good subjects, it having continued but three weeks and one day.'

Lord Cork's 'grief of heart' only arose from the condition of the kingdom, his own affairs were prosperous. On the 28th of June he writes :—

'This Sunday I was in the Council Chamber in the Court of Whitehall sworn of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council of England with great grace and favour from his Majesty and all the Lords ; for which addition of honour God make me everlastingly thankful to my God and King.'

Possibly this favour was done to the Earl with some thought of conciliating the moderate and old-fashioned party among the nobility, possibly with an eye to certain favours to come from him in return, for Cottington immediately bent all his powers of persuasion to induce him to promise to lend

£5000 for the royal necessities, no doubt pointing to the large loans already given by the other members of the English Privy Council when Coventry, Manchester, and Newcastle each subscribed £10,000.

It was not easy for Lord Cork to refuse such a demand ; but the difficulty of raising the money, and the unreasonableness of asking him for it, in view of the great sacrifices he had already made, drove him to appeal to the King himself.

On the 6th of July he sent for a hackney coach, and drove out with Lady Dungarvan and Betty to Oatlands, where the court was spending the summer. There Lady Denbigh procured him an audience with both their Majesties, and he recounted to them all the vast sums he had disbursed for the public service, £36,000 as his share of the subsidies raised in Ireland, and £2400 for that now due, besides the £15,000 fine imposed on him for his possession of Youghal, and £5000 he had spent in furnishing his sons for the Scotch war. Even the King was obliged to admit that Lord Cork had borne no small share of public expenses, and was graciously pleased to free him from lending the £5000, when Lord Cork entreated his Majesty to accept a free present of one thousand gold pieces the next Michaelmas, 'which he did.'

Two days later, the 8th of July, being the day appointed for a national fast, Lord Cork left London with Broghill very early, and drove to Egham, and 'came to the beginning of prayers, and there kept our fast and devotion.' They did not return to London, for the King was going north to the army, and most of the nobility were collecting troops to follow him. Barrymore once again was straining his slender means to bring men to the royal standard. He came out to Egham 'to bemoan himself' to his father-in-law 'that except I did now supply him with another hundred pounds he could not follow

his regiment of twelve hundred to Scotland, nor free his wife, children and servants out of England,' so of course Lord Cork provided the money, and also gave Lord Barrymore 'one of my own coach horses, Grey Purdan, for his baggage waggon.'

In August Broghill started for the north. 'I have this day sent my son Broghill towards York with £1000 in gold, to be by him presented to his Majesty as my free gift and tribute of my duty and humble respect to his Highness in these troublesome times wherein I am neither able to wait upon him in person nor lend him monies as I desire, but of this my poor gratuity I expect no repayment.'

Half the treasure Broghill carried on his saddle-bow, riding his father's own horse Grey Coote, the other five hundred was carried by his kinsman, Jack Travers, who rode with him. Kinalmeaky did not accompany them, but went round by London.

It has been said that when the historian Macaulay wished to please his father, he filled his letters with anecdotes on the slavery question, just as Frederick the Great conciliated his own terrible parent by presents of extra tall recruits for his famous Potsdam Guards.¹ Kinalmeaky was certainly a past master in the craft of propitiating a father, and knew exactly when to slip in an anecdote about the King or a jeer at Strafford, to divert his irate parent's attention from his tailor's bills or debauches. The result is that his are the only amusing letters among the piles of family correspondence. His letters from York give some good bits of gossip.

'MY MOST HONOURED LORD FATHER,—My last certified

¹ Trevelyan, *Life of Macaulay*, i. 139.

your Lordship the irremediable cause that stayed me so long in London ; this assures your Lordship that, God be praised, I arrived safe at York the 29th of last month (September). Nor could I expedite my journey sooner, my horses being pursey, the way long and almost unpassably ill, by reason of the great abundance of cattle driven from these parts into those : I myself having met at least 80,000 head of Northern and Scotch cattle. The extreme rains did also very much deepen the ways and raise the waters. . . . The night of his Majesty's return (from Hull) my Lord Denbigh presented me to my Lord Marquis¹ who received me with very noble and courteous gesture and words and immediately brought me to kiss the King's hand.—I am all day, unless it be when his Majesty goes into the field, at court, waiting on the King or on my good Lord Marquis, to whose kind respects I am infinitely bound : he allows me at all hours free access to him when he is abed, lends me his horses and is very noble to me. I waited often on my Lord Duke² at piquet till this sad mischance which he heard of yesterday and is extremely sad. I carry a musket next my Lord Denbigh in my Lord Marquis (who hath a gallant regiment of 1600 able and expert men, for the King's guard at quarters at York, and the only regiment here) his own regiment. The King being th'other day in the field, viewing my Lord Marquis his company, and seeing there my Lord Denbigh, little Will Murray and I, said, "There are three musketeers that I know, and by God," said he, "they are three hot shots." The King when he is neither in the field, where he is constantly every fair day, nor at council, passes most of his time at chess with the Marquis of

¹ The Marquis of Hamilton and Lord Kinalmeaky, it may be remembered, had married sisters.

² Duke of Lennox.

Winchester. Some three days since the King, long studying how to play a Bishop, the Marquis of Winchester blurted out, "See, Sir, how troublesome these Bishops are in jest and earnest," the King replied nothing, but looked very grum. . . .'

Then follows an account of a squabble of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland with the Earl of Newport and Colonel Aston, which no doubt pleased Lord Cork well to hear. Strafford at this time was racked by gout and dysentery, and it was natural that the King should graciously desire to save him fatigue, but this simple act of royal kindness only increased the jealousy with which the great favourite was eyed by the court.

'Yesterday,' writes Kinalmeaky, 'in the afternoon the King walking in the garden attended only by the Lord Duke, the Lord Denbigh and myself, the Lord Lieutenant sent to know when his Majesty would allow him the honour of waiting upon him to inform him of some business that concerned him, his indisposition not permitting him to wait being the cause of his presumption. The King bid him take his own time and he would expect him, and immediately sent my Lord of Denbigh to expect his coming and to desire him not to give himself the trouble of coming to the garden, but to go into the King's bedchamber where he would come to him. The King waited two long hours in the garden before my Lord Lieutenant came. The King immediately went with him and there talked hand to hand some three hours, until prayers. My Lord Bristol gets small countenance from the King, and his good looks from the Lord Lieutenant.'

Kinalmeaky then goes on to repeat the King's criticisms on a pamphlet drawn up by the Scots to give their reasons for taking arms. The King said, 'it was the simplest

thing that ever he read, so uncivil that he wondered much they would own it, and so peremptory, that unless they said to the Lords, to whom it was doubtless intended, 'We come hither by divine inspiration, and therefore unless you co-operate with us, that is,' said the King, 'become as arrant traitors as we, and ranker there are not, by God, in the world, we will cut your throats.'

The King had a shrewd enough wit, and he usually had logic on his side ; but alas, when it came to the arbitrament of blows, the 'arrant traitors' were too much for the royal forces. They crossed the Tyne at Newburn, and routed the English with such ease that the first skirmish practically ended the war. It was obvious to all the King must make terms, and the Council of English peers, whom he called to his assistance at York, unanimously agreed that the only resource was at last to summon a parliament in Westminster.

When the welcome news that the King had consented to call a parliament reached London, Lettice Goring quickly forwarded the good tidings to her father, writing on the 27th of September :—

'MY MOST HONOURED LORD AND DEAREST FATHER,—If I had not with chance met with Terrence going speedily towards your Lordship I had, in obedience to your command of sending you what news I heard from the army, dispatched a letter purposely to your Lordship to let you know I have this day received a packet of letters from Mr. Goring—which are full of good news and great hopes of a speedy conclusion to all things and the King's speedy return. The Lords and his Majesty agree so well that he consents to all they desire. A parliament we shall have very speedily. I have sent your Lordship the names of the Lords that are to go Com-

missioners to the Scots, who do great injuries to the people in and about Newcastle. This gentleman, who came post from Mr. Goring, tells me that they have taken all their money, but that they still enjoy their goods, but were forced to give the Scots an inventory of all the goods they have in their houses, and that they have taken all their mills into their hands, and their corn, and will not suffer them to grind a grain for their own use, but they grind and bake all the corn, and they must buy bread of them and pay two pence for a penny loaf. They also take their fat oxen, and for them they give them half a crown in money and a ticket for the rest. . . . I cannot express to your Lordship how much the City is joyed at the news of a parliament. I hope your Lordship will be speedily here, my Lady Goring commanded me to tell your Lordship she desires it extremely. I let her know your Lordship's favour to my Lord which she is very sensible of, and extremely kind to me. I beseech your Lordship make haste to town, which will very much joy, my Lord, your Lordship's all obedient daughter,

L. GORING.'

Dungarvan had been elected member for Appleby in the coming Parliament, and his father was exceedingly anxious to obtain leave to sit among the Lords, which, as an Irish peer, he could only do by courtesy. As usual, Lord Cork turned for help to his old friend Stafford, and Sir Thomas wrote to say he was delighted to do all in his power. It grieved him and his wife, he continued, to hear that the fatigues of the gay season of the previous year had tried the Earl so much that he would not again set up house at the Savoy. 'But when it shall please the All Disposer to give yours (*i.e.* your children) a happy return into Ireland, and that your Lordship's occasions call you to reside here, rather than you should

lodge under any roof but ours, I would serve you and be a steward, cook, cater or anything, and may the Savoy House be reduced to a heap of ashes, if you be not as really and heartily welcome there as to those in the world that love you most heartily.'

Lord Cork was granted his desire, and 'was by writ called into the Upper House by his Majesty's great grace,' not as a member, but to take his place with Lord Wilmot, Lord Newburgh, and the Master of the Rolls as 'Assistants, sitting on the inside of the woolsack.'¹

This winter Lord Cork decided to board with Lettice Goring. She was thrown into a great flutter of excitement by the prospect, for although she was enchanted at the thought of getting her father to herself, and out of the hands of her older and cleverer sisters, she was rather alarmed at the responsibility of caring for such an important guest. Her letter is dated London, September 27, 1640.

'MY MOST HONOURED LORD AND DEAREST FATHER,—
My heart was never so much nor so truly joyed as it hath been since the receipt of your Lordship's last letter, which assures me, to my very great content, that your Lordship is pleased truly to understand and accept of my true and hearty desires to serve your Lordship in all things my power can reach to, which I call God to witness I do as willingly as ever I did anything in my life, and if it were possible your Lordship could see my heart you would there find it more loving and dutiful to you than either my pen or words can express here. In my last I was very loth, but since I have thought fit to let your Lordship know, that you have somebody about you very false to you and very true to somebody else, for

¹ *Lords Journals.*

about six hours before I received your Lordship's first letter of coming hither, my sister Jones told me that your Lordship was resolved to live with me this winter. And when I protested to her that I knew no such thing, she did not believe it, but thought I dissembled, for she said she knew it was true, and she told it to all her servants before I received your Lordship's letter, which was the cause I spoke to my Lord Goring of it; for as soon as he came in I guessed by his speech that he had heard of it. So I told him, fearing he would take it ill, and truly he was the most joyed man in the world with the content he promised himself this winter with your Lordship's company, for he says he could not endure to come to you last winter there was such a crowd of ladies and other company. Yesterday as soon as I received your Lordship's letter I went to wait on him, but did not find him or my Lady at home, and I am just now come from them but again missed him, for he was gone abroad with the Queen, so that I cannot by this post send your Lordship an absolute answer for my sister Marie's coming hither till I speak with him. . . . He is extremely kind to me, he has made me a present of seven the best coach horses in England.'

She explains then that her sister Kinalmeaky has some plate of the Earl's ready to deliver to him, and encloses a note of the things he will need to bring from the country, 'to furnish the wardrobe withal.'

'As for plate we have but a dozen of dishes, whereof I have but three here, the rest Mr. Goring hath at York, for none of his things have come back, nor shall till the peace be concluded. Therefore, if your Lordship please, I desire you would bring with you a dozen and a half of the very biggest dishes you have, and no little ones. Two dozen of plates and three pair of silver candlesticks, for I have but one pair and

two voyders.¹ If your Lordship had not rather lie in your own sheets than any other, I have very fine ones, which I shall never think so well employed as to lay in your Lordship's bed. Your Lordship's chamber here will be very quiet, far from the kitchen or any offices of the house that may offend it, and nobody lies either over or under it, but Will Barber hath a chamber with a chimney close by it, and back stairs very convenient, and your Lordship may be very confident I will not have more care of my life than I will have to please you. . . . For the expense of the house I will against your coming to town cast it up to a certainty . . . but I call God to witness that only your Lordship's quiet and content is the reason that I desire the honour of your company, for I do not, like others, desire to save by you, for I will spend to the uttermost farthing. More I am not able to do ; if I were, God knows I would do it very willingly, for as I formerly writ to your Lordship, it grieved my very soul to see you so troubled the last winter. . . . My sister Jones hath taken so ill a house for my brother Dungarvan in the worst side of St. Martin's Lane that I cannot but wonder at it. The best rooms look on the dung-hill of my Lord Salisbury's stable, and the coach and horses come under the dining-room like any inn, so that they will have perpetual noise. Besides, the rooms are all extream little, but I beseech your Lordship to take no notice of it from me, though I cannot but choose wonder at it, so doth my good sister Kildare, who presents her humble duty to your Lordship.'

Clearly there was no love lost between Lettice and her 'sister Jones,' that 'good arithmetician' who was even trusted with the keys of her father-in-law's money-box, and whom Stafford held up as a model housekeeper to the rest of the family !

¹ Baskets for broken meat.—*Johnson*.

It was all very well to settle how many silver plates his Lordship would need to eat his dinner off, but there was something far more difficult to be settled before he could leave Stalbridge; what was to be done with Mrs. Betty? One cannot but spare a little sympathy for the pretty creature who had been the spoilt child of the court, and was now imprisoned in a dull country mansion with a severe and aged father-in-law! It appears that it would not have been etiquette for her to return to her mother's house, so Sir Thomas Stafford wrote in some anxiety: 'For Betty, I have commission from my dame to wish that she might be left in good hands in the country till the spring. If that cannot be done with convenience, then she bids me tell your Lordship that she will use her best care to enquire out some fit place for her to sojourn.'

The difficulty was solved by Lady Dungarvan taking charge of both Betty and Mary and their maids, for whose diet for six months Lord Cork paid sixty pounds.

After reading these chronicles of small beer, and hearing of these tempests in teacups, it is with a strange thrill that we remember what it was they were so eagerly hastening up to see.

One's thoughts go back to the days of Noah when 'they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, till the flood came and took them all away.' For ten years the personal rule of the King had dammed back the rising tide of popular discontent; the meeting of the Long Parliament opened the floodgates. The England of Elizabeth and James was to be swept away, and few of those who were now hurrying up to London with gay anticipations or heroic resolves, would survive to see the new world emerge from the chaos of the great rebellion.

The stateliest figure was the first to disappear. Lord Cork writes:—

'February 11, 1641.—This day the Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by a committee from the House of Commons by Mr. Pym, accused to the Upper House in Parliament for high treason, which he said was not only the complaint of that House presented in the name of the Lower House, but in the name of the whole kingdom, with humble request that his Lordship might not only be sequestered from the place of a peer in Parliament, but might also be committed to prison, which the Lords taking into deep consideration, his Lordship was called into the House as a delinquent and brought to the bar upon his knees (I sitting in my place covered), when the charge of high treason being objected against him, he not being permitted to speak in his defence, was presently committed to Sir J. Maxwell. And this his dejection shows the uncertainty whereunto the greatest men are subject unto.'

'I sitting in my place covered!' Time had indeed brought the revenge he desired to the Earl of Cork! Nevertheless, fortune is proverbially fickle, and the doom of Strafford was not yet certain. It was still possible that, strong in the royal favour, he might prove too much for his enemies, and might return again to his former greatness. Whether from caution, or from a certain grim sympathy with a 'foeman worthy of his steel,' is not clear, but Cork begged that he might not be called as a witness early in the trial, and sat silent while Lord Wilmot and Sir Piers Crosby told their tale of the Deputy's oppressions. When, however, Strafford in his defence repeated all his former charges against Lord Cork, the old man eagerly seized the chance he had so long prayed for in vain, and vindicated his character to the King himself. The diary relates :—

'Feb. 24th, 1641.—The Earl of Strafford brought in his

answer in writing, consisting of eighteen skins of parchment, into the House of Peers, his Majesty, contrary to the advice of his Lords, being personally present. Where among many untruths [he] did charge me with having a pardon for having caused unlawful oaths to be taken concerning the College of Youghal. In which great untruths, I gave his Majesty full satisfaction on the 29th of this month.'

Cork was outraged by the suggestion that he had ever needed or craved a pardon, and further that he had so dreaded his crimes being brought to a public trial, that he had petitioned that the bill against him should be taken off the file! He therefore now demanded that public trial as his right, entreating that search might be made in the Dublin office, to prove whether any such pardon had ever passed the seals there, and whether the bill against him did not still stand on the file.¹

On the 1st of March he writes again :—

'March 1.—I petitioned to the Lords of the Upper House [for leave] to disprove the false and scandalous aspersions which the Earl of Strafford in his answer impertinently and injuriously had endeavoured to blemish me. My petition was delivered to be read by the Earl of Bath, who pressed effectually to have the Lord Primate, Lord Ranelagh, and my son Dungarvan all in court to be examined, to dispose his false objections and my justification, but in regard all the Lords did declare themselves fully satisfied, and that my honour was vindicated and cleared, the examination of my witnesses was deferred till his trial.'

'May 3.—This day, after many long debates and several hearings, the oppressing Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was by Parliament attainted of high treason, where I sat present, but eleven voices of all the Lords declaring non-

¹ Smith, i. 60. See also *Lords Journals*.

content, and the 12th of this month he was beheaded on the Tower Hill of London, as he well deserved.'

So perished Cork's great enemy.

An epitaph which was much circulated at the time was preserved by Lord Cork among the *Lismore Papers*, and very possibly sums up his real opinion of the Earl of Strafford:—¹

Here lies wise and valiant dust
Huddled up twixt fit and just,
Strafford, who was hurried hence
Twixt treason and convenience.
He past his time here in a mist,
A Papist and a Calvinist.
The Prince's nearest joy and grief
He had, yet wanted all relief.
The prop and ruin of the state,
The people's violent love and hate,
One in extremes, loved and abhorred.
Riddles lie here, or in a word
Here lies blood, and let it lie
Speechless still, and never cry.

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 4. 187.

CHAPTER XXI

GATHERING CLOUDS

‘When as mishaps that seldom come alone
Thick in the neck of one another fell.
The Scots began a new invasion . . .
The Irish set the English Pale upon.
At home the Commons every day rebel.’

DRAYTON.

STRAFFORD was gone, and in his place reigned two incapable Lords Justices, whose chief idea of governing Ireland was to undo everything that the great Deputy had done. The reforms that he had begun were abruptly abandoned, the clergy he had censured were picked out for promotion, the army he had raised was to be promptly disbanded, with the result that the confusion he had endeavoured to settle became worse confounded, and the discontent which he had aroused was fanned into rebellion.

Lord Cork can scarcely be blamed for not observing any unusual signs of danger. Munster was still happy in the peace which it had enjoyed for half a century, and the delegates of the Irish Parliament, with whom he had been sitting in Committee in London, were now returning home in triumph with the King’s promise that the long-promised graces should be ratified and many grievances redressed. Lord Cork gave the Irish Lords and gentlemen a parting feast at the hostelry of his cousin Croon in Cheapside, at a cost of £22, 2s.

But up in the north were gathering clouds. The Scots

settlers in Ulster were watching how their countrymen in Scotland were able to dictate terms to the King at the head of his army, and were drawing their own moral from what they saw. And a still greater danger threatened from the army which had been raised to such efficiency by Strafford. Orders were sent from England that it was to be immediately disbanded, no one in authority seeming to realise that there might be any danger in depriving spirited and well-trained men of their occupation and their means of earning a livelihood. All that troubled the Justices was the lack of money with which to pay the men off.

The Treasury being empty, their first idea was to apply to Lord Cork for a loan; but Cork remembered how fiercely Strafford had resented his desire to recover the money he had lent for necessities of State, and declined to advance the required £2000 unless his repayment were secured on the subsidy due the following November; to which the Vice-Treasurer Loftus answered 'in a harsh displeasing manner, that he had no security to give but his own bond,' and naturally did not get the loan.

If Lord Cork had but known what hung on the peaceful disbanding of that army, he might thankfully have given the needful money as a present, even to the half of his fortune. But he did not know, and occupied himself with Munster business and felt no fear.

Many of Lord Cork's letters from home related to church affairs in Munster. The plans which Strafford had made for amending the condition of the clergy were now disregarded as completely as his designs for maintaining the army; and the Justices, in their desire to reverse his policy in every way, had hastened to present John Adair, whom he had deprived of the Bishoprick of Killala, to the see of Waterford. Sir John

Leeke described the new prelate to Lord Cork with much amusement: 'The new Bishop of Waterford, if he dissemble not, doth profess much love and respect for your honour. I believe all that tribe in the pulpit! He hath restored Joshua Boyle [Cork's cousin and agent] to his office at Waterford. Joshua guides him wholly'; so, Sir John adds, to mark his approval of the Bishop's docility, he had sent him some venison.¹ Sir John's contemptuous allusion to the bench of Bishops as 'all that tribe,' shows how Archbishop Laud's peremptory fashions had alienated the laity. So far from having any wish for the prosperity of the Church, Sir John looked on the struggles of the Bishops to collect their dues as an excellent joke, and only took a sporting interest in the question as to who might get the rents of the Episcopal estates in Youghal. He wrote in August 1641 to tell the Earl that another Bishop, my Lord of Cork, was come from Dublin, 'and fights your tenant, that denies to pay his rent of the College lands, and hath procured an order from the Lords spiritual and temporal for the receiving of all such rents as belong to his Bishoprick. . . . The world speaks aloud that he hath almost wasted himself to the bones by his new honours, and were he not fully supplied by his worthy son-in-law Michael Boyle, he might shut up doors.'

Another new Bishop had arrived in Munster while Lord Cork was in England, who was a man of a very different stamp from the fawning Bishop of Waterford or the ambitious Bishop of Cork. Yet even this good man, Dr. George Synge, could not free himself from the prejudices bequeathed by Laud and Strafford, and arrived in Munster believing that the poverty of his See of Cloyne, and the destitution of his clergy, were all owing to the greed of the absentee Earl of Cork. 'If God speed me not some other way,' he complained to Lord Cork,

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 4. 215.

‘the means of the Bishoprick will not give me such provision as the ravens provided for Elijah.’ Further, the good Bishop was greatly distressed at the condition of the chancel of Youghal Church, which, he wrote, was like to fall down. In this matter it appears that Lord Cork was not to blame, as a tenant of his, John Lambert, held lands and a tenement in College Lane, Youghal, as remuneration for keeping the chancel roof covered with slates.

The Bishop’s dissatisfaction with Lord Cork must have been largely due to misunderstandings and the carelessness of agents, for when Lord Cork returned to Ireland he and the Bishop at once made up their differences; when he was sick, the Bishop ministered at his bedside; and finally, in his last will, Lord Cork bequeathed to Dr. Synge the richest pair of gloves that he possessed, and, what must have pleased the good man more, £98 to ‘new build’ the chancel of Youghal Church. At the time when he received these complaints from Dr. Synge, Lord Cork had decided to be an absentee no longer. He had now nothing to fear from a return to the home he loved so well; the Lords Justices were both harmless, and one of them, Sir William Parsons, was his kinsman; the impending Lord Lieutenant, Leicester, was his very good friend; there was no reason that his days of exile should be lengthened.

England in 1641 was not, in truth, a very comfortable country for a man whose reason drew him towards the Parliament and his traditions towards the King: the problems of Munster were far simpler; there, on the western side of St. George’s Channel, men could be loyal to England without discriminating between King and Parliament. The Parliament was now adjourned for a few weeks: the King, vexed by its continual opposition, had looked around for

friends, and had suddenly remembered that although the Scots were still in arms against him they were, after all, his own countrymen, and he determined to make an appeal to their personal loyalty. This unexpected change of view was rather startling to the spectators, and Lord Cork actually laid a bet with Sir Thomas Stafford that the King was not in serious earnest, 'taking one piece and agreeing to pay him five for it if the King hold his journey into Scotland,' but he soon repented of his doubts and gave Sir Thomas three pieces to be released of his wager.

Lord Dungarvan and his wife left England before the Earl, who had given Lady Dungarvan £500 to provide 'utensils of household stuff to furnish the College House, where, God bless them, they are to keep house for themselves.' Broghill and 'Lady Peg' were to be housekeepers at Lismore, and Lady Kinalmeaky, who till now had continued her service at court, was to join her husband at Bandon, where he had now been for some time past exercising his functions as governor. Lord Cork had seen him leave England with miserable anxiety, and wrote imploring his friends and relations in Munster to do all in their power 'to detain him from his wild and debauched lascivious expensive courses . . . which if he take not up in time, will be his ruin and the breaking of my heart.'

Lady Barrymore wrote a warm-hearted, elder-sisterly letter about her wild young brother, from Castle Lyons, August the 18th :—

'I assure your Lordship, though I had no room for him, which was no excuse, but really so, yet I have a great care to inquire how he demeans himself, and cannot from anybody hear but that he lives very civilly and retired, and did so at Bandon, and eat at the ordinary and lay at your Lordship's house, and there went none with him thither but only Parson

Shaw and his one servant. I am absolutely persuaded that if his Lady should come over, and he were once settled in a constant course of life, your Lordship would have comfort so great of him as would countervail the troubles he hath lately put your Lordship to. He doth as yet remain at the Park.'

Good Sir John Leeke also sent cheering reports of Kinalmeaky :—

'Your son is, I bless God, in as good order as I can wish. He hath never been from me unless a night or two at Castle Lyons. I protest upon my reputation he is a sweet-natured and witty man, most excellent company and of rich discourse, most temperate in all his ways. I am most confident it hath been ill company that set abroad his extravagant and expensive humours, for I find no inclination thereto with us, but will know how he parts with his pence, will reward nobly, yet with discretion. I do not fear or doubt him in anything if your Lordship bring over his wife with you, which if you shall not effect, I may question whether he will stay many months here. He hath received lately three letters from her. I honour her family with all my heart, and so do I all that the blood of Villiers run in their veins. This day Lord Barrymore is rode home, and to-morrow my Lord Kinalmeaky and I will see him, if God please, by nine of the clock. He is grown a very lean man and not in good health.'

On the 24th of September Lord Cork bid farewell to London. 'I, with my son Broghill and his lady, departed to begin our journey to Stalbridge, and so with God's favour to Ireland,' and the next day Lady Kinalmeaky, accompanied by her cousin the Duchess of Richmond, daughter of the great Buckingham, her mother the Countess of Denbigh, Mrs. Howard, and other maids of honour, met Lord Cork at Bagshot, where they all dined. And so taking leave of their

friends as they went, the party journeyed to Stalbridge, and then by the newly purchased property at Marston to Minehead, where they took ship and landed at Youghal, October 18th, 'and I went to morning prayers to give God thanks for our speedy and safe passage. And we all stayed at Youghal till the Tuesday following, and, God be ever praised, came all that night to Lismore.'

But one member of the family was lacking. Mrs. Betty flatly refused to accompany her sisters-in-law, Lady Kinalmeaky and Lady Broghill to Ireland! What was decided for her future and where she was bestowed we are never told, but in the following winter she was very much in evidence and nearly driving her young husband's tutor to distraction. Mr. Marcombes wrote to Lord Cork from Florence in December 1641:—

'I am very much displeased that Mrs. Boyle hath been so obstinate as to refuse to go along with your Lordship in Ireland, having so good company. She doth herself a great wrong, and her husband also, which shall be very much afflicted when he comes to understand this: but I will conceal it as long as I can, and if I cannot prevent it, I shall give him at least the best counsel that lieth in my power and the truest that he may expect from a faithful friend and servant.'

A treacherous calm still reigned over Munster. When Lord Cork landed at Youghal he found the busy seaport as prosperous as when he left it, and nothing more pressing to do than to go to morning church and to relieve two gentlemen of the Earl of Berkshire's, who had been in the Portugal wars and landed at Berehaven in great necessity.

A few days after they had once more settled at Lismore, Lord Cork and Broghill rode over to dine at Castle Lyons, where we may imagine the greetings of 'my pretty grandchild

Katie,' and of the sturdy young heir, Lady Barrymore's 'wild boy.' There were various other guests invited to meet them, Lord Muskerry, a man of infinite jest, and 'other men of quality of the Irish nation with whom they lived in an easy and familiar way.'

But the festival turned out to be a very Belshazzar's feast; the writing had been long enough on the walls, if any one had cared to see it, and now, just before dinner, we are told by the historian of the Boyles,¹ 'a messenger arrived who could not be persuaded to sit down until he had spoke with the Earl of Cork in private, whom (with horror on his face) he acquainted that the Irish were in open rebellion, and had committed the most unheard-of cruelties on the unhappy English who fell into their hands; that the rebels were masters of all the country he had passed through, and that he had brought his Lordship his intelligence with the utmost hazard of his life. The Earl, without showing any marks of surprise, returned to the company and dined with them; but as soon as dinner was over acquainted them with the news he had received. My Lord Muskerry, who was a facetious man and an excellent companion, employed all the wit he was master of to turn the whole story into ridicule, and took upon him to assure the company that their intelligence must be false. They were however so much alarmed that they immediately repaired to their respective houses.'

The news of the outbreak of the rebellion in Ireland came upon all the English settlers like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. The stupid confidence with which the Justices had ignored any symptoms of coming trouble now changed to helpless terror when they discovered that not only was Ulster in open insurrection, but that there were conspirators within the very walls of

¹ Budgell, *Lives of the Boyles*, 37.

Dublin. Too late they realised that when they hurriedly disbanded Strafford's army, they had turned well-trained men loose on the country, with nothing to do but to teach their dispossessed countrymen how easy was the art of war, and to proclaim that the moment had come when England's extremity would be Ireland's opportunity; that the King was so deeply offended with the English Parliament that he had taken the Scots insurgents into favour, and that there was good reason to believe that he would approve of his Irish subjects taking up arms.

At first, however, the insurrection was confined to the North. In the other provinces peace still reigned, but when the Justices recovered from their first panic of surprise, they sent messengers to warn the Lord President St. Leger and the Earl of Cork that it would be wise to prepare for the possible spread of the rebellion into the province of Munster. This piece of information was the only assistance they vouchsafed to the harassed President, although they knew St. Leger had neither money, arms, nor provisions. A mere handful of men was left him with which to keep the peace in the whole south of Ireland, and it was not for some time that it even struck the Justices¹ to empower him to raise two fresh troops of horse and a regiment of foot.

St. Leger wrote a very open-hearted and soldierlike letter to beg Lord Cork to come over to Doneraile from Lismore to consult over public affairs. 'And because I understand your own horses are not come over, I shall send my coach to attend your Lordship at Fermoy, whither I doubt not but my Lord Barrymore will conduct you with his.' He goes on to assure Lord Cork that he is ready to lay aside all his resentment on their private differences, and join heart and hand in endeavouring for the public peace, for most of the gentry, he lamented,

¹ Carte, i. 340. *Sloane MSS.*, 1008, 98.

seemed absolutely helpless, 'and stood at gaze' waiting for the rebels to pillage their country with impunity. The Earl was grown too infirm to accept the President's invitation, but St. Leger in a few days' time wrote again, reiterating his very great desire for Lord Cork's counsel and advice in the critical state of affairs. 'The importance of a conference with your Lordship makes me propound that if I may in any way contribute to the accommodation of you hitherward by easy going horses or otherwise, I may have notice of it, assuring your Lordship of as real a welcome as in the days of our greatest friendship. In the meantime if your Lordship have a desire that any of your sons or other gentlemen of quality may be authorised to train up men in those parts, I shall desire your Lordship to signify it unto me, and I shall send commissions.'

The appeals from all sides to Lord Cork's experience, and the eloquent letters in which the old man himself prayed to England for aid, hardly endorse the report sent by Sir John Leeke to the Verneys, that 'the old Earl of Cork is full of distraction, not like the man he was.' Whether from incapacity, or cowardice, or even darker motives, every step the Justices took served to fan the flame of the rebellion. It is true that their own position was a difficult one. Lord Leicester considered himself to be the head of the Irish government, and although he did not come over to share its perils, sent orders and distributed praise and blame entirely as seemed best to himself. Behind Lord Leicester stood both King and Parliament, already on the verge of civil war, and the Justices doubted which were the more dangerous of the two to disobey. The Justices would have had a good deal of reason on their side, if they had decided 'to do better, do nothing.' But unfortunately they were too much frightened to sit still, and in their terror of all who held the Romanist

faith proceeded to alienate those old Anglo-Irish nobles whom education and prudence attached to the English government, though they were one in blood and religion with the discontented Irish.

One of these unlucky gentlemen was Lord Muskerry. When he left the dinner-table at Castle Lyons he hurried home to do his best to keep his own neighbourhood from joining in the insurrection, and offered Lord President St. Leger to raise a thousand men at his own expense to protect the peace of the county. But his loyal desires were in vain. The threatening attitude of the Justices gave such weight to the persuasions of Lady Muskerry and the entreaties of his countrymen, that at last he yielded, and when the army of insurrection entered Munster he joined its ranks. He wrote to press Lord Barrymore to follow his example, explaining that he was not a rebel, but had only joined the Irish in order to 'Maynetayne the Roman Catholic Religion, his Majesty's prerogative and royall attributes to the government, and ancient priviledges of the poore kingdom of Ireland, established and allowed by the common law of England.' He ended his letter with a pathetic admission of his powerlessness to control his own men. 'My Lord, as well as I wish your Lordship (and although I have used all my endeavours to keepe my kinsmen and adherents from going into your country) if you come not presently and join us, you must expect present ruine, and though I were resolved not to stirre nor joine with the country as I have done, I have [seen] such burning and killing of men, women and children, without regard of age or quality, that I expect not safety for myself, having observed innocent men and welldeservers as myself so used.'

Lord Muskerry perhaps has made the most of his own

alarm in order to impress Lord Barrymore, but it was humiliating that an Irish gentleman should be willing to confess that he had joined the rebels, not from any patriotic feeling, but from sheer terror at their atrocities. The insurgents might now boast that they had gained over Lord Muskerry with his friends Lord Ikerin and Lord Mountgarret, and had persuaded the veteran Garret Barry to be their leader; but the head of the Barry clan was deaf to their persuasions. Vainly they entreated Lord Barrymore to become their general. He only answered with short contempt, 'I will first take an offer from my brother Dungarvan to be hangman-general of Youghal.' The Irish, stung by his answer, vowed they would take their revenge on his home of Castle Lyons, but he merely replied that he would defend his castle while one stone of it stood upon another, and they were to trouble him no more with their offers, for he was resolved to live and die a faithful subject to the English crown.¹

Soon afterwards Lord Cork sent his son-in-law £40 to help in strengthening the defences of his castles, which became cities of refuge for the poor people in all the country round.

But though Lord Barrymore could shelter the refugees from the first onslaught of the war, he found with agony that he was unable to secure the safety of those dearest to him, and even his courage almost failed when he looked at his wife and children. As ever, he turned to Lord Cork for help, writing from Castle Lyons, March 18, 1642:—²

'MY MUCH HONOURED LORD AND FATHER,—I am daily threatened on every side to be deprived of goods and life; to make it manifest to your Lordship I have sent you here enclosed a copy of my Lord of Muskerry's letter. As for my

¹ Lismore Manuscripts, quoted in Smith, ii, 70.

² *L. P.*, ii, 5, 24-5.

own particular, I absolutely renounce any favour they can do me, and more especially do abhor and scorn their threatening. . . . The Butlers are marching towards these parts and so to Cork. I am the only man both hated and aimed at, which I take the highest honour that could befall me. . . .

‘My Lord, I was absolutely resolved never to have troubled your Lordship in this kind that I am become a suitor to you, neither would I in my own particular ; but now the imminent danger my poor wife and children are in, which above all things in the world most troubles me ; when only I of all men in the country must be so unfortunate as to hazard them I love so dearly, and my daily and many distractions for them is above all my other misfortunes ; to rid me out of which I am resolved God willing to secure them in England, till God send more settled times ; and what sheep and oxen I have, she shall have to make money of there, for I know she will go as near as she may.¹ My only request to your Lordship is that you would furnish me with fifty pounds to bear her charges till she can sell what she shall carry with her, for it would break my heart if she should stay here to come to any misfortune for want of means to carry her away. So trusting your Lordship’s fatherly care of her will prevail with you more than any thoughts of my former ill husbandry, I humbly desire your Lordship’s speedy answer, and will ever be my Lord, your obedient son and servant, D. BARRYMORE.’

If Lady Barrymore was persuaded to leave Ireland it must have been merely for a flying visit to England, for she and her children were all at home in Castle Lyons the following Christmas.

It was well for Munster that Lord Cork had returned

¹ *i.e.* be as economical as she may.

home, and well that he had gathered wealth during the forty years of peace, for now his gold had to supply the greater part of the sinews of war for the south of Ireland. As soon as it was clear that the war would spread to Munster, Lord President St. Leger had urged Lord Cork to leave Broghill to hold Lismore, and to take up his own abode at Youghal, so that he might guard the only port which could safely communicate with England, and keep an open door for the entry of troops and provisions into Munster. For St. Leger admitted that he did not see that it would be possible for him to hold the city of Cork for any time against a siege. All he hoped to do was to strengthen the forts there, and then in the last extremity himself retire to Youghal.

The wisdom of the Earl of Cork in making Youghal the capital of his Munster possessions was now made plain. This seaport of his choice and his favourite 'protestant Bandon' were like iron gauntlets grasping the country at the east and west; without them it would have crumbled into ruin.

As soon as he arrived in Youghal the Earl attended to the defences of the town, which appear to have been entirely neglected by the Mayor and Corporation. He added on two large flanking towers to his own house at the College, raised five circular turrets round the park, and cast up a platform of earth on which he placed ordnance to command the town and harbour, the remains of which are visible to the present day.¹

Badnedge, now the captain of the town guard, was ordered to collect arms: five new lizard muskets with snap haunces and matchlocks were bought for £4, 15s. 6d., and eleven new-fashioned pieces were sent over by Murray the steward from Stalbridge. Soldiers were drawn in from Tallagh and Fermoy

¹ Hayman's *Youghal*, xiii.

to reinforce the town guard, and armed with pikes, halbards, and brown bills, and two hundredweight of lead was stripped from the terraces of the College House, and melted up for the gunners.

The Justices and the Dublin Council had the grace to pass Lord Cork a formal vote of thanks for the exertions he was making, for his care of Youghal and payment of its garrison, and for supplying the President of Munster with £500. In a second letter they acknowledged his good services in relieving Duncannon Fort, which was on the eve of surrender for lack of provisions, when Lord Cork hired a ship at his own cost, victualled it, and paid the crew £90 a month, and sent it to the assistance of the starving fortress.¹

We may perhaps best realise the terrors and distraction of that autumn in Ireland by comparing it with Bengal in the days of the Indian Mutiny, when every English bungalow had become a fortress, and death was the least of the terrors that threatened English ladies and their children. Exaggerated as many of the tales of horror may have been, the truths told by the wretched victims who struggled into Youghal were enough to make the blood of the defenders boil. Lord Cork, writing to the Earl of Warwick, told that not only had eight of his tenants been executed by the Irish, but that they had bound an Englishwoman's hands behind her back and buried her alive, 'besides other cruelties so many and so unchristianlike that they are unexpressible.'²

To the haven of refuge at Youghal the terrified English fled, some to take ship as soon as possible, some to linger for a little under the protection of the old Earl, hoping against hope that England would yet put forth her strength and once more pacify Ireland with the strong hand. Not an exile

¹ Smith, ii. 72.

² Smith, ii. 73.

sailed from England without a present or a loan from Lord Cork to pay for the journey, and in spring he relates that he had sent a ship to Waterford to fetch 'all the English that were stripped and in great distress in that city, who brought hither my cousin Michael Boyle, Mrs. Wheeler (the widow of the Bishop of Ossory), and 332 English, in a most lamentable condition, whom I in person saw lodged and provided for in South Abbey.'

All who were not bound by pressing duty to remain in the country were taking flight. Lord Cork offered a refuge at Stalbridge to Lady St. Leger and her daughter Lady Inchiquin, but they preferred to remain at Bristol so as to be as near Ireland as possible. Young Lady Fenton and many of her friends took houses at Minehead or Taunton; and Lord Cork's daughters Lady Loftus and Lady Kildare fled to London in February 1642. Lord Kildare had little inducement to support the English cause, for the Justices seemed to make it their special care to slight and mortify him; while the Irish spared neither persuasions nor entreaties to win him to be their leader. But the Geraldine was true to his English allies. One of the first civilities paid for many years to the Earl of Cork by Lord President St. Leger was forwarding copies of Lord Kildare's address to his soldiers, and of the Remonstrance published by the rebels. 'Little George Kildare's' speech seems to have pleased the old Earl mightily, and in returning thanks for both papers he writes, 'The one is full of wit, the other of wickedness.'

The love of the Irish for the Fitzgerald name was not to be shaken, even by Kildare's refusal to join their ranks. Lady Kildare described their half-apologetic affection in her letters to her father; how though they could not resolve to side with the head of the Geraldines, they would not plunder him.

When they occupied the town of Maynooth, 'they used my Lord with all the civility in the world and would say if his provision were all gold nobody should touch it.' Now she wrote from 'The Strang, London,' where she and her five children had taken refuge, leaving Lord Kildare dangerously ill in Ireland. 'My sister Loftus and I do make it our humble suit to you that if my sister Dungarvan do not intend to live at Stalbridge, if my sister Loftus and I desire to live there we may have the use of the house and garden, and if there be any land belonging to the house that we may have it, paying for the land as any other shall.'

There is a certain amount of poetical justice in the end of Lord Kildare's story. He did not die of the illness Lady Kildare speaks of, but lived to fight long and gallantly on the English side. He saw the Justices who had insulted him displaced, to vanish in obscurity, while he became governor of Dublin, the right-hand man of the chivalrous Ormond and a leader honoured by all parties in England alike. The 'little mad Lord' may have played the fool in times of peace, but war called up the spirit of the old Geraldines in him, and he was worthy of his ancestors.

The English in Munster were granted a short breathing-space before the full violence of the storm burst upon them. The advance southward of the main body of the enemy was delayed by jealousies among its leaders ; but bands of cattle-stealers began to raid over the borders of Waterford and Tipperary, solitary farms were burnt and unsuspecting families massacred, long before the real invasion of the Blackwater Valley and County Cork began.

Lord Cork's tenants had been drilling for many a year in readiness for such an emergency as now threatened, and he was able at once to put five hundred men in the field under

the command of Dungarvan. This body of horse was the only defence of the province during the winter months, for the Lord President had to employ the few men left at his disposition in guarding Cork and the other fortified towns, and wrote bitterly of the action of the Justices in having called his foot soldiers from Munster, while cavalry were far more needed in the North, and would, he assured Lord Cork, 'have brought the enemy under in six weeks.'

'Lady Kinalmeaky,' wrote Sir John Leeke, 'has had enough of Ireland.' Before Lord Cork left Lismore she bade him farewell, intending to return to her duties at the English court, while Lord Kinalmeaky went to West Cork to organise the defence of Bandon. Lord Cork wrote, 'My daughter-in-law, the good and virtuous Lady Kinalmeaky, to my great grief, left me and Lismore, and with her attendants took her journey to Youghal. I gave her £100 in gold to bear her charges to court. I sent my servant Gerrard Booth to attend her thither and gave him other £10. Thomas Dauntsey, to whom I gave direction to entertain her at the College, was before her coming, without my knowledge, knavishly stolen away into England.'

But the wind was contrary, and when Lord Cork arrived at the College house he found both Lord and Lady Kinalmeaky still there, and had their company at Christmas. On the 10th of January Lady Kinalmeaky sailed, when her husband, writes Lord Cork, 'departed for Bandon Bridge, who borrowed of her £5 which I repaid her.'

She did her best for her Irish friends when she reached court; Sir John Leeke declared 'the virtuous Lady Kinalmeaky is my anchor to trust to.' But English jealousies ran too high for unhappy Ireland to gain much help or sympathy from either King or Parliament. The east wind that had kept her

at Youghal and blew with almost miraculous steadiness for all December, might have wafted over troops to restore peace in Ireland, or have hastened the lingering Lord Lieutenant Leicester, whose presence, said Lord Ormond, 'would have been of more avail than half an army.' But 'the Protestant east wind' as it might well have been called, blew in vain. When Dungarvan visited England in January he brought thence little but his own good sword. The King, it is true, had offered to contribute arms from his arsenal in the Tower, but the Parliament refused to give ships to carry them, and Lord Leicester, doubting whether he should take his parting orders from the King or the Parliament, solved the difficulty by sitting still and asking for no orders at all.

Lady Dungarvan's own estates and ancestral home were in England, but she was no more disposed to show the white feather than her sister-in-law Lady Broghill. She only sailed for England when her husband crossed to collect arms and money, and Sir Thomas Stafford then reported that as her 'gallant resolution carried her through all difficulties, so soon as there is a considerable army in Munster, I believe it will not be long after, but her Ladyship will visit you there. (February 1642.)

CHAPTER XXII

THE EARL'S SONS

‘He shall not be afraid when he speaks with his enemy in the gate.’

THE story of the defence of Youghal is as melancholy and monotonous as the story of a siege must usually be, the romance and stir of the war was with the Earl's sons : Broghill mocking his besiegers from the walls of Lismore ; Dungarvan ubiquitous, one day holding assizes with his father, the next dashing out with his troop of horse to join the Lord President in some struggle against desperate odds, then flying into England to represent the necessities of Munster and back again at Youghal with supplies before the wind changed. Even Kinalmeaky broke, like Prince Hal, ‘through the foul and ugly mists of vapours that did seem to strangle him,’ and showed himself a gallant gentleman and able governor of Bandon.

The defenders of Munster made as brave a show as they might, but their hearts were heavy with forebodings. On Christmas Day St. Leger wrote that never was nation in a worse condition, and that he did not know how would it be possible to prevent the invading Irish from crossing the Suir.

Directly afterwards Lord Cork wrote to England to tell Lord Goring of their plight :—

‘MY NOBLE LORD AND BROTHER,—I wrote unto you several letters since my arrival, and the last about the seven-

teenth of December, which I sent by Lord Ranelagh's secretary, which I am confident he hath deliver'd ; but neither by my son Dungarvan, or any other since my coming hither, have I heard one word from you, which makes me think I am forlorn or forgotten by you. I then in those my letters made a true representation unto you of the miserable estate whereunto this kingdom was reduced, and particularly this poor province of Munster, which is encompassed with dangers round about, every day bringing us Job's messengers of killing, preying, burning, and spoiling the English and Protestants, and none other touch'd upon ; and of the loss (or rather yielding up) of the cities and walled towns. For the Lord Montgarret and the Lord of Upper Ossory, have (without a blow stricken in defence of the city of Kilkenny) possessed themselves thereof, and ransacked and stripped all the English Protestants that were therein, in such a barbarous and inhuman manner, as is not to be believed. And the noble Countess of Ormonde hath a guard of 150 men put upon her castle, so as no man can come in or out unto her without search, and she herself in the nature of a prisoner, and in a miserable condition, her lord being at Dublin, and not of force to come to her rescue. The walled towns of Cashell and Feathers have likewise yielded up themselves, and all the English Protestants stripped naked by the Baron of Loghmay and his crew. The walled town of Clonmell, being the shire-town, hath open'd her gates, and let in the rebels to pillage and spoil the English Protestants ; and that town is within 12 miles of my house, where there are at least 300 rebels assembled daily, threatening to besiege my castle of Lismore ; and to prevent the yielding of this town of Yoghall up to the rebels, as weak and infirm as I am, I am commanded down hither, to see whether my presence or power can preserve it.

And I have brought with me for my guard 100 foot and 60 horse, which I have here with me in defence of this poor weak town, where the Irish are three to one of the English ; and if this town should be lost, all the hope and retreat of the English in this province is gone. And, God willing, I will be so good a constable to the King my master, as I will die in the defence thereof ; although I have no great hope to defend it, yet we will bestir ourselves like true Englishmen. The city of Waterford hath no guard upon the fort or city but the townsmen ; and we every day look to hear when it will be given up to Montgarret, when he comes before it ; for the priests rule all there, and flock into this kingdom, especially into this province, from all foreign parts ; insomuch, as it is credibly certified me, that there is a whole army of ecclesiastics gotten into Munster ; and this morning I have apprehended two Irish friars, that came in a vessel from Dunkirk, disguised into this harbour. The Lord of Dunboyne, and the two Lords Bourkes, and in effect all the natives of the county of Limerick, have declared themselves in open action ; and in brief, all that have suck'd Irish milk are infected with this general treason and rebellion ; for we know not whom to trust, nor who is sound at the heart. The Earl of Barri-more keepeth his country in good subjection, and doth very good service upon the rebels, having joined his forces with the Lord President, who is a brave martial man, and acts all the parts of a good governor : but alas ! he is utterly destitute of men, money, and munition. And therefore, even upon the knees of my soul, I beg and beseech you to supplicate his Majesty and the Lords and Commons of both Houses of Parliament, that this fruitful province of Munster (wherein are more cities and walled towns, and more brave harbours and havens than all the rest of the kingdom hath) and the English

subjects that are herein, may not for want of timely supply of men, money and munition, be lost ; nor the crown of England deprived of so choice a flower thereof ; but that you will incessantly solicit the hastening over of the Lord Lieutenant with the army to Dublin, and Sir Charles Vavasor with his regiment to Yoghall, with a liberal supply of arms and munition, whereof the province is in a manner utterly destitute. And herein, for God's sake, let not the least delay be used, for if there be, all succours will come too late. The Lord President, for her security, hath sent over his lady ; and all the ladies and women of any account have for the most part transported themselves into England : and now my dear daughter comes to her mother in the arrear ; God knows with what grief of soul I part with her. But I prefer the safety of her person before the comfort I have in her company ; for I esteem her to be one of the best women in the world, and I am confident that God hath heard her prayers, which hath inclined him to preserve us hitherto. My daughter Broghill is so great with child, and full of spirit, as she resolves to bide out the brunt of these wars ; and her husband, who is full of hot blood and courage, doth mutiny upon me for walling him up at Lismore. But that he must do, or else I could not come hither. My son Kynalmeaky had been at his own town of Bandonbridge before this time, but his lady having been stay'd here these three weeks by contrary winds, and he joined in commission with the mayor for the government of this town, hath been very active in making up the broken walls and decays of the same. But so soon as her foot is on shipboard, his foot shall be in the stirrup to go to Bandonbridge, of which town I hope he will give a good account ; for he hath a fair rising out in the town and the borders thereof, and I have put up portcullisses for the strengthening of the gates, and planted six

pieces of ordnance for the better defence thereof ; for, I thank God, I have so planted that town, as there is neither Irishman nor papist within the walls, and so can no town or corporation in Ireland truly say. My son Dungarvan hath raised a brave troop of English protestants, and is marching towards the Lord President to join their forces together. And thus have I given you an account how my three sons that are in Ireland are disposed of ; and that I have deprived myself of their companies and comforts ; and with Serjeant Major Appleyard, who is a great assistance unto me, am here to defend this poor and weak town. And therefore, I beseech you, bestir yourself, and rest not, until Sir Charles Vavasor with his regiment be shipped away for Youghall, the sight of whom would make me young again. Oh, that I had George Goring here with 1000 foot and 100 horse well armed, to see what service I could put upon him, that you might hear of our success. I have scarce time to present my service to you and your lady, and to George and my poor Letitia, whom God bless. Youghall, this Twelfth day about midnight after a heavy and sorrowful Christmas, 1641.—Your Lordship's most affectionate brother, and humble servant,

R. CORKE.¹

Strange to say the townsmen of Youghal had paid so little attention to the fortifications which should have defended their homes, that on the 12th of January, in a second letter to Lord Goring, Cork tells of new misfortunes, 'A great part of the walls of Youghall being fallen down within these two nights which we are not able to repair. . . . God bless us, for we are encompassed with an innumerable company of enemies, and have neither men, money, nor munition. We are now at

¹ Printed in *State Letters, Earl of Orrery*, i. 1.

the last gasp ; and therefore, if the state of England do not speedily supply us, we are all buried alive.'

He encloses a letter newly received from Broghill, for he was proud to show the spirit of his son. 'Just now,' writes the young Governor of Lismore, 'is one of my brother Dungarvan's troopers come unto me, and acquainted me, that the party of horse which he sent to meet me went out this morning to take a prey ; but an ambuscade of the enemies fell upon them, and have killed poor Jack Travers, with two more, whose names I know not. His body was stripp'd, and I have sent a trumpeter for it ; his horse is come home shot in three places. This design was out of my knowledge, and contrary to my direction, and marching without scouts in an enemy's country (for so I may call that, and where they have so good intelligence of our proceedings as we ourselves have), could not expect a better fortune. I have sent out my quarter-master to know the posture the enemy is in. They are, as I am informed by those that were in the action, 5000 well armed, and that they intend to take Lismore. When I have received certain intelligence, if I am a third part of their number, I will meet them to-morrow morning, and give them one blow before they besiege us. If their numbers are such that it will be more folly than valour, I will make good this place which I am in. I tried one of the ordnances made at the forge, and it held with two pound charge, so that I will plant it upon the terras over the river. My Lord, fear nothing for Lismore ; for if it be lost, it shall be with the life of him, that begs your Lordship's blessing, and stiles himself, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obliged, and most dutiful son and servant,

BROGHILL.¹

LIS., *January 11* (1641-42).

¹ *State Letters, Orrery*, i. 5.

Desperate as was their position, in one thing the English of Southern Ireland were happier than their brethren in England. No divided allegiance tore their hearts; even the contradictory orders of King and Commons that bewildered the Lords Justices did not reach so far as Munster to weaken the hands of the President and the old Earl. The war there was waged between men of opposing races and different creeds; Englishmen stood all together, and the differences between King and Parliament across seas were ignored.

Lord Cork never discussed the royal intentions nor criticised the doings of the King. Only once in all his diary does he ever allude to the civil war that was being waged in England. Then he writes sadly and solemnly on the 23rd of October 1642:—

‘The lamentable (and ever to be by all true English hearts lamentable) battle at Edge Hill near Banbury was fought between the English. His sacred Majesty being in person at the head of his army and the Earl of Essex general of the army of the Parliament army. [*sic.*] God grant it may be the last battle that ever may be fought between our own nation.’

The slip in the entry shows how deeply the old man was shaken, but the divinity that hedged the King could not be destroyed in the Earl of Cork’s eyes by any royal faults or follies.

While the Earl lived, there was but one occasion when there was danger of Munster being involved in the English division of parties, and according to the historian of the Boyles,¹ it was Broghill’s acuteness that saved the President of Munster from falling into the trap the Irish had prepared for him.

¹ Morrice, *Life of Earl of Orrery*, 13, 14.

This happened in February 1642, when Broghill had joined Dungarvan and the Lord President in guarding the Red Shard, a wild pass leading from the north over into Waterford. There St. Leger waited in the snow, uncertain whether to set Broghill to making entrenchments, or to move further on in search of the enemy.

Broghill described the next proceeding in a letter to his father :—

‘On Tuesday last, the enemy advanced to our out-guards with one hundred and fifty horse, but fifteen of ours made them retreat ; for an old trooper waved his hat towards the place where the enemy thought we lay, which made them all without a blow return faster than they came. The same day they desired to have a safe conduct, and they would treat with us, which we granted ; and yesterday there came in Patrick Walsh, a lawyer, requiring three things : the first, freedom of conscience ; the second, the King’s prerogative to be maintained ; the third, that the natives of the country might have the same privileges that the English enjoy. To which the Lord President answered like a cunning fox (not having force to do it with the sword) that for freedom of religion they have always had it, and as that is a thing he condemns in them for not allowing the English, therefore he is not likely to practise it himself. That he will stand up for the King’s prerogative as much as any man ; for his office and all that he has is immediately from the King, and for this last he will be as earnest for the privileges of the natives as any man, being one himself. This is all that was done while I was there. What the event will be I know not ; but I conceive they do this to delay time till the western forces come up (who have done much mischief and have taken Castlemaine), or else the Scotch have given them in the north some great overthrow and are

marching hither. My Lord President confesses things that I dare not trust to this letter.'

The President's secret information was indeed sufficiently alarming to explain Broghill's reluctance to repeat it hastily. When Walsh appeared he presented his commission on a parchment, drawn up under the great seal, authorising the enlistment of four thousand Irish for the King's service. It would have been small wonder if St. Leger were for the moment taken aback by the Irish pretensions. He had not the slightest intention of declaring war upon King Charles, and he was aware that many of the gentlemen he now saw in arms had held the King's commission in Strafford's army, or were Government officials in their different counties. If it were true that the King in his present need of soldiers proposed to re-embody the army he had been so loth to part with, it was not likely that he would communicate with the Lords Justices who had just disbanded it, and whose loyalty was decidedly doubtful; nothing could be more natural than that he should signify his wishes to the former commanders of the army or the local authorities throughout the country. It was well known that he had intended to use these very Irish regiments in his Scotch war, and it was suspected that, but for a lucky accident, they would have been brought over to London, to coerce the Parliament during Strafford's trial. The Irish therefore had some colour for their boast that they alone were his Majesty's troops and that the Munster forces who claimed to serve the King and Parliament were but 'Parliament dogs,' and not the King's soldiers at all. Their veteran officer, Purcell, afterwards assured one of Lord Cork's nieces that he was twice excommunicated for not taking up arms, and never would have done so but to uphold the King's authority.¹

¹ Hickson, *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century*, ii. 96.

The report of this incident relates that St. Leger was so much shaken by the sight of the commission that he publicly declared he would rather die than be a rebel, and were he but sure of its being genuine, he would disband his forces.

The historian of the Boyles¹ declares that Broghill then broke in, vehemently asserting that the commission was a forgery, and by his persuasions induced St. Leger to repudiate it. Doubtless Broghill was shrewd enough to notice that the important parchment bore the great seal, not of England, but of Scotland, and that one sentence in it empowered the Irish army 'to arrest and seize the goods, estates, and persons of all English protestants in the kingdom,' a command which it was ludicrous to imagine given by the Royal Head of the English protestant Church. But it is very possible that St. Leger, 'the sly old fox,' was not unwilling to appear to waver; for his object just then was to gain time and avoid engaging the overwhelming army of the Irish before reinforcements arrived. He therefore did not discuss the genuineness of the Irish commission, but withdrew with Lord Dungarvan to Cork, there to await a promised regiment of foot under Sir Charles Vavasour, and horses and arms which Lord Inchiquin and Mr. Jephson were busy collecting.

The Irish, disappointed at finding their vaunted commission had so little effect, said little more about their devotion to King Charles. The most part of them soon threw off any pretence of favouring one English party more than another, their greatest general, O'Neil, declaring that he hated and detested all English alike. When the war was over and there was nothing to be gained by pretences, the Irish themselves confessed that the commission had been a forgery and the royal seal upon it had been cut from a land grant found in a

¹ Morrice, *Life of the Earl of Orrery*, 12.

house they had pillaged. There is, however, reason to believe that the forgery was drawn up on the lines of a genuine document, for Lord Antrim had indeed been authorised by the King to negotiate with the Irish army ; but, as he said, 'the fools liked the business too well,' they threw over his authority, drew up their own commission, and waged their own war in their own fashion.¹

Broghill's next letter tells his father that he had drawn all the troops from Lismore town into the Castle and turned out all the papists, and that the enemy had taken Ballyancor and shot Mr. Croker, the owner, in cold blood, and made the rest of the garrison hang each other. Next day they advanced to Lismore and summoned the castle, saying that the Lord President had found them too strong and had retreated before them, and they begged Lord Broghill to follow so good an example and avoid bloodshed by rendering up the castle, when the garrison should have liberty to retire where they pleased, with fair and honourable quarter. Broghill answered no man should be an example to him to do an action that he neither thought honest or noble ; and that for quarter, he never knew what the word meant, and vowed to God to live or bury himself in the ruins of that place. Mr. Bayline, the messenger, then told him the assault would be given in a quarter of an hour, and after drinking three or four glasses of *aqua vitæ* went away. Broghill hung out a flag of defiance, but although there were many false alarms and the garrison were under arms all night, no attack was made. Broghill concludes by telling his father that he still expects every hour to be attacked, 'but they shall find by dear-bought experience how difficult a place this is to be taken, and I will never yield it while I have one drop of blood.'²

¹ See Dunlop, *Hist. Rev.*, ii. 527 ; Gardiner, *Cromwell's Place in History*, 20.

² Smith, ii. 70.

Urban Vigors, the chaplain, expands this story, telling that 'his Lordship placed guards on every place of the castle court and garden, and watched himself three nights together, encouraging his soldiers and seeing they might not want things fitting, nor any of the poor people which came to the castle for their lives. My honourable lady [Lady Broghill] was newly brought to bed of a child, otherwise I daresay she would likewise have watched in person, for she is a lady that truly fears God, abhors and detests rebels, and I know but few men in the land will shoot off a fowling piece better or nearer the mark than her Ladyship.' Then as the Irish still hesitated to attack, 'my Lord, being young and active, thought of a way to fight this domineering yet coward and fearful army,' and caused all his ordnance, muskets, and pistols to be shot off at once, sending the Irish word, by a man he could trust, that reinforcements had arrived, for he knew the Irish had intercepted some of the Earl of Cork's letters announcing the landing of Colonel Lanester at Youghal. This ruse succeeded so admirably that the Irish took fright and fled in all directions. The garrison sent out fifty horse after them and took many prisoners, and 'recovered so many stolen sheep and cattle, that the next day you might have bought in Lismore a good cow for eighteen pence.' It is sad to tell that the siege baby did not live to reward brave Lady Broghill for all she had undergone.

Lord President St. Leger was now almost worn out by his heroic exertions. He had stood a close siege of five weeks in Cork, when, though his troops were mutinous for want of pay, the Dublin Parliament could suggest no resource but that they should sally out and support themselves by plunder!¹ In this strait Lord Barrymore persuaded Lord Cork to send £500 to the relief of the President, and St. Leger further

¹ See Carte's *Ormond*.

succeeded in getting £1000 from miserly old Sir Robert Tynt, on a bond signed by the Earl of Cork, Lord Dungarvan, Sir Hardress Waller, and Sir Edward Denny, which so encouraged the defenders of Cork that they made a gallant sally on the 13th of April, routed their besiegers and cut themselves a way out to carry on the campaign once more in the field. It must be confessed that for once in his life the old Earl played a decidedly dishonest trick in the matter of Sir Robert Tynt's bond. It may be remembered that Sir Robert's son had married Lord Cork's favourite niece, Kate Boyle, and neither the elder nor the younger Tynt treated Kate with the kindness which her uncle thought her due. As the only thing in the world that Sir Robert loved was his money, Lord Cork seized the opportunity of revenge, and when he signed the bond he took care not to deliver it as his act and deed, making his signature valueless, and far from being ashamed of this piece of sharp practice he wrote it down with much pride in his diary. A second assault made by St. Leger on Sir Robert's strong box so overwhelmed him, that Lord Cork wrote, 'it is thought 'twill kill him,' adding grimly, 'which will occasion many a dry eye ; for the commonwealth may well spare him, and his children long for his death.'

Lord Cork had scant sympathy to spare for the hard old man, for he himself was spending money with both hands. St. Leger, in spite of his renewed friendship with Lord Cork, could not forbear a little sneer when he heard tell of his Lordship's great exertions. 'I cannot but acknowledge,' he wrote, 'your Lordship's expenses and losses have been great, but I doubt not but your Lordship's providence, out of a plentiful estate, hath in this summer made provision for the stormy winter.' But Lord Cork in writing to Lord Warwick told another tale.

‘Before the rebellion,’ he says, ‘my revenue, besides my house, demesnes, parks, and other royalties, did yield me £50 a day rent. I do vow unto your Lordship that I have not now 50d. a week coming unto me, so I fear I must come a begging to you to allow me to be one of your beadsmen. But God’s will be done, to whom I am thankful for granting me patience to undergo these final afflictions and losses. My Lord, when my son Dungarvan obtained a troop of horse, it was more for ornament than benefit ; but now our lands being wasted, it must be for his subsistence. My younger sons Kinalmeaky and Broghill are in a worse condition, for although each of them have one hundred horse, which I have hitherto paid, I am forced now to make it my humble suit to your Lordship to move the Lord Lieutenant that they may be taken into his Majesty’s pay ; for the horses and men are very good, well-seasoned, and acquainted with the service.’¹

Parliament after a while sent over £550, and Cork’s friends in England were not altogether forgetful of the needs of Munster. In March 1642, Lord Warwick wrote to his ‘noble brother’ telling that men and money would arrive by the first favourable wind, ‘God Almighty keep you and all in the kingdom, and send the winds to turn, that they may come seasonably to you.’ His ship, *The Pennington*, brought over eight barrels of powder and thirty casks of minion shot, two of which were at once sent up to Lismore.

Fortunately the natural wealth of Munster was so great, that the commerce Lord Cork had fostered with such care was now his standby in the time of need. His cousin Croon sent a ship from Malaga laden with wine and fruit, asking Lord Cork to take out what could be disposed of, and refill the ship with hides, tallow, pipestaves or pilchards. Croon

¹ Lismore MSS. in Smith’s *Cork*, ii. 74.

explains that he has heard there is a great quantity of tallow and hides to be had, but that he really is not sending his ship to take advantage of a cheap market, but with a wish to serve Lord Cork and the distressed among the poor Protestants. Another ship arrived from France with wine and corn to take a return cargo of hides, and Sir W. Beecher sent a message from England through Sir John Leeke with his humble services to Lord Cork, and if he would dispatch a bark with Irish merchandise, Sir William would return it full of powder and ammunition, 'factory free.'

Still Lord Cork was hard put to it, to furnish both the funds for the war and also to care for his own family. He wrote to Mr. Marcombes that the uncertainty of how his children are hereafter to subsist 'is most grievous unto me. Necessity compelleth me to make you and them know the dangerous and poor estate whereunto by God's providence I am reduced. God's will be done. I hope He will give me patience to go through with it.' He continues, that he had scraped together £250 by selling plate, and had made it over to Mr. Perkins to be forwarded, and begged Marcombes to spend it in sending the boys to either Dublin, Cork, or Youghal, 'for all other sea-towns are possessed by the enemy ; or else send them at once into Holland to enter the service of the Prince of Orange, by which they could maintain themselves. But as I am compelled in my age to do, so must they in their young years commend them to the raising of their estates, to God's blessing and their own good fortune. . . . But if they serve God and be careful and discreet in their carriage, God will bless and provide for them as hitherto He hath done for me, who began in the raising of my fortune by my good endeavours without any assistance of parents or friends, and yet when this general torrent of rebellion brake

forth, I did not know that subject in his Majesty's three kingdoms with whom I would have changed fortunes, all things duly considered. But I comfort myself as they must do with the sayings of King David, "Once I was young and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken." I know well you will be too generous to leave them till you see them shipped for Ireland, or well entered in the wars in Holland ; but in any case I pray be very circumspect how you spend this last £250, and put all unnecessary servants and dependants from you. . . . Into England I will not consent they shall come,' he ended proudly, 'till Ireland be recovered, for I have neither present money nor means to defray their expenses there ; and for them that have been so well maintained, to appear there without money, would grieve and disgrace me, and draw contempt upon us all.'

Francis Boyle soon gave his tutor to understand that he had no mind to sell his sword to a foreign prince, while his friends were fighting for their lives at home ; and returned to Ireland early in the summer, to show himself as gallant a gentleman as any of the Boyles.

Robert, who was just recovering from a severe illness, was made extremely miserable by the separation from his brother and the alarming suggestion that he should begin life as a soldier of fortune in Holland. He wrote from Lyons to beg his father to explain more clearly why he suggested Holland for his future home. 'Besides that I am already weary with a long journey of above eight hundred miles, I am as yet too weak to undertake a long voyage in a strange country, where when I arrive I know nobody and have little hope by reason of my youth to be received amongst the troops.' He beseeches his father to tell him if he could be of any service in Ireland, where he says Francis was preparing to go, 'to

secure your Lordship according to his power.' He adds that Perkins had not yet forwarded the money promised, for sad to tell, that sorely needed £250 stuck fast in the tailor's pocket.

Lord Cork wrote the following November reproaching Perkins for deceiving his trust, and keeping back the supplies, for 'God knows with what difficulty I have got these moneys together, to make good my reputation and supply my children's occasion'; to all which Perkins answered with jaunty assurance that he had kept back the money to pay for the young Lords' parliament robes, and Lord Kinalmeaky's debts. He explained, however, that he himself was hardly in better plight than the Irish grandees, for he had been twice arrested on Lady Kildare's account, and once on Lady Lettice Goring's, and had been obliged to pawn his plate, and then ends his letter in all the friendliness of conscious rectitude, with the news that the Parliament had voted seven thousand men for Munster, 'and the King makes preparations for Ireland if the Parliament hinder not.' In spite, however, of these specious explanations, Robert Boyle had never any doubt that Perkins had been unworthy of the old Earl's confidence and had embezzled the money.

Robert being thus left without resources, clung to the only friend he had on the Continent, and returned with Mr. Marcombes to Geneva, there to await better days, supported partly by his tutor's generosity and partly by money obtained through the sale of his jewels. Letters from him came to cheer his father's anxious days, and a tattered fragment of a loving bit of nonsense, sent to congratulate his brother Kinalmeaky on his military successes, still survives.

It is dated August 1642, and tells that Robin is in 'good health, lodging with Mr. Marcombes, where I want nothing but some comfortable letters out of England or Ireland, and

where I daily expect fresh orders and money from my father. . . . Mr. Marcombes takes almost as great a part in your interests [as though] they were his own.' Scribbled on the margin is, 'These lines dear brother are not able to express the least part of my inviolable affection, wherefore I beseech you not to measure it by my expressions, but to suspend your judgment till I have the happiness to enjoy a little your company, or to assure you by effects that my affection passeth very much my expression. Adieu dearest Lewis. Idle cosin. *Bon Anné. Bon Solé. Bon Vespré. Adieue. a Di vous commande.*'¹

Robert's letter to his father is of course much more formal ; he says that he has resigned himself to remaining at Geneva, where he means to study so diligently 'that at my coming home I may render myself capable of some employment in the affairs of Ireland.' He is full of gratitude to Mr. Marcombes 'whom I should altogether despair well to requite, if your Lordship in your letter had not promised to take the matter in hand.'

Saving Robin's letters, all Lord Cork's correspondence concerned the war. In spite of changes in tactics and armaments, war is much the same in all ages, and Broghill's reports to his father on his military operations have a curiously modern ring ; when he complains of officers who ride into ambushes for lack of scouting, of farmers who communicate with the enemy, and of the impossibility of keeping loyal settlers in safety in their own homes, we might be reading the letters of a special correspondent in the present century. Broghill explained to his father that if his tenants were honest, they could make no use of their farmhouses, but left them empty as receptacles for rogues, while if they were

¹ *L. P.*, ii. v. 96.

knaves, he saw no reason why they should be spared ; so devastation and farm-burning entered the fertile Blackwater valley, and the hapless country people had to flee to whatever town or fortress was willing to give them refuge.¹

Broghill also found it necessary to reorganise his forces ; some seditious spirits so worked among the foot soldiers that they were bold enough to intimate to their young commander that their allowance was so small that it could not keep body and soul together. Broghill decided that after punishing the ringleaders he would get rid of some of his soldiers and make all the rest musketeers, for he explained to his father, 'sixty-five musketeers is a greater strength than forty-eight musketeers and forty-one pikemen.' Firearms were already replacing the old-fashioned pikes for warfare among woods and mountains.

The difficulties of the defenders of Munster were greatly increased by their enemies having been former friends and familiar with all their circumstances. The governor of Mocollop Castle, Mr. Henry Tyrell, wrote to Lord Cork, saying T. Carter had read him a warrant purporting to come from the Earl, authorising him to take over the charge of the Castle. Mr. Tyrell wrote that he would be very glad to be relieved in favour of his son, as his health was giving way from anxiety and work, and also his garrison were grown so careless that they persisted in going out morning and evening and wasting ammunition in shooting hares ! But he felt some suspicion about this proposal of Mr. Carter's, and rightly so, for Lord Cork endorses the letter, 'pretending a warrant from me,' and on the 8th of April Broghill arrested and sent off Mr. Carter to Youghal under suspicion of being a traitor. A servant of Carter's also confessed that he had been at the

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 5. 78.

massacre of Mr. Croker and his servants at Ballyancor, 'for which,' writes Broghill, 'unless your Lordship will have him further examined, I shall have him hanged.' He ends by begging his father to send him a hundred musketeers to-morrow morning, and 'my life on it, we will do some gallant exploit.'¹

The long-expected troops from England which arrived in February were commanded by Sir Charles Vavasour, and landed at Youghal in the face of a battery the Irish had set up to command the harbour. Further reinforcements under Inchiquin and Jephson and provision of powder were landed during the month, and the spring days may have seen some hopes awaken in the breasts of the anxious garrisons of Munster.

Unfortunately these English soldiers, who came over in small bodies to reinforce the Munster army, did not make the task of the Irish commanders any easier. A feeling of feudal loyalty bound together the gentry and the forces they raised among their own tenantry, but the English troops had no hereditary confidence in their Munster officers, and considered themselves to be invaders of a foreign country. When Broghill requested his father to send a hundred men to garrison Tallagh, he adds impressively: 'But it must be none of the new English companies, for their unruliness will spoil all; but I shall desire it might be Captain Finch's company, who is a soldier and a civil man.'

Alas! as the war went on 'civility' was less thought of. The letters from his sons to the old Earl soon grow into a dreary catalogue of relentless cruelty on both sides. English women stripped and hanged by the Irish, Irish castles burnt by the English, together with all the women and children

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 5. 39.

who had taken refuge in them, starving and mutinous soldiers—the reader sickens at the monotony of misery. Only here and there comes a letter that may be read with a sense of relief, as, when Lord Roche's castle was taken by the English, seven hundred women who had taken refuge there were given quarter. The war assumed more and more of a guerilla character: flying bands of Irish roved about the country, hiding in woods and caves and pouncing down on any straggling troops or carelessly defended fortress.

Captain Agmondsham Muschamp's account of dealing with one of these parties is as lively as that of any war correspondent of to-day. He describes to Lord Cork how the rebels seized and stripped three of his men and carried them off, debating as they went what particular form of torture they should be put to, when by good luck Captain Muschamp surprised them. Of course the Irish dropped their victims and took to the woods and the river, and the English after them. 'And I had such sport that duck-hunting is nothing to it.' He winds up with apologising for his unpolished lines, 'as he had had no breeding but Sir Vincent Gooking's!' Poor Sir Vincent's libel on the Munster gentry would never be forgotten or forgiven for all his formal apology to the incensed Dublin Parliament.

If we turn to the campaign in the west of Munster we might wish for a whole volume to narrate the tragedies and humours of Kinalmeaky's defence of Bandon. The two great Chieftains, M'Carthy Reagh and O'Sullivan of Bere, commanded the Irish in the West, and when they had swept Clonakilty out of existence they assaulted Bandon. But Bandon was a harder nut to crack. The townsmen did not even consent to fight behind the shelter of their walls, but made a sortie and charged gallantly out, while Kinalmeaky

with his horse took the enemy in the rear and completely routed them, killing one hundred and five, and taking fourteen prisoners, who were immediately hanged, besides securing two wagon-loads of provisions. Lord Cork wrote proudly to Warwick: 'Now the boy has blooded himself upon them, I hope that God will so bless him and his Majesty's forces, that as I now write but of the killing of a hundred, I shall shortly write of the killing of thousands, for their unexampled cruelty hath bred such desire of revenge in us, as every man hath laid aside all compassion and is as bloody in his desires against them as they have been in their execution against us.'¹

The Mayor of Bandon writing in April says that his last messenger had been taken prisoner, and whether he were hanged or not he could not tell. He then tells a pitiful story of five little children who were sent out to herd cattle and were fallen on by the Irish. Four of the children were killed and the cows driven off, and when the miserable parents reached the spot they found the surviving child grievously wounded and not like to live. The Bandon men had little doubt that the raiders were M'Carthy's men from Dun Daniel Castle, and were so wild for revenge that the musketeers marched straight on the Castle, and so played on it, that not a man looking out or over the walls but was killed; and then having driven the offenders from the 'spicks holes,' assaulted the door and iron gate with sledge-hammers, and set the door on fire, and so got into the lower room. The enemy fled to the top of the tower, which was vaulted and had very narrow stairs, so that the Bandon men could not easily follow them, and as it was now dark they contented themselves with setting the floors on fire and carrying off a quantity of oatmeal, and so went home. The next day they found a good many of

¹ Smith, ii. 72.

the rebels had escaped by ropes from the top of the Castle, as the fire could not pierce the vaulted roof, but many lay dead. 'How desperate and rash this attempt was, your Lordship may judge,' said Langton. 'There were three killed and six hurt with shot and stones. The men that were killed were two of them your Lordship's tenants, Martin Colmen and John Moaky, and the third was the Marshal of the Marshalsea in the town. When they went forth they had no such intent as to attempt the castle. If we had known we should have used our endeavours to have restrained them; but that God preserved them they might well have lost forty men and done the enemy no harm. The poor are heavy upon us. Sickness daily increases. God be merciful upon us and send us timely relief, for else we cannot but perish, and that very shortly.'¹

The hare-brained soldiers were equal to assaulting a fortified castle with only their muskets in their hands, but they chafed at the monotony of a siege, more especially as their pay was very uncertain. The Mayor, Mr. Langton, wrote that the journeymen of the town were slipping away to Cork, to enlist there as regular soldiers and be sure of pay.

Kinalmeaky loved as little to sit inside stone walls as did the Bandon journeymen, and he resolved on revenging the massacre of Clonakilty and bearding M'Carthy Reagh by capturing his magnificent Castle of Kilbrittan. Kinalmeaky set his ingenuity to work to invent some better way of assaulting this coveted fortress than shooting with muskets at the defenders through the loopholes, and manufactured one of the moveable sheds on wheels that had been used in classical warfare; he was immensely proud of this Sow, as it was called, and wrote to his father: 'Your Lordship may be pleased to know that on the first of June I took Coolmaine

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 5. 47-9.

and Kilbrittan Castles, the last denying to yield till such time as they saw my mortal Sow. I have left twenty musqueteers in each.'

Lord Cork, whatever his fears for the future, never lost confidence in the strength and steadfastness of Bandon, and in the spirit of those Romans who sold and bought the land on which the invading Hannibal's camp was pitched, occupied himself during these eventful months by drawing up a lease of the part of Bandon known as Coolfadda and letting it to a Mr. Matthias Anstice. Bandon can indeed boast itself a virgin fortress. No enemy ever found a footing inside its tall black walls.

CHAPTER XXIII

AT BAY

1642—1643

‘ . . . as that dishonest victory,
At Chæroneæ, fatal to liberty,
Killed with report that old man eloquent.’
MILTON, ‘SONNET TO THE LADY M. LEY.’

STUBBORNLY as the English settlers fought, the summer of 1642 saw their command of Munster limited to the castles and walled towns. They were now too few to do more than venture an occasional raid into the open country, and without a fresh supply of men and ammunition it was uncertain how long they could keep command of the strong places that were still in their hands.

The situation could hardly be worse ; yet now a new blow fell upon Munster. Lord President St. Leger, worn out with fatigues and anxieties, died on the 2nd of July at his house of Doneraile. His death not only deprived the English of a brave general and a judicious governor, it threw an apple of discord into the province, and all the great men fell to quarrelling who should succeed to his office.

As a temporary expedient the Lords Justices wrote from Dublin desiring Lord Inchiquin and Lord Barrymore to share the government of the province, and begged Lord Cork ‘to assist them with his counsel as far as his indisposition would allow.’

During Lord Cork's long life storms and dangers had always ended by tossing him to a higher pitch of greatness, and now the disasters that had fallen upon Ireland raised him to be the supreme authority in Munster, for Barrymore, though nominally the governor, still referred to his father-in-law's judgment with the dutiful reverence of a son. Gentle and simple all united in assuring the old Earl that he was the sole stay and hope of the English in the South of Ireland, and the Lords Justices sent formal messages to his sons, thanking Broghill for his good services in the war, and giving Kinalmeaky a 'custodiam' of all the lands in the country round Bandon which M'Carthy Reagh might be considered to have forfeited by his rebellion.

But this dignity of the Earl's last days was in truth but a phantom glory. The jealousies and suspicions that were, in Carlyle's words, to make Ireland 'a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness,' were already at work, and Cork was driven to fear that his nominal allies might really be his worst enemies, and that their compliments and friendly words only covered designs of treachery.

Hitherto Englishmen had forgotten their private rancours and private advantages, and held all together for the sake of England. Little love as the Boyles had felt for St. Leger, they believed him to be an honest man and a good soldier, but they had never liked nor trusted his son-in-law and successor, Murrough O'Brien, Lord Inchiquin. Although Inchiquin belonged to the Protestant branch of the O'Briens, it seemed to the Boyles that he was unnecessarily cordial to his popish cousins in the Irish camp,¹ and although profuse of loyal speeches, they feared that he was really taking advantage of the divisions in England to intrigue by turns

¹ See *Verney Mem.*, ii. 56.

with both King and Parliament in order to sell his sword to the highest bidder.

It was difficult to find proof of absolute bad faith on Inchiquin's part, but it was obvious to all that he intended to carry on the war as suited his own convenience and advantage, and before long Lord Barrymore completely lost his temper, and declared that he was tempted to throw up his command and retire to England, rather than wait to see the country ruined, and the Munster army merely employed to guard Inchiquin's private property.

It is possible that Lord Cork may have desired to forestall Inchiquin's intrigues with the powers in Westminster, or he may only have grown weary of crying to the King for help which he was not able to give. Whatever may have been the reasons, he despatched to the Speaker of the House of Commons one of the most dignified and eloquent appeals that ever have reached Parliament. And yet, if one did not know how slowly the human race learns the most obvious lessons, it would be as strange as it is sad to see the old counsels of Elizabeth's day repeated once more. Confiscation and outlawry, the weapons that had been tried fifty years before, were still the only means Lord Cork could suggest to pacify Ireland. But with the Elizabethan policy there is also the Elizabethan fighting spirit in the old Earl's words, and even the English Parliament was stirred, and directed that his letter should be printed and distributed under the title :

‘A copie of a Letter sent by Mr. Speaker to all the Corporations of England—And the like also to all the Justices of Peace in the severall counties of England: Drawn out by order of the House of Commons. Also, a Worthie and learned and religious Speech Delivered by the Earl of Cork to

the protestant Lords, knights and gentlemen of Ireland at a general Assembly holden at Cork, Jan. 20, 1641 [1642].'

This speech, delivered the previous January, recapitulates the horrors they had seen, warns them that the danger is universal, and winds up :

'I am afraid I have been too tedious in my discourse, but I will now end in a word : let not the insolency of the enemy or consideration of the hazard, prevail over the goodness and justice of the cause and your noble and undaunted courage, but be as valiant as your cause is just, and I doubt not that success will crown your actions with honour, procure peace and quiet both to your consciences and possessions, and so shall you inherit the everlasting names of men religious and pious to your God, loyal to your sovereign, and faithful to your country.'

The letter to the Speaker, after Lord Cork's invariable and dignified fashion, ignores any possibility of strife between the King and Parliament.

THE EARL OF CORK TO THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN ENGLAND¹

'SIR,—Although I have not had the happiness to be acquainted with you, yet holding it a necessary duty in me (since the Lord President is dead) to make known unto yourself and the honourable House of Commons the present state of the province of Munster, where my poor fortune and very many other English protestants do lie ; you may be pleased to understand, that Munster, the fourth and best part of this kingdom, being overspread with infinite multitudes of rebels, the better to discourage and dishearten them, I have, with the assistance of the Earl of Barrimore, the Lord Viscount of Killmallock, and my two sons, Dungarvan and Broghill (by

¹ Printed in *State Letters, first Earl of Orrery*, Morrice, i. 8, 16.

the advice of the Lords Justices and council of Ireland, who enabled me with commission to that effect) lately held sessions in the several counties of Corke and Waterford, and even beyond the expectation of all men have proceeded so far as, by juries free from all exception, to indict the Lords Viscounts Roch, Montgarret, Ikerrin, and Muskerry, and the Barons of Dunboyne and Castleconnell, with the son and heir of the Lord of Cahir, Theobald Purcell, Baron of Loghmoe, Richard Butler, of Killcash, Esq., brother to my very good Lord the Earl of Ormonde, with all other the baronets, knights, esquires, gentlemen, freeholders, and popish priests, in number above eleven hundred, that either dwell, or have entered and done any rebellious act in those two counties ; which indictments I make bold to send unto you to be presented unto the House, to the end they may be there considered of by such members thereof as are learned in the laws ; that, if they be wanting in any formal point of the law, they may be reformed and rectified, and returned unto me, with such amendments as they shall think fit : and so (if the House please to direct) to have them all proceeded against to out-lawry ; whereby his Majesty may be entitled to their lands and possessions, which (I dare boldly affirm) was at the beginning of this insurrection not of so little yearly value as two hundred thousand pounds. This course of proceedings against the Lords and the rest was not by them suspected, and, I assure you, doth much startle and terrify them ; for now they begin (though too late) to take notice, that they are in a good forwardness to be attainted, and all their estates confiscated, to the corruption of their blood, and extirpation of them and their families. And the height of their revenge is principally bent against the Earl of Barrimore, myself, and my two sons, which we all foresaw before we entered upon this work of works. Sir, I pray give

me leave to present unto yourself and that honourable house, that this great and general rebellion broke forth in October last, at the very instant when I landed here out of England ; and though it appeared first at Ulster, yet I (who am three-score and sixteen years of age, and have eaten the most part of my bread in Ireland these four and fifty years, and by reason of my several employments and commands in the government of this province and kingdom) could not but apprehend that the infection and contagion was general, and would by degrees quickly creep into this province, as forthwith it did. And for that I found to my great grief, that by the courses the late Earl of Strafford had taken, all or the greatest part of the English and protestants in this province were deprived of their arms, and debarred from having any powder in their houses, and the king's magazines here being so weakly furnished, as in a manner they were empty ; I without delay furnished all my castles in these two counties with such ammunition as my poor armoury did afford, and sent three hundred pounds sterling into England to be bestowed in ammunition for myself and tenants ; and put in sufficient guards and nine months' victuals into every of my castles, which, I thank God, I have hitherto preserved and made good, not without giving great annoyance out of these castles to the rebels. And for that the late Lord President did judiciously observe, that the preservation of this important town and harbour of Yoghall was of principal consequence to be maintained and kept for the service of the crown ; and presuming that no man did exceed me in power and ability to make it good, he prevailed with me so far for the advancement of his Majesty's service, and securing of this considerable town and harbour, as to leave my own strong and defensible house of Lismore (which was well provided of ordnance and all things fitting for

defence), to the guard of my son Broghill, with an hundred horse and an hundred foot, and to retire hither, whither I brought two foot companies of an hundred apiece, all compounded of English Protestants, and well disciplined, and them at my charges armed, being men experienced, and formerly seasoned with the air of this country, wherein they are good guides. And hitherto (I do thank my God) this town and harbour are made good, and is a receptacle, not only for shipping, but also for thousands of distressed Englishmen, which have been dispossessed and stripped by the rebels, and found succour and safety here. And these two hundred men, that I have kept here all the last winter until now to defend this town, I did weekly pay by poll three shillings and sixpence a week, until the first of March last ; and then my own monies failing, my son Dungarvan did procure order from the Parliament for four months entertainment, beginning the first of March and ending the last of June ; for which as I am most thankful, so I beseech you, that order may be given for the four months from the beginning of November till the first of March, and from the said last of June hitherto, and for the time succeeding. The troop of horse and hundred foot, which were and are garrisoned at Lismore, I have also ever since weekly paid in ready money by poll, as I do the foot company to this day. But I humbly thank the Parliament, they have been nobly pleased, the beginning of last month, to bring my son Broghill with his troop of horse into his Majesty's pay ; which favour he will (I hope), by his service merit. I then likewise employed my second son Kynalmeaky to command and govern a town in the west of my erection, called Bandonbridge, the walling and fortifying whereof stood me in £14,000, wherein are at least seven thousand souls, all English Protestants, and not one Irishman or Papist

dwelling therein, where there have been ever since, and yet are maintained, one hundred horse and four hundred foot ; which town (notwithstanding several violent assaults and attempts) hath not only been maintained and defended, but they have made many sallies forth upon the rebels, and given them several great overthrows ; and indeed beyond expectation (and even almost to admiration), have gained some seven castles from the traitors ; some of which they have burned and sleighted, and the rest they maintain with good wards, being great bridles upon the enemy. And yet these nine months they have not had one penny entertainment from the King nor Parliament, only the Honourable House of Commons taking notice of their remarkable services, have lately very graciously bestowed upon them four hundred musquets with powder, match, and lead, fifty swords, two hundred belts, two drums, five new colours, and some other victuals and habiliments of war ; for which great favour I beseech you present that honourable house with mine and their humblest thanks ; and if these ammunitions had been accompanied with some reasonable proportion of money and clothes, it would have crowned their other bounties, and kept the soldiers from mutiny and disorder. But they having had no pay but my poor revenue these nine months, makes them disobedient to commands, and apt to complain of their governor ; for whom it is in a manner impossible to keep so great a number of men in wants, and withal in good appetite and affection towards him, when he hath no money from King or Parliament to content them withal. And, therefore, I beseech you, let no aspersions be fastened upon him, until he be heard to deliver his own acquittal ; for it is not his carriage, but the want of money that displeaseth them, which, it is my humble suit, may be speedily redressed.

‘The Earl of Barrimore hath, in these times of general defection, expressed as much loyalty to the King and Parliament, and as much constancy to his religion, as could be desired, even almost beyond hope; and in the height of scorn resisted to accept the place of being general of the Irish forces of this province, and other tenders of exceeding great pay and advantage; for whose constancy to the crown, and refusal of their offers, they have burned and wasted his whole country. He is the eldest colonel in this province; and yet now that all his revenue is taken from him by the rebels (unto whom no man shows so little favour) he hath only a troop of horse in pay, which he raised, horsed, and armed at his own charge, without allowance from the king or parliament; (as both my sons Kynalmeaky’s and Broghill’s troops were by me;) and maintaineth always at least 200 foot in the field without pay at his own charges, and hath nothing but what he fighteth with the rebels for, and getteth by his sword; he having lately hanged forty-three notable rebels for a breakfast, whose service and encouragement therein I sensibly offer to the consideration of the honourable house of commons, (and wish that he had a regiment bestowed upon him;) as also the infinite prejudice this province suffers by the delay of not sending over those 5000 foot and 500 horse, with money and ammunition, which the parliament (as I am informed) long since ordered to be transported hither, as an increase to the forces of this province; which, if they had timely arrived, might in all probability have prevented the loss of the castle and ordnance of Limerick, which the rebels do now possess, and do in great numbers march abroad with the cannon, and other ordnance which they got there; and therewith have lately gained the castles of Kilfinny, Newcastle, Crome, Rathkeele and all other the castles in the county of Limerick, which they have sum-

moned or shot at, and till then held firm ; so as we have only two castles in the county, the one called Loghgirr, belonging to the Earl of Bath, which is yet defended ; and a castle of mine called Askeating, wherein I have without charge, either to the king or parliament, kept and maintained an hundred men ever since this rebellion ; which castle Captain Robert Constable, who commanded the ship called the *Ruth* (when he brought 800 distressed protestants out of the castle of Limerick,) did lately and very worthily relieve with one piece of ordnance, powder, match, lead, salt, and other necessaries. But the rebels came so thick and fast upon him, as he could not bring in thither any supply of victuals. And that strong castle of Askeating is now besieged with 4000 of the enemies, and we have no sufficient force in this province to rescue or relieve it. And it is most true, that those three regiments, which the king and parliament sent over for this province, under the command of Sir Charles Vavasor, Sir John Pawlett, and Sir William Ogle, are so lessened, weakened, and made unserviceable by fluxes, small-pox, fevers, and with long marches, and lying upon the cold ground, as we are not able out of these three Regiments to draw into the field twelve hundred able and serviceable men, death and sickness having reduced them to so weak a condition. And, Sir, I beseech you, believe this great truth from me, that if the king and parliament be not pleased speedily to send hither liberal supplies of all our beforementioned wants, we shall be deprived of a very plentiful harvest ; the enjoying whereof by the rebels will be a mighty accommodation to them, and an unspeakable disadvantage to us ; and the whole province must be deserted and left to the enemy ; and all the English forces will be compelled to retire into the city of Corke, and the towns of Yoghall, Kingsale and Bandonbridge, (for more

walled towns than those there are not in the whole province that hold for the crown;) the unexpressible consequence whereof the honourable house of commons will, I hope, upon this my true relation, speedily commiserate, and have a feeling of those our increasing miseries and afflictions. But I positively affirm, that if any farther delay be used, it will be our ruin and the loss of this late flourishing and plentiful province: and if your providence furnish us not presently with liberal supplies, it will be the loss of Munster; and of all the good English protestant subjects therein; who, with the loss of their blood and hazard of their lives, have hitherto with great danger upheld that little remain that we keep.

‘For my own part, Mr. Speaker, I assure you this great truth, that I had a very considerable estate and revenue when this rebellion began; and when I retired to this town I left a garrison of an hundred horse and an hundred foot at Lismore; and that foot company I have weekly paid out of my own purse till this day, and the troop till the last month, that they were brought into pay under the command of my son Broghill; the hundred foot at Askeating I have also since the beginning of the rebellion given satisfaction unto. And as for the hundred horse and four hundred foot under the command of my son Kynalmeaky at Bandonbridge, neither King nor Parliament hath vouchsafed hitherto to send them either clothes or money, and for want of pay they now mutiny. The two foot companies, that guarded Yoghall, I have paid out of my own purse since the beginning of these troubles, save only the four months’ entertainment, which the Parliament sent over unto them. I have maintained and do yet keep guards in my several castles, which have much annoyed the rebels. All those soldiers in these several places are out of clothes. I do affirm and will make good this undeniable truth, that my two sons

Kynalmeaky and Broghill, with those forces that I have raised and satisfied and they command, have been the destruction of above three thousand rebels since the beginning of the insurrection. I have been compelled to sell my plate and silver vessels to pay the soldiers. I have been a good constable to preserve this town and harbour, and the King's peace in those parts. I have with a free heart and a liberal hand spent all that I have, and am able to do no more. I grieve not at my own losses and wants, though they have been very great; but to see these seasoned and well-disciplined companies (an hundred whereof for the present are more serviceable than three hundred fresh men), to be without clothes or pay, afflicts me at the soul.

‘The one hundred and odd pounds which the House of Commons sent over by my son Dungarvan, to relieve this poor town, hath been faithfully distributed among the poor English Protestants, who in exchange do tender unto you their humblest thanks, and pray for your prosperity. And so, beseeching you and the Honourable House of Commons to take this my true (though tedious) relation to heart, and to provide speedy remedies to keep us in life, making it my incessant prayer to the Almighty, that God will bless and direct you in all your actions and intentions, I take leave, and rest the servant of your commands. R. CORKE.’

‘YOGHALL, *Aug.* 25, 1642.’

‘The towns of Wexford and Dungarvan are both by sea lately furnished from Rochelle with store of powder and ammunition, whereof I had a certain advertisement this day; and an admonition to the commanders of those ships, that are in pay from the House, to range and watch the seas better, is humbly desired as most requisite.’

The month after this appeal to England was drawn up, Lord Inchiquin had to ask Lord Cork for every man who could be spared from the garrison of Youghal, for the Irish, having made themselves master of all the strongholds in County Limerick, and having besieged and taken Askeaton, were advancing southward into Cork, promising themselves, says a contemporary tract,¹ to win all Munster at a blow, for they were assured the tidings of a single Irish victory would rouse Youghal, Cork, and Kinsale, 'where there were not four hundred soldiers left, to cut the throats of their garrison and declare themselves for the rebels.'

They brought with them the guns they had taken at Limerick, and a brass siege piece of 6890 pounds weight, 'the fame of which,' says the tract quoted above, 'won more castles than the valour of their whole army.' This tremendous gun was conveyed across the bogs in a hollowed-out tree trunk, dragged by twenty-five yoke of oxen, and it proved so effective that the strong castle of Liscarrol surrendered to them after three days' siege.²

Inchiquin hurried to the front, calling all the Boyles to join him, and with his brothers came Francis to flesh his maiden sword in the battle that was to roll back the tide of invasion from Munster.

On the third of September Inchiquin's forces reached Liscarrol, almost fainting from their rapid march and lack of supplies.³ They found the Irish strongly posted, their left wing resting on Liscarrol Castle, the right protected by a fortification they had raised on a hill near by. Inchiquin had not discovered the shock tactics of Rupert and Cromwell, and advanced in the slow old-fashioned way, directing his

¹ *A Journal, etc., Brit. Mus. E. (123) 15.*

² (Carte: Others say the castle held out 13 days.)

³ Carte.

troopers not to charge, but fire off their carbines and wheel to the rear to reload. In doing so, they threw their rear rank into confusion, and the Irish who had refused to be drawn from their position, now dashed in among the broken ranks and forced them back. Dungarvan was only saved by the excellence of his armour, and Inchiquin, separated in the *mêlée* from his own men, was seized and held fast by an Irish trooper while two others hacked at him with their swords, and was barely rescued by Jephson, who also succeeded in rallying the scattered horse, when after a gallant struggle, in which Broghill shot one of the Irish ensigns with his own hand and seized the colours, the Irish were obliged to give back, and their retreat soon turned to a complete rout. Meantime the Irish left wing had been dislodged by Vavasour from its position under the Castle and driven into a bog. Unhappily Inchiquin, when he returned from the pursuit of the right wing, mistook his own army for the enemy, and fearing to encounter fresh forces, sounded trumpets to draw off his men. By the time his mistake was discovered, many of the enemy had got away and taken refuge in Sir William Power's bog of Kilbolan.

In spite of the escape of so many, the victory of the English was decisive. The Irish lost seven hundred men and their guns, and their advance into Cork was entirely checked. But alas, the victory was dearly bought. At the very first advance of the skirmishers, led forward by Inchiquin to draw the Irish from their shelter, a shot from a hedge struck down Kinalmeaky. Francis dashed up as he fell, and at the risk of his life caught his horse's bridle, but the shot had done its work and the boy was obliged to abandon the body till the battle was over. Then the sorrowing brothers bore it home and laid it to rest with military honours in the Cathedral of

Lismore, sending six captured standards over sea, to show Lady Kinalmeaky that her husband had not died in vain.

Requiescat in pace; we may forget the sins and follies of his boyhood in the memory of his gallant defence of Bandon and his soldier's death on the field of Liscarrol.

If Lord Inchiquin had been able to follow up his victory, he might actually have brought the war in Munster to an end. Unhappily he had no provision for a campaign, and having averted the immediate danger, he returned his troops to their various garrisons and retired to his house at Mallow.

This is the account of the battle preserved in the *Lismore Papers*,¹ but Inchiquin indignantly asserted that Dungarvan and Broghill did him very great wrong, 'in that they wrote letters which were read openly in Parliament, wherein they attributed the chief merit of that day's services to Sir Charles Vavasour.' The view of Inchiquin's friends was that he himself routed the Irish right wing, while the left wing had merely retired without fighting, into the boggy ground where Vavasour could not follow them.

Perhaps the most disastrous effect of war upon a country is that it carries away the strong and active and leaves the old and helpless to mourn that they still drag on a useless existence. In this sorrowful summer Lord Cork had already lost his son-in-law, Lord Digby, now Kinalmeaky had fallen, and but three weeks later the old man had to record the death of the gallant young Irishman who, since the day he married Alice Boyle, had been to the Earl as one of his own children. Lord Cork wrote on September 29th in his diary:—

'This morning, being Michaelmas Day, it pleased God to

¹ Smith, ii, 80 and 84. A much fuller account is edited by Mr. T. Buckley in the *Cork Arch. Journ.* 1896, pp. 83, 100, from a contemporary tract. It relates that Vavasour took the enemies' guns, and describes the gallant behaviour of the Boyle family, but gives the honours of the victory to Lord Inchiquin.

call to his mercy out of this miserable world my noble son-in-law the Earl of Barrymore, who sickened at his house of Castle Lyons, the 24th of this month and deceased this morning there, whereof my cousin Stephen Crowe brought me the unwelcome tidings, and by him I sent my daughter £20 to be bestowed in bringing his body to Youghal to be interred in my chapel, and provide £30 more for the mourning stuff for his funerals. His Lop. being interred with the rites of a soldier the next following, the Lord of Inchiquin with very many others being present.'

In those grievous days there was little leisure to mourn the dead, the living demanded every thought. Lord Barrymore's fatherless children were very dear to the old Earl, and in the ruined country it was hard to see how the young heir was to live, much less pay for education. So the funeral at Youghal was hardly over before Lord Cork had to take up his pen to petition Ormond, whom the King had made Lieutenant-General of Ireland, to allow young Barrymore to be the nominal head of the troop of horse his father had raised, and also to grant Kinalmeaky's troop to his brother Francis.

THE EARL OF CORK TO THE MARQUIS OF ORMOND.

'MY MOST HONOURED LORD,—Though it be late, yet give me leave, I beseech you, to congratulate your new addition of honour, which his majesty has been graciously pleased so deservedly to confer upon you; as also the restitution of health, which God hath given you and your virtuous Lady. And although these my expressions are not presented unto you so early as I desired, yet I beseech you believe this great truth from me, that they proceed from an honest heart, that hath ever honoured and loved yourself and the noble family, from which you are descended; and if ever my posterity shall

fail in their service and respects to you and yours, I will not own, but disclaim them as none of mine. My Lord, I have lately had the honour amongst other your commissions to receive two under your Lordship's hand and seal, whereby my slain son Kinalmeaky had by your favour conferred upon him the command of a troop of horse and a foot company, which he raised, armed, and maintained since the beginning of this insurrection in my new walled town of Bandonbridge, without charge or pay from the king, parliament, or state, and did some remarkable services in those parts with the forces, which he had gotten and kept together there. And now I, being by the iniquity of these times deprived of my rent and revenue, am much impoverished by the maintenance that I afforded him, and find no comfort by those your Lordship's commissions, which were not brought hither until after my son Kynalmeaky was killed at the battle of Liscarryl, where I had four of my sons in that service ; and the youngest of them (if report speak truth) carried himself with undaunted resolution and did narrowly endanger his life, in recovering his dead brother's body and horse, both which he brought from the rebels, and hath ever since kept both troop and foot company together, in hope (his brother being thus killed in this service) that he shall be graced with the command of them. My humble suit unto your Lordship now is, that you will be favourably pleased, seeing God hath so appointed it, that the town of Bandonbridge (where his troop and company are garrisoned) is by my said son's death now descended to his brother Dungarvan, that your Lordship will now also confer upon him the foot company, and the troop of horse on his brother Francis, it being no other than the performance of that favour, which you were pleased to confer upon their deceased brother ; and the altering of it from his name that is dead to them two

that are living, whereby you shall oblige us all three that survive to a most thankful acknowledgement of this your goodness ; which favour if you shall vouchsafe them, then it is my further desire, that the commissions may be renewed and returned by this express messenger.

‘It pleased God on Michaelmas day last to call to his mercy my noble son-in-law, the Earl of Barrimore, who was your great servant. He hath left a distressed wife and four children, with an encumbered and disjointed estate, all his country and livelihood being little better than wasted. He had no other entertainment from his majesty than a troop of horse, which he raised, horsed, and armed, at his own charge. His son, the young Earl, is a very hopeful and proper youth, not yet full fourteen years of age ; yet in his disposition very forward : and if your Lordship will be graciously pleased, for the better upholding of such an ancient and honourable house, and the better maintenance of the young Lord during these times of trouble, to confer upon him the troop of horse which his father had, and send him your commission to command them, I do undertake to your Lordship, that they shall be governed by such able and sufficient officers, as shall keep them in strength and good order, and perform all duties that can be expected from them. And this in your Lordship will be an act of great honour, and speak loud in your Lordship’s just commendations, and thereby perpetually oblige him and all his friends to be your most thankful servants. Which recommending to your Lordship’s honourable consideration, I pray for your Lordship’s health and prosperity, and, as I am, will ever remain,—My Lord, your Lordship’s most humble and affectionate servant,

R. CORKE.

‘YOGHALL, Oct. 7, 1642.

‘To the most honourable the Lord Marquis of Ormonde,

lieutenant general of his majesty's forces in this kingdom, at Dublin, these present.'¹

The death of Lord Barrymore left Lord Inchiquin practically the Governor of Munster. He is hardly likely to have echoed the desires of the Lords Justices that the Earl of Cork might find himself equal to assisting the government with his advice, for although the two great men were still on formal terms of friendship, the old Earl had not grown less outspoken with increasing years, and his remarks and criticisms might soon grow too sharp for the proud O'Brien to stomach. It was indeed now only too possible that the government of Munster would be paralysed by an open quarrel between its two greatest nobles.

Lord Justice Parsons was so anxious over the state of things that he sent Lord Cork a letter by Joshua Boyle, imploring him in a maundering helpless sort of way to make the best of things and bear Inchiquin's provocations with pious resignation.

Lord Cork was not the man to follow counsels of patience when the fate of the kingdom was at stake, and paying no attention to the Lord Justice, he sent off his two eldest sons post-haste into England, to beg the King to appoint Lord Dungarvan Lord President of Munster.

Nothing could have been more natural than that Lord Dungarvan should at the least succeed his brother-in-law, Lord Barrymore, as Inchiquin's coadjutor, and Lord Cork urged him 'leave no friend unsolicited, no fair means unattempted, that may effect the business you go upon, for if you return without it, you will meet with thorns entering

¹ Printed in Orrery's *State Letters*, i. 16-18.

your sides and be subject to such affront as your spirit will not digest.'

But the Boyles petitioned in vain, and their charming wives sailed for England and canvassed their court friends with no result. The King bestowed the title of Lord President upon their Weston kinsman, the Roman Catholic Earl of Portland, but the empty title was all that his Majesty had power to give, and the appointment remained a mere dead letter : while the Parliament which now openly used its authority in rivalry with the King, nominated Lord Lisle, the son of the absentee Lord Lieutenant Leicester. Lisle had been acting as Lieutenant-General under Ormond, and in so far was better than Portland that he went to Munster, but he had no influence there, and soon vanished in the increasing welter of confusion where every man had to take care of himself, and hardly knew whom to call his friends or even to which nominal party he himself belonged.

The Justices, seeing that neither King nor Parliament were able to provide for the governing of Munster, for once bestirred themselves and appointed Lord Broghill and Captain Jephson Commissioners to assist Lord Inchiquin in his duties, Inchiquin still holding the King's commission as chief commander of the army.¹

Lord Cork also urged Dungarvan when he was in England to do all in his power to secure his 'brother Francis a troop of horse, for he is grown a very civil proper young gent. full of spirit and good hopes, and to have the like care to get your sister Barrymore the wardship of the young lord, who now hath the command of the troop of horse² that his father

¹ Smith, ii. 81.

² The Original Commission appointing Lord Barrymore is in the possession of H. Townshend, Esq. of Seafield, County Cork.

had, notwithstanding the endeavours of your Uncle Fenton and Sir Hardress Waller, who should not have sought it from him.'

When Lady Dungarvan and Lady Broghill crossed to England they had travelled with one of the Munster commanders, Captain Thornhill. He was a rich man and had a wife in England, and probably was heartily tired of the wretched guerilla warfare in Munster, so after his three months' leave was up, he decided not to return to Ireland, and Lord Cork gained his desire and saw Francis appointed to succeed to Thornhill's company of four hundred foot.

When the Earl gave his parting gifts to the ladies he gave also to 'my daughter Broghill in gold, five pounds to buy a ring beset around with diamonds, to be by her presented from me to Mrs. Anne Howard.' It is pathetic to see the old man turning from the cares of the government and the anxieties of the war, to send a token to the little lady he hoped one day to see the bride of his Robin. Robin, indeed, was never long out of his father's thoughts, and with all the need of horses for his Munster troopers, one very choice dun mare was sent to Lismore, to be kept and dressed with care in readiness for the Earl's youngest son, 'when it shall please God to send him home from his foreign travels.'

When Lady Dungarvan and Lady Broghill arrived in England they must have found most of their Munster friends settled there, ready to welcome them. The progress of the English civil war seems not to have prevented people from living very comfortably in London, whatever were their political opinions. Even when the advent of the King's forces threatened to bring war to the city gates, the alarm only called out Milton's half-jesting appeal to 'Captain or Colonel or Knight in Arms,' and Sir John Leeke described the raising of fortifications as something of a city holiday.

Good Sir John's letters, full of public news, must have been a godsend to the weary defenders of Youghal, but this April he had to send tidings of nearer matters, and tell the old Earl that yet another of his children had left the world before him, and poor Lettice Goring had

‘passed

To where beyond these voices there is peace.’

It is to be hoped that his remarks about the devil do not point to old Lady Goring, for although Lettice had no great love for her mother-in-law, Lord Cork called her a very prophetess !

‘I wrote to your honour,’ says Sir John, ‘that your daughter Lettice could not subsist many days, for she was not able to endure being brought hither in a chair, for indeed she went to God the day following, whither the old devil that now kennels in White-hall will never come. The mother and aunt, they are jolly.’¹

Of one member of the Boyle family Sir John could send no news, for Lady Kinalmeaky was away in Holland in faithful attendance on her royal mistress. Sir Thomas Stafford also accompanied the Queen, and wrote to Lord Cork that he was overwhelmed with work and anxiety ; he had left Lady Stafford in England to save what she could from the general ruin, but she could get no rents paid. He ends his letter, ‘Your Lordship’s daughter Lady Kinalmeaky and myself do often entertain ourselves with the consideration of your Lordship, and as ever we have letters from England we compare. She is richly good. My Lord Goring is a constant comforter to us in these misfortunes.’

Lady Kinalmeaky herself wrote from the Hague, but

appeared too much agitated over the loss of her jewels and her need of money, to have any sympathy to spare for her relatives holding out in Munster among the dangers and privations of war. It is difficult to believe that the woman who wrote the following letter to the old Earl was anything but a hard, selfish lady of fashion :—

‘The ship where in almost all our goods were, was cast away, so that my mother is fain to furnish her and my self of all things necessary. I make no question but that you will think it fit to contribute something towards the great charge I put her to. I as sure I never did anything to deserve not to be kept by you. I desire not so much as may make you think me prodigal. The loss of my rich clothes has made me resolve never to have more. I have reserved those few jewels I had except a diamond fan handle. The news from England is so bad that I believe it will fly further than Ireland quickly. God prevent the ill that seems to threaten it. I hope I shall be so happy as to see you one way or another within a short time. Till which time, and ever, you shall find me as much as can possibly be, your Lordship’s most humble servant and obedient daughter,

KINALMEAKY.

‘I pray you present my services to my brother Dungarvan and all the rest of my friends.’¹

Although Lady Kinalmeaky had no sympathy to spare, the story of endurance and privation in Youghal would have moved most hearts. The old Earl writes sadly to Lord Dungarvan of his garrison, that fifteen companies were mostly dieted on salt beef, barrelled biscuits and butter, with water to drink, ‘which make a rich churchyard and weak garrison, insomuch it grieves my heart to see this great mortality of

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 5. 27.

such, as, if they were cherished, might do the King and country good service.’¹

Yet in spite of sickness and privation, the round of life went on with hardly a change, and when Christmas came the Earl kept it to the best of his ability, though his lists of presents got sadly jumbled up with bills for ammunition and the weight of the new iron gates made for Lismore Castle. Dean Naylor wrote from Lismore, explaining that the Christmas rents of the tenants were in arrears, because the Irish had lately raided the Blackwater valley, and carried off the cattle ; but raids and incursions are all entered by the old Earl in his diary with the same unmoved regularity as he chronicles the number of old suits of clothes he gave away, or the birth of a son to Sir Percy Smyth. The coachman from Castle Lyons carried the Earl’s Christmas presents to the orphaned Barry children, a gold piece each for the young Earl and Lady Ellen, and ten shillings each for James and Lady Kate. To the officers of the garrison of Youghal were given clothes from the Earl’s wardrobe, laced with silver or adorned with ‘silver great buttons,’ and Sir Charles Vavasour was sent a bottle of rosemary water, and two barrels of oats for his horses.

The war had by this time dwindled to a sort of miserable sea-saw of raids and counter-raids, to which there seemed no prospect of any end, unless either party exterminated the other, and at last Inchiquin declared to Cork that he expected shortly to be driven to put what victuals he could get together into his soldiers’ knapsacks and march away, leaving the province to the mercy of the rebels. On the 5th of May he wrote to the Earl :

‘ Our present condition falls out now to be more miserably

¹ Smith, ii. 85.

desperate than ever, in regard we have no manner of help or relief amongst ourselves and the provisions we depended on out of England doth fail us, which will put us to a desperate extremity, here being nothing to deliver forth [in this store] on the next pay day. I request your Lordship to lend or borrow £300 for victualling those in Youghal. To-morrow with a heavy heart I shall march forth to linger out a few days in the field, where I am not likely to continue so long as to enterprise anything of advantage, for want of provisions for the men and money for the officers.'

In June Francis Boyle had the support of Sir Charles Vavasour in a new expedition into Condon's country. They carried artillery with them, and by its help, and using poor Kinalmeaky's device of a sow to shelter their miners, they took the strong castle of Cloghleigh, and put all the garrison to the sword, 'for which good achievement,' wrote Lord Cork, 'God make us all thankful.'

But this success was short-lived. An overwhelming body of Irish, four thousand foot and five hundred horse, pursued Vavasour's little party, and fell on them the following day, when they were fording the Blackwater. The English artillery was still on one side of the river, while most of the troops had already crossed and were involved in a narrow lane. The Irish had them at their mercy and almost swept this, the last army of Munster, out of existence.

Lord Cork's diary gives a melancholy list of killed and wounded officers; the iron gun, brass 'basilisque,' all the wagons and carriages, and seven colours taken, and worst of all, the Colonel, noble Sir Charles Vavasour, was a prisoner. 'God in his mercy turn his heavy hand from us,' concludes the Earl.

Emboldened by this success, the Irish advanced on

Cappoquin, where fortunately, at the entreaty of Lord Barrymore, Inchiquin had left Captain Croker's regiment as garrison.

Inchiquin wrote to Lord Cork that if he could but fit out an expedition he did not doubt but he should easily raise the siege ; so Lord Cork set to work, and among his friends gathered up and borrowed £1000, Inchiquin himself contributing, and Lord Cork gave bonds charging the repayment on the Parliament and Kingdom of England.

But the Irish general Purcell did not wait for Lord Inchiquin at Cappoquin, for when he found the town too strong to be taken by assault, he turned his attention to Lord Cork's own house, and marched on Lismore.

The defences there had lately been strengthened by iron grates and chains, made at Lord Cork's iron works, 'for the garden door and the terrace of the turret,' and in the winter a great iron 'outgate' weighing nearly two tons had also been finished and hung up. It was ready, therefore, to make a stout resistance, and Lord Cork described proudly how the enemy attacked one side of the castle after another, and were driven back in turn from each.

'On the 23rd of July began their battery from the church to the east of Lismore house and made a breach into my Brew House, which Capt. Brodrigg and my warders, being about 150, repaired stronger with earth than it was before, and they shot there till Thursday 27th, and never durst attempt to enter the breach, my musket shot and ordinance from the castle did so apply them. Then they removed their battery to the south west of my castle and continued beating against my orchard wall, but never ventured into my orchard, my shot from my turrets did so continually beat and clear the curtain of the wall. The 28th of July God sent my 2 sons

Dungarvan and Broghill to land at Youghall out of England, and the 29th they rode to the Lord of Inchiquin, who with our army was drawn to Tallagh, and did stand there in expectation of Col. Myn with his regiment from Timoleague, who failed to come.'

Then comes a rather confused entry, which is hard to follow on the tattered paper, but it appears that Dungarvan had brought over letters from his Majesty recommending that a treaty should be made with the enemy, and a six days' cessation of hostilities was therefore concluded with Lord Muskerry. Before the expiry of this truce the Irish concluded that Lismore was too hard a nut for them to crack, and removed their ordnance and scaling-ladders, and withdrew, leaving two hundred and one of their men dead behind them, while but one of the garrison had been killed. Lord Cork sent as reward to Captain Brodrip for his eight days' resistance, five pounds in money and 'a cloak of mine of black Waterford frieze lined throughout with black Tuftaffety, with a riding coat, doublet and breeches suitable.'

With the record that his well-loved home at Lismore was safe, the diary that the old Earl had kept for more than thirty years comes to an abrupt close ; 'the rest is silence.'

It is possible that age and infirmity pressed too heavily upon him to allow him to sit to his desk and chronicle the events of the war ; but long years before, when all thought him at the point of death, the Earl's indomitable spirit had nerved his palsied hand to write out the items of 'the large revenue with which God had blessed him': that spirit one would think would never have let him lay down his pen while life lasted. No ; the empty pages that follow tell their story plain enough for those to read who understand the old man's temper ; never had the Earl allowed his journal to hold a

complaint against his royal master ; now when his sons brought a word from the King which spoke the doom of all patriotism and loyalty in Munster, the old man made no comment, but closed his book for ever. There are those who, when shame and horror overtake them, can ease their breasts by lamentations or protest ; the Earl of Cork took this last blow in silence, and when men take it that way—they die.

The truce with the Irish, of which Dungarvan and Broghill brought the news, was no mere breathing-time snatched in order to allow of the war being afterwards renewed with fresh vigour. It was a cessation of hostilities, sought by the King in order that he might negotiate with his rebellious subjects as though they were an independent power, a truce during which his Munster soldiers were to speak words of peace to men whose hands were yet red with the blood of English women and children.

Nowadays we are tolerant, with the tolerance born of indifference, and can smile at the blind Protestant zealots who ignored their own cruelties, and only saw those of their antagonists. We can take broad views of politics, and blame the dogged Munster obstinacy that persisted in carrying on a hopeless warfare. Even Ormond, in Dublin, could see further than the desperate garrisons of the south. It was clear to him, that so far from the King having forces to spare for Ireland, he needed all he could gather for a far more vital issue, and it was suicidal for Protestants and Catholics to waste their energies in a fruitless struggle when both might be doing him good service in England. The English Roman Catholics had rallied to the royal standard, and to many of the King's advisers it seemed unreasonable that mere religious differences should keep the Irish gentry out of his Majesty's army, especially as they had never ceased to protest their personal loyalty to him.

The King therefore found it convenient to remember that the Irish really had some causes of complaint, and that the graces were even yet unratified, and it struck him as politic to take this opportunity to renew his promises, and express himself ready to summon an Irish Parliament to consider the public grievances.

To our cooler judgment the scheme may appear astute enough, but like most devices for the benefit of Ireland, it was invented too late. If the King had so asserted himself two years earlier, he might have solved the problem, but those two years had heaped up horrible memories, and to the Munster Protestants the thought of such a treaty had become as abhorrent as it would have been to John Nicholson to take the hand of Nana Sahib.

When at the Redshard pass the insurgent Irish declared that they had taken arms under royal warrant, the Munster gentlemen indignantly repudiated the parchment flaunted before them as a commission from the King. Now these Munster gentlemen received an undoubted message from his Majesty, desiring them to accept an almost identical agreement, while the Irish, with whom they had then refused to treat, had spent the intermediate year in slaughter and devastation, and instead of merely saying they were under arms to support their ancient liberties and the royal prerogative, now boasted that they were embarked in a war of religion blessed by the Pope himself. The Earl of Cork had endured the loss of his children, of his wealth, of all that made life pleasant to him, and, wonted to adversity, he had still held on his way, but the report of this treaty, 'fatal to liberty,' fatal to the pride, and even the self-respect, of a ruler of Ireland, struck his death-blow.

In Ireland, more surely than in any other land, the paths

of glory lead but to the grave. In the days that had passed since that memorable midsummer eve when Richard Boyle first landed in Dublin, he had seen many a valiant spirit pass away, sick with the defeats of life, and many a comrade laid broken-hearted under the Irish sod. Now his own name was to be added to the sorrowful roll. When he learned the will of the King he said no word ; he turned his face to the wall, and died.¹

The great Earl did not die alone ; with him passed away the old order, the Elizabethan age in Munster, and the old glorious days when a man would dare the impossible, confident in himself, in England, and in his God.

He lies under the tomb he set up in the Chantry at Youghal. Above it is carved and painted his effigy, guarding, even in death, the purse of the Irish Treasury intrusted to him by the King. And written on the monument is the epitaph he devised for himself during those last desperate days of the war, recounting with sober pride the good deeds he had done for the Commonwealth, and praying Christ's mercy for what he had left undone.

'RICHARDVS BOYLE miles, DOMINVS BOYLE, Baro de Yoghall, Vicecomes Dungarvan, Comes Corcagensis, Dominvs svmmvs hvivs regni Hiberniæ, thesavrarivs, & de privato concilio dni regis tam Angliæ qvam Hiberniæ, ex antiqvissimâ Boylorum familiâ Herefordiensi orivndvs, qvi patrem habvit ROGERVM BOYLE armigervm, matrem itidem generosam IONAM NAYLERAM e solo Cantiano profectam, cvm dvas sibi invicem ivnxisset vxores, primam IOANAM filiam & cohæredem GVLIELMI APPSLEY armigeri nvlâ svperstite prole, alteram præclarè fœcundam, CATHARINAM natam DOMINI GALFRIDA FENTONI eqvitis, regiæ maiestati in hoc regno à secretis ;

¹ Borlaise, *Red. Ire.*, p. 209.

postquam varios pro repvblîcâ cepisset labores, nec immeritos honores conscendisset, ipse iam septuaginta septem annos natvs, ac mortem indies imminentem expectans sibi & posteris suis hoc posuit monvmentvm sacrvm memoriæ.'

' Ipse de Se

Sic posvi tvmvlvm, svperest intendere votis,

Parce animæ, carnem solvito, CHRISTE ! veni.'



*The tomb of Roger Boyle of Preston
and of his wife Jean, parents of the first
Earl of Cork, at Taversham in Kent.*

CHAPTER XXIV

RESTORATION

‘Anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.’

LYCIDAS.

THE death of the great Earl dissolved the last link that held the Munster English in nominal unity, and quarrels and intrigues, mutual distrust and mutual accusations distracted the forces that should have held the province against the Irish.

The cessation of hostilities that had broken the old Earl's heart held good but for a moment. Inchiquin soon recommenced the war. In pique with the King, he definitely declared himself in favour of the Parliamentary party in England, and received from it the title of President of Munster, but he fought very much for his own hand, and kept his army together as best he could.

Broghill and the principal Munster gentry sent over a petition imploring the King to disavow the Irish, and meantime continued to serve under Inchiquin, asserting they were soldiers of the Government of England, not of any English party. Dungarvan, now the second Earl of Cork, was careful to make it understood that he took no part in the civil war in England, nor ever held any command ‘except against the Irish rebels, by commission from the King and Parliament.’¹

The negotiations between Ormond and the confederate

¹ Lady Cork to Cromwell, Nicholls's *Milton Papers*.

Irish were never absolutely broken off, although they never came to any complete agreement. But the knowledge that Ormond was treating in the King's name with the enemy alienated the Munster officers more and more from the Royal cause, and the Munster army, ragged and half-starved, wavered miserably between King and Parliament, growing daily more hopeless of finding any support, or even any honesty, in either party in England. But when news reached Ireland of the King's execution, all parties there forgot their differences in horror of the deed, and leagued themselves together against the audacious new rulers of England. Broghill at once announced that he must go to Spa for his gout, secretly intending to beat up reinforcements on the Continent to renew the Munster war in the name of Charles the Second.

But when passing through London he was startled by receiving a message from Cromwell asking for a private interview, and he was still more startled to hear, when the General appeared, that his schemes for raising foreign troops were already well known to the English government. After attempting, rather lamely, to deny the whole matter, denials which Cromwell quietly put aside, Broghill, with his usual delightful audacity, admitted his whole intentions, and begged Cromwell to advise him what he had better do.

Cromwell, who knew very well what a valuable adherent Broghill would be to his side, at once offered him a General's command in Ireland, with the promise that he should be asked to take no incriminating oath, nor to fight against any but the Irish rebels. Broghill, it is said, hesitated whether to accept this rather sudden proposal, but the brilliant young fellow was in the hands of a stronger man than himself, and Cromwell clinched the offer by telling him there was no time

for consideration, as the Council had resolved to clap his lordship immediately into the Tower, and was now only awaiting the General's return to send out officers with a warrant of arrest.

Naturally Broghill's scruples, if he had any, were settled by this information, and the friendship so strangely begun between these two remarkable men lasted till Cromwell's death. It is too long to tell here of Broghill's varied career, and how his silver tongue won over the Munster army to Cromwell's side, and afterwards charmed the stern Presbyterians of Edinburgh into a half satisfaction with the Protectorate government.

Meantime, Ireland having been thoroughly and remorselessly conquered by Cromwell, was beginning to revive into some sort of prosperity under the admirable governorship of his son Henry.

The diary which the second Earl of Cork kept, in dutiful imitation of his father's habits, tells how he went a-hunting with Lord Henry Cromwell on the 15th of November 1656, 'and at my return did dine with him and spent most part of the afternoon with him. That day his horse fell upon him, and he was saved from being dragged, his foot hanging in the stirrup, by my catching hold of the bridle.'

It was before the war was really at an end that the Munster gentlemen began their hunting-parties, and sometimes ended by being the quarry themselves. In 1653 Lord Cork writes in September that he met 'Capt. Maynard near the shore a stag hunting. The stag did run towards Castle Lyons. I was told afterwards that there were Torys who did lie in wait for me, who the next day in those woods did kill Ancient [sergeant] Leech and took young Mr. Gerard as they were a hunting. God make me thankful for this

preservation.' Another time, when hunting the wolf upon the mountains, he mentions meeting with his cousin, Sir Percy Smyth, 'who desired me to be reconciled with him, which I consented unto, upon his promise of injuring me no more as he had in this last business.'

The diary tells of a kindly, prosperous, ordinary sort of life; of money given to old Lady Muskerri and 'Mrs. MacCarthy Reagh,' who were in great want; of meetings with Broghill and their young nephew Barrymore; and records on July 3, 1654, the satisfactory information, 'This day my wife and I have been married twenty years, and I praise God for it, have lived as happily one with the other as any two I think ever did.'

Poor Katherine Jones had a different tale of family life to tell: but fortunately her husband, who soon became Lord Ranelagh by succession to his father, seems to have spent most of his time in Ireland, leaving her peacefully in London, and he had the discretion to die while still in middle life, allowing Katherine to have a happy twenty years of widowhood, adored by her brothers, and surrounded by a circle of the most religious and most intellectual persons of her time. She sent her son to be educated by John Milton, and the poet was used to say that the friendship of Lady Ranelagh was of more value to him than that of all his other friends or kinsfolk.

But it is strange to see that the noblest spirits of both English parties were so nearly agreed that we might almost say a spiritual commonwealth embraced both the Parliamentary army and the Royal camp. And so it befell that Katherine Ranelagh was not only the friend of Milton, but also of Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. The old childish intimacy between the Boyles and Carys had ripened into a

friendship that was worthy of Lady Ranelagh and Lord Falkland, and doubtless it was from him that Katherine learned so to combine Milton's lessons of liberty with the Elizabethan traditions of her father, that she was no blind partisan, whether of King or Parliament. When Falkland fell at Newbury she wrote an eloquent letter¹ to Hyde entreating him by the memory of their lost friend to make yet another effort to secure the peace he died regretting. With perhaps Irish hopefulness, she believed that a very small concession on the part of the King would open the way for negotiations, and if he would but vouchsafe the title of Parliament to the Houses in arms against him, all might yet be well. It must, however, be doubted whether practical Englishmen would have been satisfied with words, or would have laid down their arms in return for an empty name.

A kindred soul soon came to make a third in Katherine's friendship with Milton. The same year that Falkland died Robert Boyle raised sufficient money by the sale of his jewels, to bring him back to England. He arrived in London an absolute stranger, and by a chance which he always ascribed to the providence of God, he found his sister. One likes to fancy the Diodati family, whom he had known in Geneva, directed him to Milton, and that the poet had the pleasure of reuniting the brother and sister.

Robert tells in his own inimitably naïve way that it was a happy providence that brought him into his sister Ranelagh's company, for had he not found her, his only resource would have been to go to the royal army, where, 'in spite of the King and many worthy persons being there, the most part of the gentlemen were very debauched.'

Robert remained with Lady Ranelagh for some months,

¹ *Cl. S. P.*, ii. p. 166.

and then went to Stalbridge, now his own property. He describes it as such a very hermitage that the flagstones in the court were all overgrown with grass. However, he made himself very content there with his books, endeavouring to keep out of sight of the contest that shocked his gentle spirit. 'Good God,' he wrote, 'that reasonable creatures, that call themselves Christians too, should delight in such an unnatural thing as war!' After he had got his money-matters into order he went abroad to repay Mr. Marcombes the money he had so generously advanced to him in his necessities, and afterwards divided his time between Oxford, Stalbridge, and London, where, as he grew older, he lived more and more constantly with Lady Ranelagh.

The learned researches of Robert Boyle are too well known to need more than a passing reference. His days, when not occupied in study, were passed in doing acts of kindness, compounding medicines that Lady Ranelagh distributed, arranging for the translation of the Bible into Irish, counselling and helping his relations. His life seemed to beam with a sort of gentle radiance that attracted all the wise and good to him, and made him beloved by many who were neither wise nor good. Charles the Second, who rather enjoyed the society of virtuous people so long as they did not bore him, urged Robert to become Provost of Eton; but the good philosopher refused to violate the wishes of the founder of the College by becoming Provost while still a layman, and preferred not to take orders, as he believed he could exercise more influence for good when he had no professional reason for a pious life. He never married: he was used to say that he never had been in love, but his brother Francis more than once wrote teasing him about his affection for some lady who was cruel enough to marry another admirer. This unknown

mistress may have been that Lady Anne Howard whom the old Earl had chosen to be Robert's bride, and to whom he bequeathed 'a silver sistrum, ladle and kettle' if the desired marriage took place. But Lady Anne became Countess of Carlisle, and we never hear if she and Robert ever even made each other's acquaintance. We need, however, invent no romance of disappointed affection to account for Robert's remaining unwedded. His affectionate and refined nature was naturally revolted by the brutal mercenariness of fashionable marriages. Possibly he did not find the example of his sisters and brother Frank encouraging. 'I have so seldom,' he said, 'seen a happy marriage, or men love their wives as they do their mistresses, that I am far from wondering our lawgivers make marriage undissolvable to make it lasting.' He admitted, nevertheless, that 'there is a peculiar unrivalled sort of love which constitutes the true conjugal affection.'

He could make his little jests over his lot as an old bachelor, and excused himself for his cold-heartedness in a charming letter to his niece, the young Countess of Barrymore. 'You have,' he wrote, 'carried away too many of the perfections of your sex to leave enough in this country for the redeeming of so stubborn a heart as mine.'

The young Earl of Barrymore had not been slow in taking to himself a wife, and married some say as early as 1649.

Lady Barrymore herself had married again, for Ireland was no place for a young widow with a half-grown family, and for all the young Earl's commission as Colonel of Horse, he was neither old enough, nor staid enough, to be much support to his mother. Lady Barrymore's second husband was a cousin, Colonel Jack Barry of Liscarrol, an ardent royalist and one of Ormond's most constant and most witty

correspondents. Although Lady Barrymore kept up her warm affection for her brothers, she made no secret of her disagreement with their submission to Cromwell, and of her devotion to the exiled royal family. It was therefore natural, when young Barrymore happened to be in Paris, that he should pay his respects to the little court of the widowed Henrietta Maria, and there he saw and loved a charming maid of honour, a kinswoman of 'Mrs. Betty,' the wife of his uncle Francis Boyle. For some reason or other his mother was exceedingly angry at this match. She had no reason to like Betty Boyle, and she may have feared that another Killigrew introduced into the family would do no more credit to it. Robert Boyle wrote an exceedingly kind and sensible letter to his sister on this occasion, reminding her that what was done could not be undone, and she must therefore make the best of it, for as she had openly declared for the Royalist party, it would only prejudice her friends against her if she disregarded 'the crowned intercessor,' who took the bride's part.

Of Alice, Lady Barrymore, we hear little else; she survived Colonel Jack, and was buried in her father's tomb at Youghal, June 27, 1668.

The Restoration brought wonderfully few changes to the Boyle family.

Even Broghill, the trusty friend of the Cromwell family, took no hurt from their fall. All that energy and adroitness could do he loyally did to support Richard Cromwell's succession to his father's seat; but even Broghill could not for long bolster up that 'meek usurper' of the English throne. When the position of Richard Cromwell became hopeless, and it was evident the country was trembling on the verge of a fresh civil war, Broghill, as usual, wasted no time in regrets, but, making the best of matters, sent off his brother Francis

with a letter quilted into his coat-collar inviting King Charles the Second to land in Cork, and promising that all Ireland should rally to his side.

Broghill's sword was not needed to assist the King to his own again, but the timely letter was not forgotten. Francis was created Earl of Shannon, and Broghill was elevated to be Earl of Orrery and President of Munster. There, in spite of suffering tortures from gout, he led an active life, driving in a coach when too ill to ride on horseback, organising and governing with all his father's industry added to his own brilliant resourcefulness, happy in the tenderness of his delightful wife, sending his children to Geneva to the care of patriarchal Mr. Marcombes, collecting views on the art of war, writing poetry and romances and spinning yarns to his chaplain, who took them all for gospel truth. Ormond perhaps never entirely forgave Orrery his affection for the Cromwell family, and at intervals there were accusations brought up, whether of high treason or lesser misdemeanours, but he triumphed over all, and his life, for all its anxieties and its dangers, was a happy and brilliantly successful one. He died October 16, 1679, when Robert, in his letter of sympathy to Lady Orrery, begs her now to remember she is a mother as well as a wife, and to take comfort in the thought that those sufferings were at an end, of which she knew so much, through her extraordinary kindness in attending to them. The titles of Orrery and Broghill were inherited by Lord Orrery's eldest son Roger. His second son Henry was father of a distinguished lawyer, who, after filling many honourable positions in the government of Ireland, was created Baron of Castle Martyr, Viscount Boyle, and Earl of Shannon, which titles still remain in his line.

The Restoration brought fresh honours to the second Earl

of Cork, who by that time had succeeded to his wife's large estate in the north of England, and was therefore created by the King Lord Clifford of Londesborough in the peerage of England, and afterwards made Earl of Burlington. He and his wife strike one as lively, fashionable people, excellent, but not deeply interesting. Lady Ranelagh, for all her family affection, had to admit she was sadly bored at their smart parties. 'Alas!' she wrote to Robert, 'the entertainment of lords, ladies, and reasonable creatures, are yet several [different] things, to the great grief of your K. R.'

John Evelyn tells rather a good story of the second Earl of Cork: When Charles II. was newly come to his crown, and used frequently to sail down the river in his yacht for diversion, accompanied by all the great men and courtiers waiting upon him, it was often observed that when the vessel passed by a certain place opposite to the church at Deptford, my Lord Burlington constantly pulled off his hat with some kind of reverence. This being remarked by some of the lords standing by him, they desired he would tell them what he meant by it: to which he replied: 'Do you see that steeple there? Have I not reason to pay a respect to the place where my eldest brother lies buried, by which I enjoy the Earldom of Cork?'¹

The descendants of Lord Burlington continued to enjoy his titles for two generations, when Richard, fourth Earl of Cork, leaving only one daughter and heir, Charlotte, she carried the Irish estates and the Barony of Clifford to the Cavendish family by her marriage in 1748 with William, fourth Duke of Devonshire.

The Earldom of Cork passed to John, fifth Earl of Orrery, who became at the same time Viscount Boyle of

¹ Evelyn, iv. 415.

Kinalmeaky, Baron Boyle of Youghal, and Baron of Bandon Bridge. His father, the fourth Earl of Orrery, had already been admitted to the English peerage by the title of Baron Boyle of Marston.

Of the private life of Francis Boyle, the first Lord Shannon, we know little, and that little is sad. In 1647 Robert accompanied him to the Hague to fetch Mrs. Betty home, but she did not long remain there. She preferred a gay and not very reputable life at court to her husband's society and the seclusion of his beautiful Irish home at Shannon Park, not far from Carrigaline. He spent a useful, busy, and dignified life in Munster, and bequeathed his title to his son ; but his descendants ended with the death of the third Earl of Shannon in 1740.

At the Restoration Lady Kinalmeaky returned to England, and flourished and grew great, being made Countess of Guildford and Groom of the Stole to the Queen Mother, Henrietta Maria. After spending her youth as a court beauty she turned Roman Catholic in her old age, and became so *dévôte* that she nearly made a child-martyr of a little maid-of-honour, Margaret Blagge, when trying to convert the girl from the Anglican faith.¹

Poor Mary, Lady Warwick, had many sorrows. Her only son was married at nineteen to Lady Anne Cavendish, but died in two years' time, leaving no children. Lady Warwick's later life was chiefly devoted to nursing her husband, who suffered terribly from gout, when the strong language the poor gentleman used shocked his wife so greatly that she was often obliged to retire to weep in private over his sins. But the frequent visits of Robin, as she always called her brother, and of Lady Ranelagh, were a great con-

¹ See Evelyn's *Life of Mrs. Godolphin*.

solation to her. She spent much time in good works and hearing sermons, and died in the odour of sanctity in 1678.

Lady Ranelagh died in 1691. Her brother Robert only survived her for a week ; happy as was his life in many things, perhaps happiest of all that in his death he and this beloved sister were not divided.

And so the children of the great Earl of Cork lived out their lives ; but as we gaze on them the gay days of the Restoration grow dim, and the figures we have conjured up for a little crumble back into ashes.

‘ Dear dead women,—with such hair too, what’s become of all the
gold
Used to hang and brush their bosoms ? I feel chilly and grown
old.’

The dust of wellnigh two centuries and a half has gathered over the glories of the great Earl of Cork ; his wealthy eldest son is forgotten ; even the brilliant Orrery and gallant Shannon are no more to us than names. Of all the Boyle family only one is familiar to us to-day, Robert the philosopher, who never made money, nor accepted a title, nor desired to rule over any kingdom but that of his own gentle spirit.

APPENDIX I

THE BOYLE ESTATES IN MUNSTER

THE three seignories which Boyle purchased from Raleigh gave him a little kingdom at the price of 9d. an acre; for the land was bought at what we call to-day prairie value.

Munster, formerly one of the most fertile parts of Ireland, had been left a desert by the Desmond wars: the Irish leaders were in exile, and more than thirty thousand of their followers lay dead, while wolves prowled around the desolate villages. So few inhabitants were left that the intrusion of English settlers was not so barbarous as it might seem, and no Government plantation could have had a better chance of succeeding, if all had not been ruined for want of a judicious plan and the delay in carrying out any plan at all. The land forfeited to the Crown was granted to undertakers, as the new settlers were called, who were to hold their estates in free socage at a yearly rent of £66, 13s. from each seignory, the first payments of which were not, however, to begin till 1690.¹ No one was to have more in a seignory than 12,000 acres, every owner of 5000 acres was to empark 600 of them for the breeding of horses, and every settler was to import a certain number of Englishmen as tenants, and furnish a certain number of soldiers in proportion to the size of his holding.² After laying down these admirable rules, the first thing done was to break them and grant Raleigh three seignories and a half in Waterford and Cork!

Boyle, therefore, after buying the seignories from Raleigh for £1500, had still to pay nearly £300 as head rent yearly to the Crown, a sum which, according to the value of money then, may have really meant from £900 to £1200. But a more serious matter than the rent was the quota of soldiers that each undertaker was bound to furnish. They were not a mere matter of display, but were needed to protect the new settlements against prowling cattle-thieves, disbanded

¹ Dunlop, *Eng. Hist. Rev.*, iii. 250.

² *Carew MSS.*, Cal. i. 452.

Irish soldiers, and the original owners of the land, if any chanced to survive. Boyle often noted with pride in his diary how he carried his English visitors to see his soldiers mustered at Tallow or at Bandon, and by the time his sons were growing up his estates in various parts of Ireland furnished in all 1679 foot and 501 horse.¹ Well might Cromwell say if there had been an Earl of Cork in every county in Ireland there would have been no insurrection of 1641.

Youghal was the capital town of Boyle's possessions in the east of Munster. North-west of Youghal lay another town, Tallagh or Tallow, known even before the days of Boyle's forges by an Irish name signifying 'the hill of iron.' Ruined in the Desmond wars, it was restored to prosperity by Boyle, who was very proud of the array of his armed Tallagh tenants, and who used his influence to have assizes held there, and to gain it representation in parliament. As it was not a frontier town, it was never walled, but in the wars of 1641 it was entrenched and gallantly defended by Hugh Croker, Boyle's tenant at Cappoquin, who had a lease of that town and its fairs and market fees for five years, on a £10 rent, on condition of building there a castle, a market-house, and a prison for the town. This is an example of what the nominal rents of Irish land really meant; the payments were merely imposed to mark ownership; the expenses of clearing, fencing, and building were a heavy enough tax on new settlers, not to speak of the military services due. Frequently in the leases the exact materials of the buildings are mentioned, the staircases of ash, the castle-hall of oak, and the floors of deal. In 1614 Boyle granted a lease of the Earl of Desmond's house in Youghal for sixty-one years at £4 a year, on condition that the tenant built two stone slated houses, for which, however, the landlord provided the necessary timber.

To return to Tallow. It was well named the hill of iron, for at one time its neighbourhood and the green valley of the Blackwater bid fair to be the Black Country of Ireland. Croker's castle of Cappoquin overlooked the iron-mines in the old red sandstone strata, and new forges were set up from time to time all along the river valley. In 1620 Boyle wrote, 'God in heaven bless my honest endeavours, for in His holy name this day I began my works to build the new double forge near under the castle of Lysfinnon Castle, which good Commonwealth's work I pray unto God to prosper, as I hope He will.'

¹ Smith, i. 32.

Boyle's estates extended round the south-western side of Cork harbour, and it is said he proposed to build a town on the sheltered creek at Carrigaline, which should divert all the trade from Cork. If true, the scheme was worthy of him. Cork city was by no means friendly to the English, and lies on a narrow tidal river. If Carrigaline, which is much nearer to the sea, had been erected into a city under the shelter of its impregnable castle, it would not only have been an excellent trading centre, but would also have been the port for England and haven of refuge that Youghal afterwards became under Boyle's influence. But Carrigaline city was never built.

In Sir Richard Cox's *History of Ireland* a list of six towns built by Boyle is given. Lismore and Tallow are the only ones in the eastern part of Munster; the others lie towards the west, where the most important of them was placed to command the wild country known in those days as the fastnesses of Kinalmeaky, through which flows the Bandon river.

The first English proprietor in that country was Captain Nuce, who built Nucestown high up on the Bandon river. When Boyle bought his estate he saw that a better site would be lower down the stream, on the most frequented ford, and there he built his town of Bandon Bridge. Henry Beecher owned a great part of the land round Boyle's new settlement, and in 1618 Boyle agreed to buy his Bandon and Ballymodan lands, perfecting the agreement in May 1619; and in 1624 he added to these lands Beecher's Castle Mahown estate. Sir Vincent Gookin seems to have stepped in, and got some part of Beecher's Kinalmeaky lands while Boyle was bargaining, and a long struggle for their possession followed, which was not decided till 1630,¹ when Gookin gave Boyle his choice of £500 'to release unto him the title I make to those lands he purchased of Mr. H. Beecher, or to convey over his estate to me at the price he paid.' Boyle seems to have accepted the money, as Gookin afterwards sold some of the lands to Sir J. Bernard.²

Boyle saw to it that the houses of Bandon were solidly built, with stone gables and chimneys; the other parts of the buildings were of wood and plaster, like the cottages and farms of the period in the west of England. The roofs were shingled with oak, and as the streets were planned that each house should have its own garden, the picturesque black and white houses appeared to be standing in an enormous orchard. The town-walls, of which Boyle wrote with such

¹ See *ante*, chap. xix.

² Note by Mr. F. W. Gookin.

pride, were about nine feet thick, and thirty to fifty feet high, built of a strong black slate rock. The foundations of them, wrote Boyle in his diary, were laid in 1620, and he piously added, 'I hope the God of heaven will bless and prosper my good purposes therein.' The church had been one of the first buildings erected in the town, and in 1614 Boyle had given a year's rent of his parsonage of Ballymodane towards the cost of building it. Other public buildings followed in due time. In 1634 a free grammar school and almshouses were founded, and in all Boyle spent over £14,000 on his town.

In the year 1613 it was incorporated, but the independence of feeling fostered in the sturdy settlers of 'Protestant Bandon' by having a Mayor of their own, was rather exasperating to Boyle. At one time his displeasure with the townspeople so delayed the building of the school and almshouses that he proposed to give to the town, that they were not complete at his death, and he therefore bequeathed in his will legacies for the stipend of the schoolmaster and almsmen at the Bandon Foundation, 'when it shall be finished,' as he greatly desired 'the good increased prosperity of the town and the inhabitants thereof, whom I have ever (till now of late) much beloved and respected.' He also commanded that a substantial stone bridge should be built with his arms cut on the side wall, where the timber bridge then stood.¹

Dingle, on the Kerry coast, and the wild Blasket Islands with their eyries of hawks and rights to wrecks, carried Boyle's estates right across the country from east to west. Garret Trant, the Sovereign or Mayor of Dingle, wrote thanking Boyle for helping to restore 'this poore towne,' and to express his hopes that 'his Majesty and the State' would yet help to raise it from its ruins.

Not so far from the Dingle property was the Castle of Askeaton that Boyle had seen fall into the victorious hands of Sir George Carew, and now owned himself. That splendid fortress pointed the way eastward again to the Limerick estates Joan Apsley had brought as her dowry to her young husband.

¹ Sir R. Cox, in his dedication of *Regnum Corcagiense* to Boyle's grandson, says: 'It is easy to observe that the great expense [of building the town] was not lost, but did fully answer the noble designs of the wise architect, for this towne became a sanctuary to the adjacent country, and a safeguard to the neighbouring English, and indeed to the whole county of Cork, all the time of the Irish rebellion. Moreover this other advantage was reaped by it, that his contiguous lands, in 30 years' time, became worth treble what they were before, and in 30 years more so doubled their value again.'—Printed in *Cork Arch. Jour.*, 1902, p. 68.

It would be difficult and wearisome to catalogue each purchase that added to the size of Boyle's estates, but the property bought from Sir Bernard Grenville, son of the heroic Sir Richard of the *Revenge*, was, next to the Raleigh grants, the most important acquisition of all, and it gave Boyle more trouble to secure than all the rest of his property. He greatly desired to get it, as the Kinalmeaky part of it marched with his estates at Bandon, Gill Abbey was close to his lands at Carrigaline, the Grenville town of Fermoy was a near neighbour to his home of Lismore, and the seaport and castle of Dungarvan were close to Youghal, and were chosen to give the title to Boyle's eldest son, Viscount Dungarvan. But the purchase was no easy matter; Boyle catalogued the story of his worries over it very fully in a long letter to his sympathetic and powerful friend, Sir Edward Villiers, whose help he desired to gain. He explained that Sir Bernard Grenville had sent over an agent authorised to sell the property for £3500, but Boyle thought the price too high, as the estates were all either mortgaged or 'maimed with long leases at very base rents,' and the woods had been cut down. The estate was then offered to two other gentlemen who also refused to buy it, and in 1619 Boyle was again urged to take the property, and he consented to do so, although he knew he was paying a fancy price. The deeds were drawn up in the presence of Sir Edward Harris, a kinsman of the Grenvilles, and Sir John Harris, Chief Justice of Munster; Boyle agreeing to pay the money within a year in two instalments, and to receive possession at All Saints' Day, 1620. The purchase-money was made up with much difficulty, seven pounds' worth of pipe-staves being counted as paying six pounds of money due, and so in merchandise and coin the first instalment was shipped to Bristol and formally received there by the Mayor and five aldermen, and in their keeping it remained for a year and a half. Then it came out that Sir Bernard had fallen out with Harris, and to vex him, had sold the estates over Boyle's head to the Lord Treasurer, Lionel Cranfield, afterwards Earl of Middlesex.¹ 'A thing,' Boyle wrote to Sir Edward Villiers, that he was 'loath to believe,' but should it prove true, he begged his friend to use his influence with Lord Cranfield to get him to re-sell the land at the same price, for Lord Cranfield having no adjoining land to make the Grenville estates valuable, would find the purchase a dear one. Never-

¹ 'Lionel Cranfield . . . had been bred in the City, a man of wit and understanding in all the mysteries of trade.'—Clarendon, *Hist. Reb.*, i. 34.

theless, to gain his goodwill, Boyle would send over 'a hundred pounds to buy his Lordship a horse withall.'¹

All Boyle's friends were asked in turn for help, but not till April 1625 did the Earl of Middlesex at last consent to fix his price, asking for £5000, which, says Boyle shortly, 'I refused.' But although Boyle saw that for once he had been completely overreached, he was determined to have the land, and at last paid £4500, and was at rest. There were probably wheels within wheels: the powerful Lord Treasurer had very likely got the needy Cornish Knight into his power, for poor Sir Bernard and his heir seemed to have gained nothing by the broken bargain. The legal delays managed by Middlesex were worthy of *Bleak House*, and a certain bond for £800 which he had agreed to pay to Boyle on behalf of the Grenvilles was, it appears, never paid at all, for in 1641 when Sir Bernard and Middlesex were both dead Boyle was still drawing up memorials to the House of Lords concerning this grievance.² No wonder if Boyle felt some small triumph when his London friends wrote to him that the Earl of Middlesex had retired from public life, and was 'a man clean forgotten,' while his own good fortune flourished more bravely year after year, and Gill Abbey was being rebuilt and beautified with cut stone chimney-pieces and windows imported expressly from Bristol.

When Boyle could compromise a claim by paying some small sum he was usually willing not to refer the matter to the courts. A characteristic example is that of part of his Tallagh property, which was in 1630 claimed by a man who finally carried his complaints before the English Judges; they referred the case to arbitrators, who unluckily died before giving their decision; then the Lord Deputy ordered it to be heard by the Master of the Rolls in Dublin, who in his turn sent it to the Courts of Common Law. At last the claimant, wearied with the endless delays, proposed to refer the whole case to 'two honest gentlemen'; for it was generally held that equity was on his side and law on Boyle's. Whether by advice of the two honest gentlemen or from sheer despair does not appear, but he finally handed in all his documents to Boyle himself, who lost interest in his case as soon as his adversary ceased to fight, and paid the claimant £100, 'for which,' he writes, 'I had all their blessings.'

Once Boyle was very anxious to buy up the lease of certain lands, which James Fitzgerald held of Mervyn Archdale for his own and his

¹ *L. P.*, ii. 3. 17, 18.

² *Lords Journs.*, iv. 376.

wife's lives. Fitzgerald held out for £60, a higher price than Boyle chose to pay, but on Mrs. Fitzgerald's death, the widower gave over his lease to Boyle unconditionally, when Boyle immediately handed over the £60 to him 'as a free gift'!

Dr. Hayman gives the following account of Raleigh's estates in his *Handbook for Youghal*:—

'1604.—April 2. Inquisition held at Tallagh, Co. Waterford, before E. Coponger, gent., Deputy of W. Kenny, Escheator of Ireland, and a Jury.—Who find that Sir Walter Raleigh, knt., lately attainted of high treason, was seized as of fee at the time of such attainder, 17 Nov. 1603.—Waterford Co. Of the manor, castle, and town of Lismore, and 4 carucates, viz. the Castleplowland, otherwise Carrownecloghie, Ballynaspick, otherwise Bishopstoune, Ballyea and Bally-In in Waterford co. with court baron and view of frankpledge in Lismore; also a common in Ballinraghter, for the use of the provost of the town for the time being, who was annually elected by the Lord of the manor from among the burgesses, and for the burgesses and for the inhabitants of Lismore; which common has been occupied time out of mind as a common for pasture and tillage; at a rent to the lord of the manor of 8d. Eng. for every acre under tillage, and of 10s. Eng. for the pasturage thereof, besides duties and customs due thereout:—that a weekly Saturday market and two fairs, one at Whitsuntide, and the other on St. Valentine's day, to continue for 3 days each, were held at Lismore, subject to the usual tolls and customs:—that he was also seized of the soil and ground and bank of the river Awmore, otherwise Blackwater or Broadwater, with its fishing and stream from Glanmore near Mocollop in Waterford co. to the two points of the mountain of Cornawnkyndroneigh, on the lands of Eustace Roche, gent. in the same co., and also of the office of admiralty of the said river, with all the rights and advantages thereof, and of two salmon-weirs, an eel-weir, a ferry, a water-mill and water-course; all being parcel of the manor; and of the annual rents following; 10s. English out of the lands of Artzale, and those of Eustace Roche, gent. 6s. 8d. Eng. out of Rossgrelly, and the lands of John Roche FitzThomas; 6s. 8d. out of Tworin, and the lands of Edmund Roche, gent. 2s. out of Monytrime, and the lands of Edmund Og Power, gent.; 1s. 4d. out of Ballinvelly, and the lands of David Lownt; 1s. 4d. out of Ballinecargie; £2, 13s. 4d. out of the lands of the provost and burgesses of Lismore; with the services of the tenants in these lands; all being parcel of the manor of Lismore, and worth £2 Eng. by the year;

besides a rent of £13, 6s. 8d. payable to the bishop of Lismore and his successors—a moiety of 1 carucate near Kilbree called Norres's Land—the manor and castle of Lyffeenyn—the ruinous town of Tallagh—5½ carucates of land in Lyffeenyn with a salmon-weir there on the river Bride, Talloe, le Egglishe, Kilmore, Kilcagh, Killowen, Knocnemuck, Aganbwy, Crogh, Reogh, and Ballynegallowe; all being parcel of the manor of Lyffeenyn and town of Tallagh—the castle and town of the Shane with 2 carucates of land in Shane and Ballyduff, and a burgage in Lismore, formerly belonging to John O'Feighe—the town of Tercullen-more, 1 carucate—Tercullen-begg and Garrigera, 1 carucate, and a water-mill and a water-course there—Ballygarran, Canmucky, Ballynemodagh, and Kilnewty or Ballyneetie, containing 1 carucate each—the manor, castle, and town of Shroncally or Stronecally, with a salmon-weir on the Awmore, and 5 carucates thereto belonging; viz. the Castle-plowland, Skartnecurcoge, Kilcockane, Ballyngoan, and Ballyogallagh—the manor of Ballinetra, with its appurtenances in Ballingarran, Ballymotie or Ballymoskie, Cowlebeggan, and Ballydesson in Templemichell, a water-mill and water-course in Ballinetra, and two weirs on the Awmore; together with a parcel of land called the Claron, ½ carucate, and half the weir of Claron; all being parcel of the said manor—David FitzEdmund Roche, late of Kilrobistowne in Waterford co. was seized in fee at the time of his attainder, of Kilrobystown, 1 carucate—Sanderstown or Ballyhandon with 1 carucate in Shanderstown or Ballyhandon—½ carucate in Carrigroe, and the burgage called Burgess-more, usually held herewith in the town of Lismore, of which burgage the moiety is claimed by John Kenland, by right of mortgage, Kilwatermoy, 7a country measure, lately belonging to the abbey or house of canons of Molannan, otherwise Molanassa, the prior and convent of which, at the time of its dissolution, were seized, as of fee, in right of the monastery, of the site, &c., of the same situate on the Awmore near the castle of Templemichell and Ballinetra, and containing within its walls 1½a—also of a water-mill called the Chanon's Mill, 3 salmon-weirs, 12a arable, 6a pasture in Templemichell and Ringcrowe—of Killnegannanagh, 2 carucates—Downmoone, 2 carucates—the walls and ground of a ruinous chapel in Diskirty, with 12a arable, and 8a furze and briars in the same—of 50a besides pasture in Ardmore—of 18a called the Quarters—2 islands near Conhie, containing 6a—2 salmon and eel-weirs on the Awmore—the tithes of the weir of Bally-meJonick—the said prior and convent

were also seized, as before, of the rectories, churches, and chapels of Templemichell, Killcocain, Killoghtermoy, Tallagh, Collegan, Licoran, otherwise Lyboran, Killvallon, Killynan, Baremeghoe Bramegho or Bararmegho, and Lackadoran, with their glebes, tithes, alterages, and other profits, and also of the advowsons and right of presentation of the churches and vicarages of the parishes above-named, as also of the cell of Aghenore, with divers lands and tithes in Kerry and Desmond co., and of the church, rectory, and chapel of Kilfemyne, with its tithes in Limerick co., and that of Kilbolane, with its tithes in Cork co., and with the advowsons and right of patronage of Kilbolane and Kilfeeny; all of which now belong to the King by right of his crown.

‘Thomas Witherhead, formerly bishop of Waterford and Lismore, was seized of fee, in right of his bishoprick, of the manor of Ardmore, and of the town and lands of Ballynemony and Crobally, otherwise Cowley, 8½a, which by consent of the dean and chapter of the cathedral church of St. Carthage, otherwise Mowdi of Lismore, he demised, by a lease dated 15 Jan. 33rd Eliz. to Sir Walter Raleigh for 101 years, at a rent of £6 Ir. who continued in possession thereof until ejected by Sir John Dowdall, knt., late of Piltown in Waterford co. 17 Jan. 35th Eliz. who still holds the same, but by what right the Jury knows not. Sir Walter Raleigh was also seized of the manor of Kilbree, with its appurtenances, of which the town and lands of New Aghvane are parcel and of the Dean’s house and garden, and Tample-Christ, and of the towns and lands of Ballindeganagh and Ballynesaggard, for several terms of years not yet expired.

‘The deed, prepared in 1602, was between Sir Walter Raleigh, Knt., Captain of the Queen’s Guard, Lord Warden of the Stannaries in Devon and Cornwall cos., and Governor of Jersey Isle and castle, and Richard Boyle, Esq., Clerk of the Council in Munster, being a native of England; whereby Sir Walter, in consideration of £500 English money beforehand paid, £500 to be paid at Michaelmas 1603, and £500 to be paid at Easter 1604, demised to the said Boyle the lands following: The manor, castle, and barony of Inchequin and White-Island; the towns and lands of Corkcorgraine, Collicranagh, the half plowland near Yoghall next to Bally Clement, Rahanolane and Knocknegepae; the manor, castle, town, and lands of Ballynetra, with five plowlands called the Castle Plowland, Coolebeggan, Kilnetorae, Ballemoytie or Ballymoskie, Balligorrán, certain lands in Tamplemichell and the half plowland of Clarown, with four weares and the water-course and mill of Ballinetrá; the manor, castle, and town of

Stronecally or Stronecalliagh, containing five plowlands ; the town and lands of Camnucke, Ballinemaddaghe, Killnewtye, Ballymachonycke, Kilfenton on Ballyneiorie, Ballinefunshogge, Tyrcullenmore, Tyrcullenbeg, and Garrigeræ ; the manor, castle, and town of Lisfynen, and decayed town of Tallaghe, with the villages and lands of Kilmore, Kilcahe, Killowen, Knocknemuck, Aghanbroye, Croghrew, Balligarow, containing 6 plowlands ; half the towns and villages of Tamplevally, Curriglasse, Lysnobryn, and a parcel of land called The Parson's Close ; the towns and villages of Ballycollane, Shanokill, and Garriduffe ; the manor, castle, town, and lands of Mogeylee, and the villages of Glanatow and Caragayn, containing about $2\frac{1}{2}$ plowlands ; the manor, castle, and town of the Sheane, and 2 plowlands ; one parcel of land called Norres's land ; the town and lands of Aghmean or Aghvane ; the castles, towns, and lands of Kilbree and Kilmakeo ; the castle, manor, lordship, and town of Lismore ; the towns, villages, and hamlets of Balliea, Bally-In, and Ballinaspicke or Bishopstown, with the weirs, and salmon and eel-fishings, and tithe and custom-fishing of Lismore, with the river Awemoare, and the fishing thereof, and all the water-mills, mill-ponds, mill-streams, water-courses, and chief rents of Lismore, and 200a annexed to the mill of Lismore, in the town and fields of Lismore, the Dean's house, and old chapel in Lismore, with the townlands of Ballinedgane ; all other seignories, manors, lordships, and other possessions, rights, and hereditaments whatsoever, both spiritual and temporal, which are, or at any time were, the inheritance of the said Sir Walter in Ireland, excepting the lands which are stated in the schedule annexed to this indenture, to have been sold or leased in fee-farm, or for a term of years.

‘To hold for ever : All the estate of the said Sir Walter in the College of Yoghall, called the New College of the B. V. Mary of Yoghall, with all its rights and hereditaments, spiritual and temporal ; in the lands and woods called the Vicar's Wood ; in the . . . of Lismore, and the tithes and profits thereof ; in the manor, and castle, and town of Ardmore, and 8 plowlands thereunto belonging ; in the manors, castles, towns, and lands of Kilbree, Ballynecolley, Tracton-Abbey, and Ballymarter ; in the lands of Kilbarie, containing 9 plowlands ; in the castle, town, and lands of Kilmacpatrick ; in the castle, manor, town, and lands of Mocollop, with 5 plowlands thereto belonging ; in the town and lands of Kill-macnicholas ; in the castle, town, and lands of Balliphilip, with 2 plowlands, with all the seignories, lordships, rights, and hereditaments, spiritual and temporal,

wherein the said Sir Walter is in any way interested, and held by him, for divers terms of years: To hold for like terms of years. Edmund Colthurst, of Lyffynnen, gent., Richard Smith, of Ballynetrae, Edmund Coppinger, of Youngess, gent., Manus McSheye, of Kylnetora, gent., Ullick Wale and John Chillester, are appointed attornies by Sir Walter, to give possession.

Memorandum. Sir Walter gives to Mr. Boyle his brass piece with the carriage, and such iron pieces as he had in Ireland, with authority to him to seize on them at Moyallo, or wherever else they may have been carried by Sir Thomas Norris, without licence.

‘1604.—3 April. Grant from the Queen to Sir George Carew, knt., Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen. In Yoghall town. Two messuages and gardens, and all the lands and hereditaments, spiritual and temporal, of the New College of the B. V. Mary of Yoghall; rent 2s.; with the advowsons, presentations, etc., of the wardenship, and all churches, rectories, vicarages, and chapels, of all other benefices belonging to said wardenship; rent 3s. 4d.; parcel of the estate of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, attainted; demised in fee farm, to Sir James Fullerton, knt., 7 Nov. 1603, at a rent of 4s. The moiety of Uniack’s mansion-house and garden in Yoghall—the moiety of 4 messuages, and of several small closes or parks, and of Knockgot-tigan, and of Ballyclennesy near Kilcoran, and of a water-mill and of the fourth part of the weir of Yoghall—the moiety of 80a arable and pasture, small measure, in Ballihubert—the moiety of Ballywarryghwoightragh, containing $\frac{1}{4}$ carucate or plowland—the moiety of Ballywarry-Ightrie, $\frac{1}{2}$ carucate—the moiety of Barnenighi, $\frac{1}{2}$ carucate—the moiety of Balleverregin, 1 carucate—the moiety of Mocrué, $\frac{1}{2}$ carucate; all lying in or about Yoghall, and known by the name of Uniack’s Lands, and were parcel of the estate of Maurice FitzEdmund Gerald, gent., slain in rebellion; £1 Irish.

‘1604.—10 May. Grant from the King to Sir Richard Boyle, knt., Cork co. The whole barony, manor, and castle of Inchiquin otherwise Incheçoigne, with 5 plowlands or carucates adjoining, and usually occupied with the said castle, and one water-mill and one water-course, and one salmon-weir near the said castle, on the river Woany otherwise Woom, and also all the said river, and the free fishing thereof. The Priory, or late House of Observant Friars near Yoghall, called the Black Friars of Yoghall, with all their possessions, spiritual and temporal whatever, with courts baron and leet. And whereas Sir Walter Raleigh at the time of his attainder, by virtue of

a lease by Thomas Witherhead, then Warden of the New College of the B. V. Mary of Yoghall, in the diocese of Cloyne, Cork co., and the priests, collegioners, and convent of the same College under the common seal, dated, 28 Sept. 1588, made to Sir Thomas Norris, knt., late Lord President of Munster, deceased, for 60 years, was lawfully possessed for the term unexpired of the said lease, of and in the said New College of St. Mary of Yoghall, by mesne conveyance from said Norris, with all the hereditaments, spiritual and temporal, thereto belonging, paying to the said Warden and his successors the yearly rent of £13 6s. 8d. sterling; and also, by virtue of a lease, dated 14 July, 33rd Eliz. [1591], made to said Sir Walter Raleigh, by the bishop, dean, and chapter of Lismore, for 60 years, he was possessed of the economie or rectory of Lismore, with all the tithes, glebe, etc., thereof in Waterford co.; also by virtue of a lease, dated 16 Jan., 33rd Eliz. made by the said bishop, dean, and chapter to Randall Knevett, gent., for 80 years, and purchased by Sir Walter, he was possessed of the manor and town of Kilbree with 2 plowlands thereto belonging, in Waterford co., whereof the town and lands of New Aghvane are parcel; also by indenture from Thomas Witherhead, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, dated 15 Jan., 33rd Eliz. for 101 years, with the consent of the dean and chapter of Lismore, he was possessed of the manor, lordship, castle, towns, etc., of Ardmore, Ballinemonie, and Crobally or Cowly in Lismore diocese, and the rent of £6 Irish, and so continued possessed for two years and more, until Sir John Dowdall, knt., ejected him thereout, 17 Jan., 35th Eliz. [1593], and still detaineth the same; all which interests the King grants to Sir Richard Boyle, with power to take possession of the said manor of Ardmore, etc., without suit, or else by law to recover the same.

‘Queen Elizabeth, for the peopling of the Province of Munster, granted by patent to Sir Walter Raleigh, now lately attainted of high treason, and then one of the principal undertakers of said province, the barony and manor of Inchiquin, with divers other lands, spiritual and temporal, Who for his better and more commodious planting and strengthening himself in the said province, and to the end he might be the better enabled to re-people the same with civil English people, purchased divers other possessions adjoining his said lands; all which being wasted and depopulated by the late rebellion in that province, the said Sir Walter, in consideration of £1500 English, sold, as well as all his other lands in Ireland, unto Sir Richard Boyle for ever; by

force whereof, the said Sir Richard possessed the same, and with very great travail, and charge hath drawn over thither so many English subjects, as do now fully re-inhabit those lands, to the great strength and security of all the neighbouring borders. And having paid the said £1500, and become suitor to the immediate tenant and patentee of the same, the King for the considerations aforesaid, and also in respect of the said Sir Richard Boyle's good, true, and faithful services to the Crown, now by his patent grants the same. To hold for ever, without accounting to the Crown, in fee-farm, as of the castle of Carrigrohan in Cork co., in free and common soccage.

'1609-10.—8 March. Grant from the King to Donogh, Earl of Thomond, The College, or tenement within the walls of Yoghall, called the New College of the B. V. Mary of Yoghall, in the diocese of Cloyne, with all its hereditaments whatever.

'1609-10.—23 March. Grant from the King to Sir Richard Boyle, knt. All the lands, etc., granted to him by patent, dated 29 Nov. 1603, and those granted to him by patent, dated 10 May 1604, are hereby confirmed to him, and the following are added. The advowson, patronage, and presentation of the Wardenship of the New College of priests and clerks of the church of the B. V. Mary of Yoghall, Cloyne diocese, and of all the churches, rectories, vicarages, chapels, and the nomination of the several curates and all other spiritual benefits to the said Wardenship belonging.

'A ruinous messuage in Yoghall called Bennett's Gate-House, near the North Gate of the town.

'A toft adjoining and lying therefrom, N., to Uniacke's lands, S., and from the town-wall, E., to the Common-street, W.

'Another toft adjoining, lying from Uniacke's land, N., to Copinger's land, S., and as the preceding, E. and W.

'A great garden without the walls, not far from the said North Gate, lying from the street called the Abbey-land, N., to the Common Lane, S., and from the highway, E., to Galway's lands, W.

'Another garden in the Church-lane, extending to Uniacke's lands, S., and from the Earl of Desmond's, E., to the College lands, W.

'A garden and toft in the northern part of Church Lane, lying from Collen's land, N., to the Church lands, S., and from Patrick Walshe's, E., to the Earl of Desmond's, W.

'A ruinous house, called Morishe Geyrie's House, and a small messuage annexed, extending from Arthure's lands, N. to Liston's, S., and from the town-wall, E., to the street, W.

‘Two messuages in or near Key-lane, extending from thence, N., to Anyas’ lands, S. E., and W. as before.

‘A park or close, lying between the Leper’s House, the lands thereof, and Collen’s park in Yoghall.

‘A mansion-house near the Castle of the Holy Trinity in Yoghall, and two other messuages with their gardens; parcel of the estate of Gerald, Earl of Desmond, attainted. With power to appoint a clerk of the market, a master of the assayes, and other officers, for the punishment of tanners, brogue-makers, and other artificers within the premises. To hold the three messuages in Yoghall, in common soccage, and for a rent of £4, 4s. od. for a fine of £40 Irish, and in virtue of the commission for the remedy of defective titles.’

It will be seen from the above extracts that various lands were first granted to Thomond and Carew as well as to Raleigh, and were bought from the grantees by Boyle.

APPENDIX II

SEPTPARTITE INDENTURE

THE Earl of Cork’s great ‘Septpartite Indenture’ vested all the Boyle estates on behalf of his sons in the hands of four trustees, Sir William Parsons, Sir William Fenton, Sir John Browne, and Sir Percy Smyth. The deed was examined and approved by the Lord Deputy, and was signed on the 14th of May 1636.

The lands enumerated are scattered all over Ireland: Cork, Waterford, Meath, King’s County, Queen’s County, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary, Kerry, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Dublin, Kildare, Wicklow, Wexford, ‘and elsewhere.’ The daughters of Lord Cork’s younger sons were to be suitably provided for, but the land was strictly entailed on male heirs, with all the elaborate precaution and legal flourishes that were dear to our ceremonious forefathers. Lewis, Viscount Kinalmeaky, Baron of Bandon Bridge, was given the estates in the West, with Bandon as their capital, held of the Earl of Cork on the condition of rendering a horse yearly at Lismore, and that the Earl of Cork, the Lord Deputy, or the President of Munster, should have power to command the attendance of Baron Kinalmeaky and twenty horsemen for the services of the kingdom.

Lord Cork also bought a residence for Kinalmeaky to occupy at Bandon as Governor of the town, a new brick house that had been built in Coolfadda by their kinsman, Mr. Wiseman, shortly before his death, and which his widow, one of the Smyths of Ballynetra, was glad to dispose of to her uncle, the Earl of Cork.

The castles over the gates at Bandon were left under special conditions. Lord Kinalmeaky had the charge and keys of Lewis gate and Cork gate, unless the Earl of Cork, the Lord Deputy, or the President of Munster came in to those parts, when the great man might claim the keys of Lewis gate and lodging in the castle over it. Francis gate was left to Francis Boyle on the same conditions.

For an eastern residence for Kinalmeaky, Lord Cork also proposed to rebuild a ruined abbey on the outskirts of Cork, that had once belonged to the Grenville estates. Gill Abbey was named after its founder, a seventh century abbot, Gilla daeda O'Mugin, and must have been a stately pile in mediæval days, when the monks boasted of their broad gardens, and the salmon weir and mill on the pleasant river Lee, but now all the buildings of the abbey save the abbey church had fallen into ruin.

Lord Cork commissioned his merchant friend, George Hillier of Bristol, to procure him cut stone from the famous Dundry quarries for new building the mansion. The chimney pieces, doors, and windows, were shipped for Ireland all ready cut, with 'twenty stones or tunnels of chimneys, round, each eleven feet high, bases thirteen inches, stem clean and plain, the top a finishing of four arches with five bows, all of one entire stone, costing twenty-six shillings and eightpence each.'

For Broghill, the ruined castle from which he took his title, was to be rebuilt, and in October 1636, Lord Cork sent two artists 'to take a model of the Lord President's house at Doneraile, to make the like for my son Francis Boyle, at or near Carrigaline or at Magnescarews Court,' no doubt Maigh Cruim or Macroon.

Broghill's estates lay at Mallow, Askeating, and Doneraile; for them he was to bring as feudal due to Lismore, a fair sword or rapier and dagger every St. James day, and to do service with ten horsemen. Francis was given Carrigaline and lands in Kerrywherry, and was to render a pair of fair pistols yearly at Lismore, and to do service with ten horsemen. Robert's residence was to be at Mallow, and his lands lay in Tipperary and Kildare. He also was to bring out ten horsemen when called, and to render a pair of gilt spurs at Lismore every year.

The College House at Youghal had already been settled on Lady Dungarvan as her dower house, and her Cumberland estates would give her an English home. For an Irish residence for the young pair Lord Cork selected Mallow, and added to the estates which he had bought there from Jepson in 1624, the whole seignory purchased from St. Leger and Mr. Bettisworth for £15,000. The gardens, orchard and deer-park covered 150 acres, and were valued at £140 yearly, and probably the old Desmond Castle was to be restored for a dwelling-house.

APPENDIX III

WILL OF THE EARL OF CORK

THE estates of the Earl of Cork had been divided among his sons by the Septpartite Conveyance of 1635; but the death of Kinalmeaky necessitated a new arrangement, and Lord Cork drew up and signed a new will on the 4th of November 1642.

The entreaties and councils which break in with pathetic iteration upon the formal lists of legacies, and the plain-spoken judgments passed upon the kinsfolk of whom he disapproved, make it plain that the document was written or dictated entirely by the Earl himself, and that he trusted nothing to the conventional wording of the lawyer's clerk. The Bishop of Cloyne is the first witness.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF RICHARD BOYLE THE FIRST
EARL OF CORKE, LORD HIGH-TREASURER OF IRELAND.
IN THE NAME OF THE HOLY AND BLESSED TRINITY, AMEN.

I, St. Richard Boyle Knight, Lord Boyle Baron of Youghall, Vicount of Dungarvan, Earl of Corke, Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, One of His Ma'ties Honble Privy Councill of the Kingdoms of England and Ireland, Being infirm in Body, but in sound and perfect Memory, Taking into my due Consideration the Uncertainty of Life and the Certainty of Death, It being in the Pleasure of Almighty God, for the settling of such Worldly Estate which it hath pleased God in His Mercy plentifully to bless me withall, do hereby Revoke, Disannul, and Declare all former Wills and Testaments by

me heretofore made and all and every Act Clause or Thing with the Devise Grant or Bequest of any my Lands, Gifts, or Legacys in them or in any of them Contained or Mentioned to be Devised, Granted, or Bequeathed to any of my Sons, Grand Children, or any other Person or Persons whatsoever, with all and Singular the Declarations of Uses or Limitations over for the Disposition of any of my Mannors, Castles, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments or Hereditary Profits Mortgages or Leases in them or in any of them Limited Expressed or Declared to be utterly void, Frustrate and of no Effect in Law and do make and ordain This to be my Last Will and Testament to be only in Force and Effectual in manner and form following. FIRST I bequeath and humbly Commend my Soul to Almighty God my Maker, and his only begotten Son my Sole Saviour Jesus Christ confidently believing that thro' his Death, Passion, Merits and Mediation all my Sins are forgiven and washed away by the Shedding of his most Precious and Innocent Blood, that his Sufferings are Satisfaction for them, and that by his Glorious Resurrection and Ascension I shall be Raised again from Death and glorified in his Heavenly Kingdom, amongst the Angels and Blessed Saints Everlastingly, and into the hands of the Holy Ghost, being well assured that nothing can perish or be Lost, that is Committed and willingly Yielded up unto the Holy Blessed and Individual Trinity to Whom I willingly and Joyfully Surrender as their due my Mortal Body and Immortal Soul to be both Glorified in Heaven as by my Faith and Confidence I undoubtedly trust they shall be. And as for my Body, as it came whole into the World, So I charge my Extors, Children and friends that it may be decently and privately buried whole without any Bowelling or Dividing and without unnecessary Pompe or Ceremonys, and my Funerals to be after Solemnized (as my late Wife's were) honourably and Decently suitable to my Estate and Degree, and as it is made of Earth, So it may be Returned into Earth without too much of Glorious Shews or Funeral Offices, And if God shall call me to his Mercy in or near Dublin, It is my Desire that my Body be Buried (as before) in the Vault of my new Tomb erected over my last Dear Deceased Wife in the Chancell of St. Patrick's Church in Dublin, But if God shall call me out of this World in Munster, then it is my Will that my Corps be Interr'd with my Eldest Brother Dr. John Boyle late Bishop of Corke, Cloyne and Ross, and my good Mother-in-Law the Good Lady Fenton in my Vault in my Chappell and Tomb In Youghall Church ; but if I shall be in England when God shall call

me out of this Vale of Misery, It is my Will that my Body be Buried in manner aforesaid in the Chancell of the Parish Church of Preston near Feversham in Kent under the Tomb that I erected there for my Deceased Father and Mother who both lye there. And forasmuch as by my former Will bearing Date the last day of January Ann. Dom. 1637 which was then by me duly perfected I bequeathed that in case my Second Son Sr. Lewis Boyle Kn^t. Lord Baron of Bandonbridge and Lord Viscount Boyle of Kinalmeakie should depart this World in my Life-time or without Heirs of his Body lawfully begotten, That then so much of my White plate and Silver Vessells whereupon my said Son Lewis his Arms with a Crescent distinguishing it to be made for my Second Son, and whereon a Viscount Corronet is engraved, should descend unto my Son Sr. Roger Boyle Kn^t. Lord Boyle Baron of Broghill now in pursuance of my said former bequest, Seeing it hath pleased God to take away out of this Life my said Second Son the Lord Viscount Kinalmeakie myself Surviving him, I do hereby Give Legate and Bequeath, All that Plate and Silver Vessells so engraven and marked as aforesaid unto my said Son Sr. Roger Boyle, Kn^t. Lord Boyle, Baron of Broghill. AND WHEREAS I have by Indenture Septipartite bearing date the fourteenth day of May Anno Dom: 1636 made between me and Sr. William Parsons, Sr. William Fenton Sr. Percy Smith and Sr. John Brown Kn^{ts}. my Feoffees of Trust conveyed assigned and limited certain Mannors, Religious Houses, Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments To the use of my four Younger Sons Sr. Lewis Lord Viscount of Kinalmeakie since deceased, Sr. Roger Boyle Kn^t. Lord Boyle Baron of Broghill, Frances and Robert Boyle with power of Revocation and Alteration of the old, and Limitations of new uses and Estates, as by the said Deed more at large appeareth AND WHEREAS It hath pleased God of his great mercy and Goodness, Since the Acknowledgment of my Several Fines and making my first Septartite Conveyances of my Lands and Inheritance to the Lord Esmond, Sr. William Parsons, Sr. Richard Bolton and other my Noble Friends in the said Fines and Conveyances named and expressed, which Conveyances were dated on or about the first day of March Anno Dom. 1624, to bless me with life and opportunity to purchase some other Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments, Mortgages and Leases, and to make some enlargement and Addition to the Estate I then had, as also to bless me with another Young Son called Robert Boyle, who was not then in being, for which youngest son of mine I neither then did or could make any Good or certain Provision of

Livelihood, for which Reasons and other Considerations me thereunto moving, and especially to enable me to make such a Joynture to my Son Dungarvan's Lady the Daughter of the Lord Clifford now Earl of Cumberland, as upon the Conclusion of that marriage by Articles and Covenants with the Lord Wentworth then Lord Deputy of Ireland and others, I was bound to do, I have according to the Provisoos and Conditions in the said Separatite Deed, Revoked my sd. separatite Deed, and disannulled and made void all the Uses, Estates, Limitations over Provisoos, and other Grants, in the said Separatite Deed comprized, and also do by these presents utterly Revoke and Disannull the former Estates, and all Intents and Uses thereby and therein granted, Limited or declared, and do by these presents in pursuance of the power in the said separatite Deed, left and Reserved unto me and as an addition and Increase of the Estate then granted and limited unto him and to his use, Devise, Will, Legate and Bequeath to my now Second Son *Sr.* Roger Boyle *Kn^t*. Lord Boyle Baron of Broghill, the Castle Town Mills and Lands of Ballicolly, alias Ballycollipoe in the County of Limerick which I purchased for Three hundred and Sixty Pounds Ster. of Morrice Supple and others since the making of my said Separatite Deed which with the Mannor of Broghill and Rathgoggan and the Lands of Liscolane and all other my Mannors Towns Villages Rectory Tyths Advowsons, Presentations Lands Tenements and Hereditaments Mortgages Leases and all other Hereditary Profits whatsoever which I have or shall have in the County of Limerick and Kerry Except the Mortgages which I have from *Sr.* Hards. Waller and his Lady and *Sr.* Percy Smith Knights, of the Parsonage of Adair als. Athdare, and the Town and Lands of Cloghrane and Cloghne-gownagh hereafter given and bequeathed to my Son Robert Boyle. *ITEM* as an Addition to the Mannors Lands and Tenements that my said Separatite Deed conveyed to my said Feoffees in Trust for and to ye use of my said Son *Sr.* Roger Boyle *Kn^t*. Lord Boyle, Baron of Broghill, I do hereby Give, Grant, Legate and bequeath unto him the Mannor of Marston als. Marston Bigood with the Rights members and Appurtenances thereunto belonging Situate in the County of Somerset in the Realm of England, which I purchased of *Sr.* John Eppesley and *Sr.* Thomas Fotherly *Kn^{ts}*. and Gabriel Eppesly Esq for Ten Thousand Three Hundred and fifty pounds English, Together with all those my Messuages, Houses, Buildings, Edifices, Gardens and Orchards, Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments, in the City of Dublin wch sometimes were his Grandfather's

Sr. Jeffrey Fenton Kn^t His Mat^{'ys} Principal Secretary of Ireland and which I purchased from His Son and Heir Sr. William Fenton Kn^t. my Brother-in-Law and others, and are now in Lease from me to Robert Gilbert the Pursivant at one Hundred Marks per Annum,— And also that the late Abbey, Monastery or Religious House called St. Francis Abbey, near ye North Gate of the City of Corke with all messuages, Houses, Edifices, Buildings, Towns, Villages, Lands, Mills, Fishings, Tyths and all other Rights, Members and Appurtenances, to the said Abbey belonging, And also all those the Towns, Lands, Tyths, and other Hereditaments called or known by the Name or Names of Knocknehenny the Killeens and Killnegannanagh als. Channanstown with their Tyths and Appurtenances, containing by Estimation three Plow Lands and half, being parcell of the possessions of the late Dissolved Religious House of Gill als. Gill Abbey als. Monasterium de Antro St. Finbarry prope Corke, now or late in the Tenure of or Occupacon of John Gratrikes Gent. or his assigns And also that the Castle or Port in the Town and Wall of Bandonbridge called Lewis his Gate, Leading towards the Barony of Colbry with Ten acres of Ground to be laid out near and contiguous to the said Castle TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all and singular the Premises with all and every the Appurtenances whatsoever hereby devised, granted, willed, or bequeathed, or mentioned, to be devised, granted, willed, or Bequeathed, to my said Son Sr. Roger Boyle Kn^t. Lord Boyle, Baron of Broghill, for and during the Term of his natural Life, without Impeachment of Strip or Waste, and after his Decease to ye first Issue Male of his Body lawfully begotten and to the Heirs Males of the Body of such his first Issue Male of his Body lawfully begotten with such further and other Remainders and Limitations over of Uses and Estates as by my said Deed Septipartite dated on or about ye said fourteenth day of May Anno Dom: 1636 in and upon the Mannor of Broghill thereby conveyed unto him are limited mentioned and expressed.

WHEREAS to prevent Inconveniences to my noble Son-in-Law the late Earl of Barrymore and at his Lordship's and my dear Daughter his Lady's request, I have disbursed and paid in ready money to Sr. William Sarsfield Kn^t. now Lord Viscount of Killmallock the Sum of Twelve Hundred Pounds currant and Lawfull Money of and in England, for which sum of Money the Castle and Lands of Bellvelly in ye County of Corke rented to Peter Courthorp Esq: for Sixty pounds English per Annum or thereabouts, and the Castle Town and

Lands of Inchinebackie in the said County of Corke rented to Captain Halse Deceased for Seventy-five pounds English money or thereabouts per Annum are assigned unto me my Heirs and Assigns, (Vizt.) by my computation and this my division, Six hundred pounds thereof upon the Mortgage of Balvelly and the other Six hundred pounds upon the Mortgage of Inchinebackie aforesaid, the whole Rents and Profits of wch. Lands since my payment of the said Twelve hundred pounds have been by me freely bestowed upon my said Daughter, who by the Hands of my Receiver John Walley Esq hath been half-yearly paid the same as it hath half-yearly been brought into my Receipt. AND WHEREAS to prevent the coming of a Great and powerfull man into the Town of Carrick Tohill and the Burgesses and Burgage Lands Grounds and Fields thereabouts that might be offensive and prove an unpleasing Neighbour to the said late Earl of Barrimore (which was strongly endeavoured), and I having a purpose to make ye said Town of Carrick Tohill intire of my said late Son-in-Law and my said Daughter and the Heirs of their two Bodys begotten, have to that End Disbursed in ready money other five hundred pounds Sterling lawfull English Money and therewith purchased to me and my Heirs for ever an absolute Estate in Fee Simple of ye Several Burgages and Burgage Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments in and near the Town and Fields of Carrick Tohill aforesaid and of the Town and Lands of Ballylonge near the same from the Newtons and Terries who were ye Ancient Founders, Inheritors, and Freeholders, thereof, and moreover at ye earnest request of the said late Earl of Barrymore and his Lady my Daughter and for their Debt, I have lately and intirely paid unto St. Robert Tynt Knt. the full sum of One thousand Seven Hundred thirty-three pounds currant English money, and have likewise supplied the said late Earl of Barrymore with the Sum of Seven hundred Sixty-Seven pounds English for the Re-edifying and new building of his decayed Manor House of Castle Lyons, making in both, the intire summe of two thousand five hundred pounds English by me as aforesd. in Ready Money disbursed for wch. the sd. late Earl and Garrett Myagh his surviving Feoffee have Conveyed to me and my Heirs a condicional Estate in Fee of the sd. Castle, Town, Manor, Lands, and Mills, of Barrie's Court, and the three Plow Lands thereunto belonging for payment of the sd. Two thousand five hundred pounds English, wch. said Mannor of Barries Court with the appurtenances, the said late Earl of Barrymore and myself have leased to Edward Morley, Oliver Parsons, Henry Parr at ye Rent of Two Hundred Pounds

Sterling per Annum, payable unto me my Heirs and assigns untill Redemption. Now it is my will and pleasure and I do hereby devise, will legate and bequeath unto my Third Son Francis Boyle the said Mannor of Barrie's Court with all the Castles, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging and the said Castle Town and Lands of Belvelly, and all the moneys for which they were mortgaged unto me and my Heirs or assigns as also the Burgage, or Burgage Land in Carrick Tohill aforesd. and the Town and Lands of Ballylonge wch. I purchased from ye Newtons and Terries absolutely, in Fee Simple as is beforesaid TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the aforesaid Mannor of Barrie's Court and the Castle Town and Lands of Belvelly and the Burgages and Burgage Lands of Ballylonge aforesaid unto the said Francis Boyle during his natural life, without Impeachment of Strip or Waste, and after his Decease to his first Issue Male of his Body lawfully Begotten and the Heirs Male of the Body of such his first Issue Male Lawfully to be begotten with the like and such other Remainders and Limittation over of Estates as the Mannor of Cargaline als. Bover and other Lands, in and by the said Septipartite Deed appointed to the said Francis are limited, expressed, and declared.

It is my Will that if the now Earl of Barrimore my Grand Child or the Heirs Males of his Body lawfully to be begotten or any other the Heirs Males of ye Body of David late Earl of Barrymore and my said Daughter's shall pay unto my said Son Francis or the Heirs Males of his Body lawfully begotten or others in Remainder the full Sum of five hundred pounds Sterling that upon due payment thereof the aforesd. Burgages and Burgage Lands in Carrick Tohill and the aforesd. Town and Lands of Ballylonge shall remain and be to ye use of ye now Earl of Barrimore and the Heirs Males of his Body lawfully begotten or other the Heirs Males of ye Body of ye said David late Earl of Barrymore and my said Daughter his Lady.

THEN I devise Will Legate and bequeath to my said Son Francis all my Lands and Tenement which upon my payment of four hundred pounds English I have lately purchased to me and my Heirs from Thomas Barry Fitz James Gent: and Thomas Martell of Corke Aldⁿ. or both or either (R. CORKE) or either of them in Bally Vologhan, Carricktobin, Killnestoole, and Ballida in ye Barony of Barrimore and County of Corke, or which I shall hereafter have in the said Lands under Such Conditions as are, or shall be mentioned, in the Deeds and assurances of these Lands to me made or to be made of the last

Recited Premises, and also all other my Mannors, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits, Mortgages, and Leases, as I now have, or at the time of my Decease shall have, or any other Person or Persons are or shall be Seized of Estant in, to the use of me, my Heirs or assigns, of and in the Several Baronys or Canthreds of Kirrycurricky, Kinalla and Coursi's Country, by what name or Names they or all or any of them be distinguished or known, Situate in the County of Corke. ITEM as an addition to those Mannors Lands and Tenements Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits, that hereby and by my Septipartite Deed I conveyed to my said Feoffees In trust for and to the use of my said Son Francis Boyle, I do hereby give, grant, legate, and bequeath, unto him the said Francis, ALL that the Mannor and Land of Corbenny with the Appurtenances in the Barony of Kirrycurricky in the County of Corke now in the possession of my nephew Roger Power or his assigns with the Rents and Reversions thereof, and also all that my Mannor called and known by the Name of Ballymodan als. Ballybandon als. Clogh McSimon Fleming, situate near Bandonbridge, and all the Lands, Tenements, Mills, Waters, Water Courses, Meadows, Pastures, Woods, Underwoods, and other Appurtenances thereunto belonging which do not Exceed, or are within the Walls of Bandonbridge aforesaid, and also the Town and Lands of Kill Mc. Simon and Annish Roe with the Mill, Wears, Parks, and Park called Garren Uragher, and all other the Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments, conveyed unto me and my Heirs by John Fleming Gent. situate in the County of Corke, And also all those Two Messuages situate in Castle Street in the City of Dublin, with all the Gardens, Backsides, Shops, Cellars, Ways, Easements, Passages, Comodities unto them belonging now or late in ye Tenure or Occupation of Thomas Cole, Taylor, and Zachary Shortred, Upholster, with the Rents and Reversions of them, and also all that my Capital Messuage Barton Park of Annery, and all the Buildings, Edifices, Orchards, Gardens, Hopyards, Lands, Tenements, Meadows, Pastures, Woods, Underwoods, Rivers, Waters, Wears, Fishings, Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits whatsoever thereunto belonging situate in the Parish of Monckleigh in ye County of Devon in England, which I lately purchased of Jno. Arscott and Robert Jason Esq: for £5000 Ster: and which I have leased to one Hartwell for or about £270 English per Annum; and also all that my Right, Title, Interest, Reversions, or Reversion Estate, and Demand which I purchased of my Noble Friend St.

Thomas Stafford kn^t. for £2000 English of, in, and unto, ye Mannor of Saltcombe with ye appurtenances, in the County of Devon, with all the Castles, Houses, Buildings, Edifices, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, Woods, Underwoods, Wears, Fishings, Rents, Reversions, Services or Hereditary Profits whatsoever thereunto belonging, as also of in and unto ye Rectory or Parsonage of Halberton with the Glebe Barns, Tyths, Sheaf and Appurtenances thereunto belonging, in the said County of Devon, which Mannor of Saltcombe and Rectory of Halberton the said Sir Thomas Stafford by my direction and appointment did convey over in Revercon after his own and his now Lady's Death, to John Nayler of Grays Inn Esq: and William Hackwell the Younger of Lincolns Inn Esq: to the use of me, my Heire, Extors, or assigns, and I do now by these presents give, legate, and bequeath, all my Reversion or Reversions, Interest, Right, Title, Estate and Demand, of, in, and unto, the said Mannor of Saltcombe, with the appurtenances and Rectory and Parsonage of Halberton, with the Sheaf and other profits thereunto belonging, to my said Son Francis Boyle, praying and authorizing the said Jno. Nayler and William Hackwell the Younger to see them legally conveyed over unto him the said Francis according to the Trust I reposed in them TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all and singular ye premises with all and every of their appurtenances whatsoever hereby devised, granted, willed or Bequeathed or menconed to be devised, granted, willed or Bequeathed, to my said Son Francis Boyle during his natural life, without Impeachment of Strip or Waste, and after his Decease to the first Issue Male of his Body lawfully begotten, and to the Heirs Male of the Body of such his first Issue Male lawfully begotten wth. such further and other Remainders and Limitations of Uses and Estates as by my Septipartite Deed dated on or about the sd 14th day of May Anno Dom: 1636 are limited and Expressed for the Beaver als. Cargaline, if ye Condicional Estates, Mortgages and Leases respectively, do so long continue and be in Force provided always. And my Will is, for that I have been cordially desired ye Restitution and Recovery of the Earl of Barrimore's noble and anciently Honble House, that his Posterity may raise ye same to its former Lustre and Greatness again, and in regard (that in my Judgment) there is no way so likely and probable (God blessing it) to redeem and bring home the Incumbred and disjointed Estate of the said Earl and his House, and Posterity, as by giving a Noble, Virtuous and Religious, Education to the said now young Earl my Grand Child, who by good Honoble Breeding may (by God's Grace)

either by the favour of his Prince, or by his Service to his King and Country, or a good Marriage, redeem and bring home that ancient and honble House which upon the Marriage of my Daughter unto the late Earl I did with my own Money freely clear, I do hereby for his Lordship's better Maintenance and accommodation in ye premises, devise grant and bequeath unto my said Grand Child Richard, now Earl of Barrimore, or from the time of my Decease for and during and untill he shall attain unto ye full age of Two and Twenty years, one yearly annuity or Annual Rent of Two Hundred Pounds Curr^t. Money of and in England, to be levyed and paid to His Lordship or his assigns half yearly by even and equal portions at May Day and All Saints or within forty days next after any of the said Feasts, by my said Son Francis, his Heirs or Assigns, out of the Rents, Issues and Profits, of All and every the Mannors, Castles, Towns, and Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, and Hereditary Profits, Situate, lying, and being, within the County of Corke, by me as above bequeathed granted or conveyed to my said son Francis or to his use, and upon my said son's Failure of Payment of ye said Annuity or yearly Stipend or Allowance at any ye aforesd Feasts and the forty days next after any of them, that then I do hereby give and grant unto the said Earl or his assigns full power to Distrain for the same or such part thereof as shall be behind and unpaid upon any of ye lands Tenements or Hereditaments within ye said County of Corke and ye same to Impound and detain untill ye said Annuity or such part thereof as then shall be behind shall be duly satisfied and paid anything before limited willed or bequeathed to my said Son Francis Boyle or the Heirs Male of his Body to the Contrary notwithstanding. ITEM as an Addition and Confirmation of all those Hereditaments and other things Conveyed to my youngest Son Robert Boyle by my aforesaid Septipartite Deed, I do hereby devise will legate and bequeath unto my sd youngest Son Robert Boyle all and every my Mannors, Castles, dissolved Abbeys, Monasterys, and late Religious Houses, Rectorys, Tyths, Advowsons, Donations, Patronages, Presentations, Rivers, Ferries, Islands, Wears, Fishings, Franchises, Court Barons, Court Leets, Benefits of Courts, Fairs, Markets, Mills, Towns, Villages, Lands, Tenements, Rents, Reversions, Services, Rights of Entrys and all other Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits, Commoditys, Royaltys, and advantages whatsoever, and all Mortgages, Leases, Estates for years either in possession or Reversion or Remainder or that any other or others to my use are or ought to be possessed or seized of or shall may or can have or here-

after be estated in or shall be seized or possessed of in the province of Connaugh, which before these Troubles were Rented at about four Hundred and fifty pounds English per Annum, and in the King's County and Queen's County, and which before these Troubles were Rented at about Two Hundred and forty pounds English per Annum, the County or Countys of Tipperary and Cross Tipperary which before the said Troubles were rented at about four Hundred and fifty pounds English per annum, The Mannors, Lands, Tenements or Hereditaments in the Countys of Clare and Wexford which yielded in good Rents before these Troubles about Two Hundred and forty Six pounds English per annum, and in all every or any of the said Countys and also all that the Abbey, Monastery or late Dissolved Religious House of Fermoy, als Fermoy, als Ardmoy, with all the Rights, Members, and Appurtenances, thereunto belonging or appertaining, Situate in the County of Corke, rented before these Troubles at about four Hundred and fifty pounds per Annum, and also all that late dissolved Abbey or Religious House of Castle Lyons als Castle Olegane, with their and every of their Rights, Members and appurtenances as well Spiritual as Temporal by what Names, Titles or Incorporations soever they were or are named, called, known or distinguished, Rented before these troubles at Twenty pounds Sterling per Annum, with all the Mannors, late Religious Houses, Buildings, Towns, Villages, Hamlets, Lands, Tenements, Rents, Reversions, Services, Rectorys, Tyths, Hereditaments, and Hereditary Profits, whatsoever to the said Two Several Abbeys, Monasterys or late dissolved Religious Houses, or to both or either, or any of them respectively, now or any time heretofore belonging or appertaining, Situate lying and being in the said County of Corke, and also the Castle Town and Lands of Inchinebacky in mortgage to me for £600 Sterling and now in the Tenure or possession of Thomas Badnege Esq: rented before these Troubles for Seventy five pounds Sterling per Annum And also all these Lands Tenements and Hereditaments called Twormore now in possession or occupation of ye Widow Smith, Rented at £28 Sterling per Annum, and also ye Town and Lands of Ballygowne rented at £6. 13. 4d. per Annum And also all ye Town and Lands of Ballygowne rented at £6. 13. 4d. per Annum, And also all ye Town and Lands of Ballycloghie now or late in the Possession of Richard Condon, rented at £8 per Annum, And also all those Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments in Ballynehour, Nockmaple and Nockdrumcloghie, now or late in the Several Tenures and

Possessions of Honora Barry als Condon Widow, Morris Condon Deced. and William Condon, now rented at four Shillings per Annum and in Reversion at higher rates, And also the Chief Rent of Twenty Ounces of Silver Issuing out of the Territory of Aghagreenagh als Killbarry, And also all those Lands called Bosnebrun in the Tenure of John Forster or his assigns, rented at four pounds per Annum, And also all those Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments called or known by the Name of Ballytowran and Glenerush mortgaged unto me or to my use for a Thousand pounds Sterling, now in the tenure of Peter Courthorpe Esq: or his assigns, rented at £100 Sterling per Annum, And also all ye Town and Lands of Ballymoriogh mortgaged unto me for £200 Sterling and now in the possession of Henry Rossington Gent. rented at £20 per Annum, And also the Chief Rent of four pounds per Annum out of Twormore and Ballytrasney in the said County of Corke, Mortgaged to me or others to my use for £50 Sterling, and also the Town and Plow Land of Ballyneale parcell of Rathcormock with the Advowson of the Parsonage or Church of Rathcormock in the possession of Robert Hedges Gent. at ye yearly rent of £45 Sterling, And also the Mannor Town and Lands of Cuill als Coole with the appurtenances whereof Jno Whetcombe Gent. late Deceased was my Tenant at £100 Sterling per Annum, And also the Castle Town and Lands of Ballydangan Killcroyne, and Ballybrittas with their and every of their appurtenances situate in ye said County of Corke wch. Ulick Roche of Ballydangan Gent. hath leased and demised unto me, and my said Son Robert, for fourscore and nineteen years with Condition of Redemption upon payment of £1000 Sterling which I paid him in ready money as ye fine and Consideration of making that Conditional Lease unto me and my said Son, And also ye Castle, Town and four plow-Lands and half of Dungillane situate within ye sd. County of Corke Mortgaged unto me by William Lord Viscount of Killmallock, for £630 Sterling and rented at £60 per Annum, and Also all the Castle Town and Lands of Ballyhendon with ye appurtenances in ye said County of Corke, mortgaged unto me by Redmund Roche Esq: for £1200 Sterling current and Lawfull Money of and in England, and is rented at £100 per Annum, And also all the Mortgage, Estate, Right, Title, Interest and Demand which my late noble Son in Law David Earl of Barrymore, and Garret Myaga his surviving Feoffee hath passed and Conveyed over unto me and my said Son Robert or both or one of us in ye Mannor Castle and Town of Buttevant, with all the Rights Rents Reversions Services, Members

and Appurtenances and all ye Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits thereunto belonging, containing by Estimation Eight Plow Lands and the Moiety of three plow Lands be it more or less, called Rice's Land in ye Mannor and Fields of Buttevant, for which I paid Eight Hundred pounds Sterling to John Anktil Esq: and afterwards I Supplied ye sd. late Earl of Barrimore with another £1000 English to clear ye rest of his Estate from Debts, Userers, and Mortgages wch. Mannor and Lands are Leased to Thomas Bettesworth Esq: for £160 Sterling per Annum And also the Town and Lands of Moneyyeage containing half a Plow Land for which the said Earle of Corke paid unto Philip McDonogh O'Mulcaghie the Sume of Two Hundred pounds English and is rented to James Fitz Redmond Barry at £24 per Annum, And also all that ye Capital Messuage and all other ye Edifices, Buildings, Stables, Orchards, Gardens, Lands, Tenements, and appurtenances in Bandonbridge within the County of Corke which I lately purchased for five hundred pounds Sterling from the Exors of William Wiseman Esq: Deceased with the Utensils and Household Stuff in and belonging to the said Capital Messuage wherein now Sir Chas. Vavasour resideth and also all such Mortgage Estate Right Title Interest and Demand as my Nephew Sir Percy Smith Knight [R. Corke] hath made over unto me or my use of in and unto the Rectory, Parsonage, Tyths, appurtenances of Adaire, als Athdaire in ye County of Limerick, for which I paid him in ready money one thousand pounds English, and whereof he is now my Tenant of Eighty pounds Sterling per Annum and also all the Right, Title, Interest, Mortgage, conditional Estate, Demand, wch. I have or ought to have of and in the Towns and Lands of Cloghrane and Clognegownagh containing Two Plow Lands in the said County of Limerick in Mortgage to me from St. Hards. Waller and his Lady for £1000 English, which I lent him in ready money, for which he is now my Tenant at four score pounds Sterling per Annum, And also those £3000 English which I lent my Honoured and dearly beloved Son-in-Law late Deceased Robert Lord Digby Baron of Geas Hill in ready money for four years Gratis, which four years ended, and the said Moneys ought to be repaid me at or upon Michaelmas day Ann Dom: 1636 for repayment whereof upon that day his Lordship and the Lady Offaly his Mother and the Feoffees have made me a Lease of the Barrony and Mannor of Geas Hill with the appurtenances and the Advowson of ye Church or Prebend thereof the Abbey of Killcagh with ye appurtenances and all other lands, Tenements, Hereditaments

and Hereditary Profits in ye same Conveyance Specified named and contained for ye Term of ninety nine years, and for that ye sd Lord Digby and the Heirs of his Body begotten upon ye Body of my Daughter the Lady Sarah Digby deceased were by my promise in regard I lent him the said three thousand pounds English for four years freely and without any benefit or Consideration to be paid me for that time TO HOLD and enjoy the premises and to have and receive the Rent Issues and Profits thereof till the said Michaelmas Day 1636 now past without rent or accident, and if at the said Feast day of Michaelmas 1636 the said Lord Digby his Heirs or assigns should fail or make default in the payment of ye said £3000 (as now the time being past he hath failed to perform) It is my Expressed Will and pleasure that no advantage be taken or forfeit had upon the Breach of ye Condition, so as that the said £3000 be paid by his Lordship's Heir my Grand Child at or before such time as my said Son Robert shall or may or might (if he lives so long) attain to ye full age of one and Twenty Years.

AND whereas there is £750 Sterling or thereabouts Rent and arrears of Rent now due unto me since Michaelmas 1636 from the Heirs or Executors of the said Robert late Lord Digby which for the most part incurred in the said Robert Lord Digby's life-time for and out of ye premises I do freely not only give and bequeath the said £750 to my Grand Child the now Kildare Digby, But also the yearly rent of Two Hundred and forty pound Sterling untill my said Son Robert shall come to full age towards his the said Lord Digby's maintenance and Support And if it shall please God that my said Grand Child ye now Lord Digby should Dy before my said Son Robert shall or might attain to the full age of one and Twenty years Then it is my Will and I do hereby give legate and bequeath the said £750 Sterling and all the aforesaid Rent that shall grow due after his Death untill my said Son Robert come or might come to one and Twenty years of age, to my two Grand Children his Sisters, Lettice and Catherine Digby, to be equally divided betwixt them, and when it shall please God my said Son Robert shall attain to the full age of one and Twenty years (then and not before) It is my Will that he shall enter upon the Barony, Mannor premises aforesd and the same to retain untill the £3000 be paid unto him ; his Executors or assigns without taking any Consideration for ye time past before he shall attain unto ye age of twenty one years which Lease so made me of the said premises, and all my Right, Title, Estate, Interest and Demand, in ye sd. Lease and

in and unto the said £3000 Sterling So by me Disbursed, and all other thing or Clause therein mentioned expressed and Contained I do hereby wholly give grant legate and Bequeath to my said Son Robert in manner and form aforesaid, and I do likewise in regard to the great Addition of Estate that is Come to my Son and Heir the Lord Dungarvan by the late Death of his Brother the Lord Viscount Kinalmeakie, Confirm, give, Legate, and Bequeath, unto my said Son Robert for Term of his Life (with the Abbey or Religious House of Fermoy als Jermoy als Ardmoy) with all the Members and Appurtenances the mannor of Tubbor with the Appurtenances and also the Towns and Lands of Waterstown als Wasterstown Newhayes, Cannicourt, Drumkit, Ratharget, and the Barrows Land in or near Kilgoan with all and every their Rights Members and Appurtenances, Lying and being in the Countys of Kildare, Dublin, Wicklow, or in all or any or either of them, and also all the Estate, Right, Title, Interest, or Demand, which my Cousin Richard Parsons Esq: late Deceased hath Conveyed unto him to the only use of me my Heirs and Assigns from Thos. Lord Viscount FitzWilliam of Merryon and his son and Heir of in and unto the Mannor of Merryon with all and Singular the Castles, Edifices, Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging and the Lands and Tenements called the Rings End with all sych other Lands as are by good and Effectual Deeds duly Perfected by the said Lord Viscount FitzWilliams and his Son and Heir Conveyed and assured or intended or mentioned to be Conveyed and assured to the said Richard Parsons Esq: and his Heirs in Confidence to my use situate within the County of Dublin or County of the City of Dublin or both or either of them upon which the said Mannor and Lands there was due to me at the Feast of All Saints last past the full sum of £1740 English or thereabouts and also all those the Tenements and Lands Mortgaged unto me by Dockwra his Mother, called Tibb and Tom near Hoggenbutt near ye walls of Dublin, Mortgaged unto me for Three Hundred Pounds Sterling and rented at £24 Sterling per Annum to Sir Philip Percival Knt. and also all that the House in the City of Dublin situate near His Majesty's Castle Bridge there now in ye Tenure or Occupation of John Smith who married Collins his Widow, or his Assigns rented at £22 Sterling per Annum and I do also devise will and legate and bequeath unto my said Son Robert the £1000 odd money English with the proceeds and Increase thereof which is owing unto me and wch. I lent unto James Watson of Dublin, Aldn. then Mayor of that City and Abraham Richesis of

Dublin Merchant if ye said Moneys be not repaid me during my Life. I do give grant legate and bequeath to Mrs. Ann Howard Daughter of ye Lord Edward Howard my Silver Cistern weighing 680 ounces, my Silver Kettle or Pot weighing 162 ounces, my Silver Ladle weighing 27 ounces, whereon my own Coat of Arms is engraven, with three pieces of Plate I bought of Sir Thomas Jermin the Younger Knight, and paid him for them £274. 18s. 6d. besides what I paid for Engraving my Arms, if the said Mrs. Ann Howard shall be marryed to my said Son Robert, But in case she shall not be marryed unto and become ye wife of my said Son, Then I give the said three pieces of Plate to my said Son Robert if he live and attain unto ye age of twenty one years, Otherwise I give and bequeath them to my son Dungarvan's eldest Son Charles Boyle. I do also devise will legate and bequeath unto my said Son Robert all those the £8600 Sterling which I lent in ready Money unto my noble Brother George Lord Goreing Vice Chamberlain to the King's Ma'ty, payable by his Statute or Bond of the Staple ye Twentieth day of January next Ensuing the date of these presents, wch. Statute or Bond of ye Staple and all the Moneys due thereupon, I give will and bequeath to my said Son Robert and also all my Right, Title, Claim, Estate, Reversion, Remainder, and Demand, whatsoever, of in and unto the Mannor of Waltham als Walthamcross, being ye late Dwelling House of the Earl of Norwich, and so much of the lands thereunto adjoining as are of ye full value of £1000 English per Annum, And also the Mannors of Nasin and Nasingbury and the Rectory of Nasingbury in the County of Essex which were conveyed unto me by ye said Lord Goreing for ye better Securing of the said £8600 Sterling with all the Deeds, writings, Evidences, concerning the Premises which Statute or Bond of the Staple, Writings and Evidences so made by me of the Premises, and all my Right Title Estate Interest and Demand in the same and unto ye said £8600 English and all other Clause or thing therein mentioned, expressed and contained, and all the abovementioned Mannors, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits, Mortgages, Leases, Bonds, Statutes or Bonds of Staple, Recognizances or other Evidences whatsoever for and concerning the Premises or any part of them I do hereby freely and wholly devise give grant will legate and bequeath to my said youngest Son Robert Boyle TO HAVE AND TO HOLD all and singular the before recited premises with all and every their Members, Rights and appurtenances, what kind of Tenure soever they be of, to my said fourth Son Robert Boyle for and during

his natural Life, without Impeachment of Strip or Waste and after his Decease to the first Issue Male of his Body lawfully begotten and to the Heirs Male of ye Body of Such his first Issue Male of his Body lawfully begotten, with ye same and such other and further Remainders and Limitations over as in and by my said Septipartite Deed on or about the said fourteenth day of May Anno Dom: 1636 are limited and expressed to the said Robert Boyle his Heirs and assigns for and of the said Mannor of Tubber, (if the Conditional Estates Mortgages and Leases respectively so long continued and be in force) all wch. Sums of Money, Mannors, Castles, Towns, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, and Hereditary Profits, Mortgages, Leases, are particularly before mentioned and expressed and by me hereby devised, Willed, bequeathed given and Allotted, for ye Estate and Livelyhood of my said Son Robert and his Heirs in manner and form as is aforesaid. It is my Will and so hereby I do declare shall be the Portion and livelyhood of my said Son Robert according to the Estate and Limitation aforesaid whom I beseech God to bless PROVIDED ALWAYS and my Will is that my Daughter Alice Countess of Barrimore shall after my Decease receive and enjoy the rents and profits of ye aforesaid Abbey of Castle Lyons and ye rents and profits of ye Town of Ballvelly and Inchinebacky aforesaid during her natural life and no longer, anything in this my present Will or otherwise limited or bequeathed to my said Son Robert Boyle and Francis Boyle or either of them or to the Heirs Male of ye Bodys of them or either of them to ye Contrary Notwithstanding.

ITEM I further give, legate, and bequeath unto every of my said four sons respectively all such Rents and arrears of Rents, Customs and Dutys, as now are, or shall be, due unto me at the time of my Decease, out of ye Several Mannors, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments, and other ye premises wch. I have bequeathed or Conveyed to the Several uses of every of them, or by my last Gales Rental Book Subscribed with my own hand limited, laid out, assigned and Distinguished to each of my said Sons respectively, what proportion of Land respectively every one of them shall have, It being my Expressed Will that my Son and Heir shall content himself and rest satisfied with those Rents and Arrears only which shall be due and unpaid at my Death ought of ye Lands to his use and each of his three younger brothers respectively to have enjoy receive (without account) ALL the Rents and Arrears that shall be owing out of each of their Lands towards the Rebuilding of their Ruined Houses, and it is my further

Will, and I do hereby principally and Especially charge the Souls and Consciences of my trusty and well beloved Son and Heir as also my Cognizees, Feoffees & Donees in Trust and all such others as are anywise respectively Seized trusted or Estitated in the aforesd Mannors, Castles, Abbeys, Monasterys, Rectorys, Tyths, Lands, Tenements, Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits Mortgages, Leases Sum or Sums of Money, Statutes or Bonds of the Staple Recognizances or all any or either of them or any part or parcell of them whether it be by Estate in Fee Simple, Fee Tail, Mortgages, Leases or otherwise, as also the Overseers of this my Last Will and Testament as they will answer the Neglect or Breach of this my Great Trust, Will and Testament before God at the Dreadfull day of Judgment to do and cause all the said Mannors, Abbeys and late Religious Houses, Castles, Lands, Mortgages, Leases, Tenements, Rectorys, Tyths, Rents, Reversions, Services, Hereditaments and Hereditary Profits with their and all and every of their appurtenances by what Name Title or place soever called or Distinguished, or before in these presents particularly mentioned and expressed, and every of them with the Rents and Reversions of all and every of ye Premises to be upon Demand or request (as Occasion from time to time shall Necessarily require) Surely Effectually and legally passed over, assured, conveyed and confirmed, and held possessed, and enjoyed by and to each and every one of them my aforesd three sons Sir Roger Boyle Knt. Lord Boyle, Baron of Broghill, Francis Boyle, and Robert Boyle,—in such sort and according as ye aforesd Mannors, Castles, Towns, Lands &c., are by my Deed Septipartite aforesd or by this my Will and Testament and shall by my last Gales, Rental-Book, my hand respectively limited to my aforesaid sons and each and every of them and what proportion of Lands respectively every one of them shall have for ye respective Term of their and every of their Natural Lives without impeachment of Strip or Waste and after their or any of their Decease to ye first Issue Male of ye Body or Bodys lawfully begotten of him or them that shall do so dye and to the Heirs Male of ye Body or Bodys of Such his or their Issue Male of his or their Body or Bodys lawfully begotten with Such other and farther Remainders and Limitations over of Estates or Uses as in and by my said Septipartite Deed dated on or about the said fourteenth day of May Anno Dom: 1636 of ye Lands Conveyed to him them or any of them or to their or any of their Uses are Expressed and Declared for it is my Resolution and Expressed Will and Desire that my said last half years' Rental (R. Corke) Book which

shall be made next upon my Decease and shall be signed with my own Hand, shall be the Leader and Guide to every of my said four Sons to Distinguish what Livelyhood I have allotted unto them and Bequeathed and Left to them and every of them Respectively, from which Direction I charge my Son and Heir Especially and every one of them respectively, not to swerve in the least degree as they hope for Blessedness in Heaven and Prosperity in this World, AND WHEREAS I did allow unto my said Son and Heir for his Maintenance the full Sum of £1500 English per Annum and that he Undertook to the King without my Privy to raise Arme and Provide 100 Horse to attend his Ma'ty in the Expedition against the Scotts in the north of England, for which and his other Occasions, besides his Yearly Maintenance aforesaid I supply him with the full Sum of £5553 Sterling as by his Acknowledgement and Engagement thereof under his hand and Seal dated on or about the Third day of May, Anno Domini 1639 Appareth which Sum of £5553 Sterling he hath Obliged himself his Heirs Executors and Administrators to Satisfy and pay according as I shall Dispose thereof either by my Last Will or Testament or otherwise and to Exonerate, Acquit and Discharge all his Younger Brothers so that neighter persons or Estates shall be liable thereunto as by his aforesaid Acknowledgement and Engagement Dated as above doth and may appear in pursuance whereof I do Devise Legate will and bequeath the Sums of Money following to be by him my said Son and Heir paid in manner Ensuing IMPRIMIS I do give legate and bequeath unto each one of my Grand Children the two daughters of the late Earl of Barrimore begotten of my Daughter, namely to each of the Ladies Ellen and Catherine Barry £1000 currant Money of and in England, apiece, and unto my two Grand Children Lettice and Catherine Digby the Daughters of Robert Lord Digby, Baron of Geshell and my Daughter Sarah both Deced. the Like Sum of £1000 apiece for and towards their several and respective Marriage Portions, and unto my Niece Cath Boyle als Tynt the sum of £800 of Like Currant Money of England (as above) over and above the £200 Sterling which I paid in ready Gold since their Marriage as part of my said Niece her Marriage Portion to her Father in Law Sir Robert Tynt, Knt. by the Delivery of my Servant Thomas Badnedge Esq: which several Legacy of mine Amounting to £4800 Sterling I do hereby Charge my said Son and Heir to see duly Satisfyed with the best Expedition that with any Conveniency he may and when these five Legacys are thus discharged that he employ the Remainder of ye

sd £5553 being £573 Sterling for payment and Discharge of such other Leggacys as hereafter in this my Will I have bequeathed to Several others of my Kindred Friends. It is my Will that untill such time as Sir Robert Tynt and William Tynt his Son or any of them do make and perfect unto ye use of My said Niece Catherine Tynt a competent Valuable and Legal Joynture of good Lands and Tenements in ye County of Corke Answerable to the Marriage Portion of £1000 which is in part and shall be paid as aforesaid, that untill such Competent Joynture be fully duly and legally perfected unto her, that my said Son and Heir forbear to pay the said £800 unto her for that my said Niece hath not had that respect and kind usage with her husband and Father in Law aforementioned as may deserve my forwardness in the payment thereof, Yet upon the perfecting of Such a Competent and answerable Joynture, It is my Will yet ye Money should be paid in Discharge of my promise.

ITEM my Will is that if any one of my Two Grand Childeren the Daughters of the late Earl of Barrymore shall die before she be married, That then the £1000 bequeathed unto her as aforesaid shall remain and be paid unto my young Grandchild James Barry her Brother and in Case both of my said Grand Daughters die before their Marriage that then my Will is, and I do hereby devise legate and bequeath the aforesd £2000 formerly legated to them both to their said brother James Barry my Grand Child.

ITEM my Will is that if any one of my said two Grand Children Daughters to the late Lord Digby and my Daughter Sarah dye unmarried, that ye £1000 legated to her (as above) remain and be paid unto her surviving sister for her better preferment, and in Case both of them Dye before Marriage, That then my Will is, and I do hereby legate and bequeath the £2000 bequeathed to the said Two Sisters, to my Grand Child their Brother, the now Lord Kildare Digby, Baron of Geshell.

ITEM I give to every of my Daughters that are or have been already married and to ye several Husbands of each and every of my said married Daughters a Diamond Ring price Ten pounds Sterling to be bought and presented to every of them by my Executor within Six Months after my Decease, Entreating every and each of them to wear those rings during their lives as a Remembrance of their Deceased and most affectionate Father with God's blessing and my own.

ITEM I give legate and bequeath to my Nephews Edward Boyle and John Boyle (to whom I have not been wanting but helpful already)

as follows, (vizt.) to my nephew Edward Boyle I release forgive and acquit him all such Debts Rents & Arrears as he shall be owing unto me at ye time of my Decease And also I give and bequeath unto him all the Rents, Tyths and Profits, of those Improprate Rectorys, Prebendarys, or Vicarages, of Leitrim, Clondullame, Moycrony, Kilcrumper, Nelanand, Felam, Situate in ye County of Corke, Sometimes parcell of the possessions of ye late Dissolved Abbey of Glas-carrick in the County of Wexford which were before these Troubles by one demised unto Thomas Holford Clk. Deceased, and Thomas O'Broder for ye yearly Rent of £100 Sterling or thereabouts TO HAVE AND TO HOLD ye before recited premises and all and every their appurtenances unto my said Nephew Edward Boyle and his now Wife for and during both their lives and the longest liver of them. And to my Nephew John Boyle and his Wife and the longest liver of them I give and bequeath all the Glebe Lands, Tyths, Rents, Profits and Comoditys of the Improprate Rectory of Knockmorne in ye County of Corke which Edward Eyres Clk. is my Farmer of at £40 Sterling per Annum,

ITEM I give and bequeath unto my Two Cousins Roger Boyle who lately dwelt near Waterford and is now resident in Youghall and Michael Boyle the Son of Joshua Boyle deceased, all that the Blade Tyths, Sheaf and other profits and appurtenances belonging to the Improprate Rectory of Stradbally in ye County of Waterford for which James Wallace Esq: paid me £60 per Annum, to be Equally Divided betwixt them for and during their Natural Lives, they proportionably paying the King's Rent due out of ye same; and in Case that any one of my said Cousins Roger Boyle or Michael Boyle shall die, then my Will is that ye Moiety of ye said Rectory held by him so Deceasing should be and remain to the use of my Executors, he paying the Moiety of ye Rent due thereout to his Matye.

ITEM I do Straitly charge and Conjure my said Son and Heir and it is my Express Will, that he content himself and rest fully satisfied with all such Mannors, Lands, Tenements, Mortgages and Leases as he shall find assigned and Laid out for him in my last half Year's Rental Book that shall be made and Signed with my own proper hand next before my Decease notwithstanding any Deeds Estates Grants or Conveyances made by me to the use of him his Lady or Heirs to ye Contrary, and to be tyed, restrained and limited only thereunto, for that every half Year God by his great Mercy and Bounty hath and doth enable me either by Purchase, Mortgage or Leases to encrease

my Livelyhood, which as I do so for Reason and Conveniences unto me best known, I distribute and Enter them in my Rental Book under ye Title and Name of ye Son's Portion, Patrimony and Assignment, Who it is my Will, Bequest and Purpose shall Inherit and enjoy ye same, And I do therefore Charge my said Son and Heir upon my Blessing principally and also the Feoffees of my Lands and Overseers of this my Last Will and Testament, as they desire my Soul shall rest in peace after my Decease And as they and every of them desire to have their own Wills justly performed after their Several Deaths, and as they and every of them will answer the Contrary doing before ye Judgment Seat of Almighty God, That ye last half Year's Rent Book that shall be made before my Decease and by me to be Signed as is before Specified, shall be the Sole and only Direction to express in Trust, Guide and make known unto them what my Will is touching the disposition of my Lands, Estates and Possessions, to every of my four Sons, and accordingly each one of my said four Sons to be contented with that assignment and Allotment without Dispute or other Division, Changes, Addition or Alteration whatsoever and what other Assurance or further Conveyance shall be Necessary and expedient for Securing of each of my said there younger Sons Estates and proportions in ye same half Year's Rental Book to be particularly Mentioned, yet my Son and Heir (as he intends ye Salvation of his own Soul and his Honour, Reputation and Conscience, both with God and Man in this world and in ye world to come) That he and they upon ye like Conjunction do cause ye same in every respect to be really and punctually performed Legally Conveyed, passed over and perfected respectively unto every and either of them and their respective Heirs Male of their Body lawfully begotten as aforesd with such Limitations of Estates and Remainders as are mentioned and comprized in my Grand Conveyance Septipartite Deed dated on or about ye sd 14th day of May, Anno Dom: 1636. ITEM it is my Will and I do hereby charge my said Son and Heir that He and his Heirs forever hereafter Continue and uphold the payment of £20 Sterling per Annum to ye School Master at ye Free School by me at my Sole Charge Erected in Youghall Ten Pounds to ye User thereof and to each of ye six old decayed soldiers or Alms Men already placed or hereafter to be placed there five pounds Sterling apiece with their Houses and to pay yearly ye like allowance forever to ye School Master, Usher, and Alms Men of ye free School and Alms Houses by me lately erected at Lismore in ye County of Waterford, towards the

Charge of which free School and Alms Houses at Lismore and ye Several Persons that are to Supply and reside there, James Roch is bound by his Lease of Currenniboaght to pay £40 Sterling per Annum and also to cause ye like Free School with Lodgings for the School Master and Usher and Houses for Six Alms Men to be erected of Lime and Stone, Sawn Timber and Slate, in the place where I caused ye Foundation to be digged, and where before these Troubles I procured great part of the Square Timber and hewn Stone and other Materials to be brought in place for finishing of that good work, and to assign over and pay yearly ye like Salary and Stipend to ye School Master ; Usher and six Alms-men, and Each of them, as is paid to those of ye Free School and Alms-Men of Youghall and Lismore aforesaid, and this to be done as soon as it shall please God to send Peace into this Kingdom, The Charge of all which Free Schools and Alms-houses saving the £40 abovementioned payable by Mr. James Roch, is to come out of my said Son and Heir's Revenue, and he is likewise to keep the said School Houses and Alms Houses in good repair, and to see ye Masters, Ushers and Alms-Men Quarterly and respectively paid their Annuitys and Stipends, as I have formerly done, since the Erection of those Schools and Alms-houses at Youghall and Lismore as also that of Bandonbridge aforesaid when it shall be there finished, and I have appointed it to be, and for that I much desire the Good Increase and Prosperity in ye Town of Bandonbridge and ye Inhabitants thereof whom I have ever (till now of late) much tendred and respected, I do therefore declare it to be my Will that there be a very Strong and substantial bridge of Lime and Stone with my Arms Cutt in Stone to be sent upon the Side Wall thereof made and Erected over ye River of Bandon within the Town where ye Timber Bridge now Stands, for ye overseeing and Ordering whereof I do hereby entreat and intrust my good friends and Tenants, ye Provost for the Time being, Mr. William Newce, Mr. Randall Fenton, Mr. Jno. Langton, Augustin Atkins, and Jas. Elwell to take upon them the Charge and Oversight of the making, well ordering, and following, of the Work of that Bridge, that it may be Gracefully, Strongly and substantially done without any false or deceitfull work, (as other Bridges of late have been) and to see the Workmen duly paid, towards the Charge whereof I do hereby bequeath assign and set over a Debt of £67. 15s. od. Sterling which Peregrine Bannister owes me by his Bond for wch Herbert Nicholas deceased was bound with him as his Surety, the said Bond to be delivered by Mr. Walley and ye Moneys

thereout due to be paid to the said Mr. John Langton and Augustin Atkins to be expended in that work and what ye said Work shall come unto more than that Money, which I think will be £30 or thereabouts be it more or less, I do appoint the said Mr. John Langton to Supply ye Money for ye same out of my son Dungarvan's Rents of Bandon Mills, whereof It is my Will that due allowance shall be made unto him. ITEM WHEREAS I paid unto John Lodden of Bandon Bridge Mason near about four score pounds Sterling for ye Building of a Bridge of Lime and Stone ouer ye River near under Castle Coney, called the four Mill Water from Clonmell wch he was bound to me in an obligation of Two Hundred pounds Sterling to perfect and perform strongly and Substantially as by Articles for doing thereof under his hand and seal appeareth, but therein deceived my Trust, and Built ye said Bridge falsely and deceitfully with ill stones, Gravell, Lime and Mortar, whereby so soon as it was finished part of it was overthrown, and ye rest in the most Dangerous part of ye River is yet standing and Remaining, for ye new Building of which Bridge in that or any other near and convenient place of ye River, for it is my will and pleasure it should be rebuilt again where it may Stand firm and Secure, and for ye well doing thereof, I do not only give and assign over ye sd Jno Lodden's Bond and articles unto my said Son and Heir who I do intrust to see that Work Strongly Substantially and Speedily finished, But I do also give and bequeath £120 English more for the Strong Building making and finishing of ye said Bridge, which £120 Sterling Roger Mc Cragh of Courtswood Gent. oweth me upon his own bond and ye Bond of Darby O'Brian Esq: his Surety for which when I lent him the Money, he promised me that his Brother Phillip McDaniel McCragh should also Joyn in ye said Bond which as yet he has not done, and if ye Mayor and Inhabitants of ye Town and Corporation of Clonmell and ye Gentlemen, Freeholders, and Inhabitants of ye County after they shall be all returned to their Loyalty and Subjection, will Undertake the Carriage of the Materials and bring them in place for the Building of the sd. Bridge and that the Masons and Workmen by my sd Son to be chosen and Agreed withal, shall and do give sufficient Security unto my said Son for the Building of the sd Bridge Strongly and Substantially in all Respects that it may Continue for the Passage easy and Safely of the Country (R. Corke) and Traveller, then and in such Case, I do not only Give and Bequeath the Benefit of the sd. Jno Lodden's Bond and Articles but also the said £120 due by the sd Bond for the new

Building and finishing of the sd Bridge as a Testimony of my good affection to that Work and howsoever that this sd Jno Lodden hath failed in this Work and the Trust yet I reposed in him thro' too much Negligence or Covetuousness or both, Yet I am of Opinion that he is the fittest man to Rebuild it, to Redeem his own Error and Disgrace, and I advice that he may have the doing of it, putting in good Security for the performance thereof, or if ye sd. Daniel McCragh and Darby O'Brien his Surety shall and do give in good and Sufficient Security to have the sd Bridge Strongly and Substantially Erected and Finished in some Convenient time, Then it is my Will that they shall have the sd Bond restored unto them at such Time as it shall appear the Work thereof is Substantially Finished with side Walls and my Arms Thereupon in Stone. Moreover for that I Esteem it a Work of great Charity much Tending to the Ease and Safety of Travellers to have Bennet's Bridge in the County of Kilkenny to be Strongly Repaired where it is defective or new Built with Expedition wherein I am Confident my much Hond. Lord the Marquess of Ormond will not only contribute himself will also prevail with ye Gentlemen and Freeholders of that County to help to bear ye Charge of so Great and General a Good Work towards which it is my Will (if his Lordship and ye County will assist in the Charge) for to give and bequeath £200 Sterling to perfect that Work which is usefull and necessary for the Country of wch £200 Sterling Richard Osborne Esq: and Nicholas Osborne his Brother owes me £130 Sterling and the remain being £70 Sterling John Butler of Cloghbready in ye County of Tipperary Esq: oweth by Bond duly indebted unto me the Bonds for repaying of which Sums as well by the said Richard and Nicholas Osborne as John Butler remaining with my Receiver Mr. John Wallie I do hereby will and appoint the said Mr. Wallie to deliver over unto my good Friends Sir Patrick Knt. and Rooth of Kilkenny Esq: (or any of them) to whom ye money will be duly paid so as they both or any of them upon ye Receipt of the money will enter into Bonds to my Cousin Joshua Boyle for ye Strong and Substantial Building of ye Bridge within Two years next after my Decease, or upon their failure to repay ye said £200 to ye said Joshua Boyle his Executors Administrators or assigns to whom upon their failure I freely give and bequeath it.

AND WHEREAS I have heretofore been at Great Charges for ye Building of a Timber Bridge; wherein 800 Tuns of Choice Timber were by me bestowed over ye River of Awmore als Black Water near

Fermoy, which by an Extraordinary Flood was carried away, and for that I desire ye Ease and Safety of ye Neighbours and Travellers and to have a very Strong and Substantial Bridge of Lime and Stone built in the place thereof (as it is at Moyallo) I do hereby Signifie that it is my Will and desire that my Brother in Law William Fenton Knight, Richard Fisher Esq: his Mat'ys Attorney of Munster, and Joshua Boyle Esq: with the assistance and Service of my Tenant George Hartwell, should cause a very gracefull and substantial Bridge to be built of Lime and Stone over ye River of Fermoy and for ye Defraying ye Charge thereof I do hereby give £200 Sterling that I lent my Nephew John Brown Knt. upon his Bond, with ye proceed thereof, wch Bond it is my will and Direction that Mr. Wallie shall deliver to my said Brother in Law Sir William Fenton Knt. Richard Fisher and Joshua Boyle Esq: Who I hereby authorize to Demand, receive and recover the said moneys, and upon Securitys given by such Masons and Workmen as they make Choice to Build ye said Bridge in such Manner and Form as the Bridge of Moyallo is now built; or better to pay and distribute those Moneys as the Work shall go forward untill it be Strongly and Substantially in all Respects finished, and if ye Moneys due upon that Bond and proceed will not finish ye work, then I do hereby authorize and appoint the said Richard Esq: his Mat'ys Attorney at Munster to add £30 or £40 more out of his own Rents as it shall require for wch his so doing this shall be his sufficient Discharge and acquittance, and for this Charitable work tending to ye Ease, Safety and Conveniency of all Travellers and Strangers, I am willingly induced to bestow these Moneys tho' I also loose ye benefit of my Ferry Boat thereby, praying them to so Guide direct and oversee this Work That it may be Strongly and Substantially done for perpetuity, without any unnecessary Delay or Loss of time, and that my arms may be cut in a Table of Stone and Set upon a Side Wall thereof. AND WHEREAS Sir John Leeke Knt. at his first arrival in Ireland borrowed of me one hundred pounds Sterling which I lent him Gratis without any Consideration and in Regard he promised me ye Repayment thereof in a Short Time after I lent it, I neither till some years past (when he returned out of Yorkshire) took Bill or Bond for ye same, AND WHEREAS also ye said Sir John Leeke is duly and justly indebted to me for ye rents and Arrears of ye lands he held of me in Liffimy in the farther sum of £350 Sterling for which he gave me his Security under his Hand and Seal all remaining with Mr. Wallie to be paid at my will and pleasure but never as yet paid

any of those Two Debts or any part thereof and that I also at his Importunity and going into England Supplied his Lady with other £40 Sterling in ready Money at his Earnest Intreaty and Deep protestation to repay it me at a Day now long since past, which he hath also failed in, So as his whole Debt now due unto me Amounts unto £490 Sterling, Nevertheless it is my will that the £100 I so long since lent him freely shall be by him paid within some reasonable and convenient time in manner following: , Vizt: £33.6.8d. to my Cousin Mr. Robert Nayler Dean of Limerick, £33.6.8d. thereof to my Cousin and his Uncle Mr. Thomas Nayler, and £33.6.8d. unto the Children of my Cousin John Allen deceased to whom I give and bequeath the said £100 to be equally Divided betwixt Them or amongst such of them as shall be Living at my Decease, and the other £40 last Sent him Gratis I give and Bequeath unto my Cousin Richard Boyle Son of Joshua Boyle Esq: and when that £140 are paid unto them according to this my Bequest then it is my Discretion and Will that Sir John Leeke be freed thereof as also of the Debt of £350 which he Owes me by his Specialty which I hereby Desire may be then Delivered unto him and not before, and I do Conditionally and in manner and form aforesaid, freely Give and forgive him that Debt of £350 Sterling as a Testimony of my good Affection to him and his so he pay ye £140 lent him as I formerly Bequeathed and Disposed of the same. ITEM I bequeath to my Cousin Mary Cupse the Sum of £20 Sterling due unto me from Donogh O'Mulcaghie of Nockampoze in the County of Waterford, David O'Mulcaghie of the same, Gent. David Pruddenragh of Knockroe and Morgan Evans of Clotthenny in the said County by their Bond, £10 whereof was Payable upon May Day 1639 last Past, and the other £10 at the feast of All Saints then next Ensuing which moneys if not paid me in my Lifetime and the said Mary then Living, I do appoint my Cousin Dean Nayler to receive for her Use, but if she be then Dead or if any part thereof be Unpaid, to my Cousin Dean Nayler's Eldest Son and Daughter to be equally Divided betwixt them. ITEM altho' my Cousin Thomas Boyle hath not Deserved it at my hands YET I give and Forgive him the £10 he Borrowed of me upon his Bill, together with such Rents and Moneys which are of a good Value that he hath Gathered and Received out of my Lands Clan-Awliff of both which I hereby Release him. ITEM WHEREAS There is due unto me for Arrears of Rent from Owen O'Loghie McSweeny by his Bond or Bill the sum of £35 Sterling I do hereby give and Bequeath the said Bill

of Debt to the Children of my Cousin Francis Boyle Deceased and Charity his Wife and do Appoint Mr. John Wallie to deliver up the said Bond or Bill, whereby the said Children may Recover and Receive the Same. ITEM WHEREAS the Lady Una Boyle the now Wife of Richard Fisher Esq: his Mat'ys Attorney of Munster Did in her Widowhood perfect unto me her Bill or Assurance for the due Payment of Eighty eight Pounds Sterling which my kinsman her former Husband Sir George Boyle Knt. did Justly Owe unto me with more at his Death AND WHEREAS also her now Husband Richard Fisher Esq: aforesaid stands justly Indebted to me by Bond in the full Sum of £100 Sterling I do hereby Bequeath and Legate those Two Debts and the Bonds whereupon they grow due to my Daughter the Countess of Barrimore to her own Use without any Account for the Same. ITEM WHEREAS my Nephew Sir Piercy Smith Knt. by his Bill Obligatory Dated 20th April 1635 Standeth Bound in £500 for the Payment of 250 Pound Sterling at the End of one Year next after the Death of Sir Richard Smith his Father I do give and bequeath that Bill Obligatory and all the Moneys due thereon to my Cousin and Godson Boyle Smith if he shall Live till it be due. And I do also Give and Bequeath to my said God Son Boyle Smith All that £30 Sterling a year which the said Sir Percy Smith his Father is bound half Yearly to pay me during his Father's Life and for one whole year next after his said Father's Decease. ITEM I give and bequeath unto my Niece Mrs. Catherine Supple of Aghaddah my White Silver Salt and Cover unguilt wch. stands upon four pillars to be kept as a Memorial of me her deceased Uncle who loved her dearly. ITEM to my dearly hond. Lord the Lord Primate of Ireland, I do appoint my Executors presently after my decease to deliver my best Jewell called Walter Raleigh's Stone, for his Lordship to have wear and make use of during his Life, and at his Decease to see it safely delivered up to my Son and Heir, and to his Lordship also I give my own Bible. ITEM. I bequeath my Six Suits of new Cloaths (excepting my Tawney wrought Velvet Gown hereafter legated to ye Lord Ranelagh) which I sent with my Linnen out of England and which are in my Trunk at Dublin to be equally Divided between my three younger Sons. ITEM I Bequeath my new Scarlet Bed with all the appurtenances to my Daughter Broghill. ITEM I Bequeath my Travelling Coach and Furniture and Close Silver Chafen Dish to ye Lady Smith. ITEM I bequeath my new Horse Litter lined with red wrought Velvet and ye Furniture thereof to the Lord Chancellor as a Testimony of my good

affection to him and that his proceedings about Cre Eustace doth not Stick in me. ITEM I bequeath to my noble Lady and Cousin the Lady Ann Docwra all such Rents and Arrears of Rent as shall be due to me out of the Lands and Tenements of Tib and Tom near Hoggenbutt as shall be due unto me at ye time of my Decease from Sir Phillip Percival Knt. who rents the same of me at £24 Sterling per Annum. ITEM I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved Daughter the Lady Joan Countess of Kildare All such Sum or Sums of Money as at ye time of my decease shall be mine and remain in ye Custody of my honoured Cousin the Lord Justice Parsons. ITEM I will legate and bequeath unto my Daughter Dungarvan my Diamond Ring which my mother at her death gave me, and I have wore it 56 years, praying her to wear it as a happy fortunate and lucky stone during her life and to leave it to her Son. ITEM I give and bequeath to my Virtuous and dearly beloved Daughter the Vicecountess Dowager of Kinalmeakie (who I am infinitely grieved is by the untimely Death of her husband separated from my Family) my Two Cream Silver Bowles, my Six fruit Dishes, and one of my Silver Chamber Pots. ITEM I give to my Son Francis his Wife, my double guilt Salt and Cover wch. Stands upon four pillars with a Christial Globe in the Middle thereof. ITEM I bequeath to my true and faithful Friend Sir Thomas Stafford Knt. if he Survive me, my Diamond Hatband for which I paid him £200, but it is of far greater Value, which if my Son Francis Survive him, I pray him to bestow it upon my said Son at his Death. ITEM to ye Lord Bishop of Cloyne, I give the Richest pair of Gloves that I have at my Death, and towards the new building Covering and Garneshing the Chancell of ye Collegiate and parochiall Church of Youghall, I give and bequeath a Debt of £98 Sterling or thereabouts which William now Lord Bishop of Cork and Ross, and Thomas Frith Clk, owes me by Bond, hereby Authorising my Cousin Joshua Boyle to Demand Receive or Recover the same and praying the said Lord Bishop of Cloyne and the Mayor of Youghall for the time being, to See that my said Cousin carefully dispose thereof to the Workmen as the Work of the said Chancell goeth forward. ITEM I give the great Spectacle Set in a frame of Silver to my Cousin Dean Boyle. ITEM to my Noble Lord and Brother the Lord Viscount Ranelagh I give my Tawney wrought Velvet Gown lined throughout with Plush of the same Colour Trimmed with Lace and Buttons of Gold and Silk Suitable. ITEM to my Noble Friend the Lord Estmond I give my best foot Cloath which is embroidered with Gold and Silk with the

Furniture thereunto belonging. ITEM to my Hond. Cousin the Lord Justice Parsons I give and Bequeath my Sedan lined with Red wrought Velvet and ye Furniture thereof, with my Black wrought Velvet Gown lined with Plush and laced as ye Tawny Gown is, and Brace of Bucks every Summer during his life to be taken out of my Park and Sent to him yearly by my Son and Heir to Bellamount or Dublin desiring him as he hath been my Cordial and Constant Friend so that he would extend his Love and Care to my Son and Heir and all ye rest of my Children and to his Uttermost defend them from wrong and oppressions and above all things labour to keep them in Unity amongst themselves and one to the other. ITEM to my Noble Friend and Brother Sir Adam Loftus Knt. His Mat'ys Vice Treasurer I make the like Suit and to him as a Dying Friend's Remembrance I give one of my best Geldings or Horses, and my Damask Petronell and Case wch is in Mr. Wallie's keeping. ITEM to my honest Cousin Sir Garrett Lowther Knt. Lord Chief Justice of His Mat'ys Court of Common Pleas I make ye like request to whom as a token of my love I give ten pounds Sterling per Annum to be paid proportionably by way of Annuity out of my four sons Estates during his Life, Praying him to be to my Children as he has been to me a faithfull Councillor and firm Friend. ITEM to my Brother in Law Sir William Fenton Knt. I make ye like request and to him I Give my ash coloured wrought Velvet Gown lined throughout with Plush laced and Buttoned with Laces and Buttons of Gold and Silver. ITEM. to my worthy Friend Sir James Wear Knt. I give and bequeath my Standish now here in Youghall. ITEM to my worthy Friend Sir James Wear and Sir Phillip Percival Knts. I bequeath to each of them a Gelding of my own Breed. ITEM to Sir John Brown Knt. I give my best Sword and Belt and a pair of Silver Spurrs and to His Lady my Niece I bequeath my warming Pan of Silver and to her sister Mrs. Mary Cole my Silver Sugar Box. ITEM to my Nephew Sir Piercy Smith I give my new Cloak Suite and Cassock of Hair Coloured Figured Satten Laced with Gold Lace with the Garters and Stockings suitable and to Each of his Daughters four Cows a piece which are in my park to bring them into Stock to exercise their good House wifery, and to my said Nephew Sir Piercy Smith and my Nephew Roger Power I give Eight of (R. Corke) my Studd mares to be equally Divided betwixt them. ITEM to my Noble and worthy friend George Courtney Esq: I bequeath my Book of the History of King Henry the Seventh. ITEM to my Dear Brother-in-Law Sir Richard Smith Knt. I bequeath my

Ash Coloured Wrought Velvet Cloak lined with Plush with the Suite Stockings and Garters answerable thereunto, and my Black Velvet Coat lined with Martin's Fur. ITEM to my Cousin Joshua Boyle I give my Black Stuff Taffety Cloak lined with Plush with the Suite, Stockings and Garters and Roses suitable. ITEM to Captain Strongman I give my new suit of Cloath Rash of Marble Colour Laced with Gold Lace with Silk Stockings Garters Roses and all things Suitable. ITEM to Captain Richard Jolliffe I give my Stuff Cloak Suite Stockings Garters and Roses Suitable wch. are edged with Gold Lace. ITEM to Mr. Jno. Hunt I bequeath my new Cloath of Gold Doublett which I never wore and ye points to ye same belonging. ITEM to my Trusty Friend Mr. John Wally I appoint my Son and Heir to give £20 Sterling a year and his own and his Man's Diet and Chamber in my House and the feeding of Two Gelding, for so long time as he shall live there with him and be pleased to continue my said Son and Heirs Receiver of his Rents and Revenues, and my three younger Sons Receiver and Auditor, and continue carefull in upholding of my Ironworks wherein he is able and best Experienced having been lately Joint Farmer of them with Adam Wering at ye Rent of £650 Sterling per Annum, And to him I give my Best Black Sattin Cloak lined with Plush and the Sattin Suite, Stockings, Garters and Roses, Answerable thereunto, to which are here in Youghall, praying him as I have ever reposed great Trust and Confidence in him and found him to my best Observations just and faithfull in all my Affairs and Accounts so that he will continue the like Care Faith and Trust to all my Sons and be a just and faithfull Accountant for and unto them as he will answer the contrary at the Day of Judgment when the Secrets of all Hearts shall be discovered. And to him I do likewise and forgive the Statute Staple which he hath Entered into to pay me £500 which I ordain my Executor freely to deliver up and release unto him. ITEM my Will is that my old Servant John Jackson shall sit Rent free for his House and Land in Lismore during his own Life. ITEM It is my Will that the Widow of James Forster my antient Servant shall from the time of my Decease untill her Death enjoy her Houses and Land Rent free. ITEM I give to my Servant Thomas Badnege Esq: the £20 Sterling a Year I now allow him to be taken out of the Rents of Ballyhubbert during his Life. ITEM to my Servant William Chettle I give Twenty Pounds Sterling a Year during his Life to be paid him out of the Rents of Poulmore in the Barony of Inchequin and also a debt of £195 Sterling which Arthur Freake and Lieut.

James Finch do owe me by their Bond by me assigned and given up the said William Chettle as also all other my Wearing Linnen and Apparell which I shall have at my Death and is not disposed of in this my last Will and Testament And I do desire my Son Robert that in regard of the Fidelity and Trust that I have found in the said William Chettle (who waited upon me in my Chamber and Carried my Purse for above 26 years) that he will entertain him into his Service in the same Place and Condition wherein he hath so long served me, whom I hereby seriously commend to my said son for a faithfull true and honest Servant that will Carry his Purse and keep his Accounts faithfully and Justly as he hath done mine. ITEM I give to my Stewart Henry Smithwick a Debt of £100 Sterling which I lent Gratis in ready money to Thomas Lord Viscount Baltinglass for which I have his Bond and his Son's the now Lord Viscount, to repay the same unto me, which Bond it is my Will shall be delivered up unto my said Stewart whereby he may recover and receive the same and all the Proceed due thereon in lieu of his Service. ITEM I give to my Servant Abraham Prust one of my young Geldings and £10 in money. ITEM I give to my Servant Charles Hooker £10 in Money and a Debt of £382, which his Father George Hooker was duly owing unto me having received it from me and to my Use in ready Money. ITEM I give to my Servant Thomas Pomfret a good Gelding of my own Breed and forgive him all the Rents and Arrears he owes me being about £60 Sterling. ITEM I give to my Servant John Eddowe £10 Sterling. ITEM to my Servant Thomas Langdale £10 Sterling. ITEM I give and bequeath to my Servant John Forster £5 Sterling which is Due unto me by George Babies Bill and do appoint the said Bond to be delivered up unto him. ITEM to my Servant Lionl. Beecher I give £10 Sterling. ITEM to Richard Deyes I forgive all the Rent he owes me. ITEM it is my Will and I do hereby desire my Son and Heir that for those my Servants aforementioned as also such other of my Servants as shall be in my service at the time of my Decease that he receive so many of them and use them well as he shall think fit and will be willing to continue with him, and for such of them as he shall desire to continue his Followers and Dependants, and yet shall otherwise dispose of themselves, that he do them all the good he reasonably may and Continue and use them well and kindly, not suffering any of them to depart from him without some token of his own Liberality and my Love towards them, and therein not forget my old Servant David Gibbon but to let him Enjoy the Farm I have bestowed upon him

with his good favour and Countenance, for he is true and honest, and him also I give £10 in money to help to Stock his Farm withall, and that he be a favourable and friendly landlord to all his English Tennants and not to take any advantage or Forfeiture of any of the Leases I have made or shall make for non-Payment of the Rent at the Precise Day or Place or upon any Conditions or Provisoos contained in their Leases, except they shall prove false, Treacherous, unthankfull, injurious or highly abusive unto him, but to be comfortable, forbearing, encouraging and helpfull unto such as are honestly inclined and well affected unto him as I ever was and desire him to be in all their just Occasions whereby they may find the less Loss of me, by being supplied with his Favour Countenance and Goodness towards them. ITEM I give to Captain Croker my brass Musket with the Firelock or Shaphance. ITEM I give to Francis Foulke Esq: and Roger Carew to each of them a Musket with Firelock or Shaphance to be taken out of my Armoury as poor Token of my Love to them. ITEM I give to my honest Servants Mr. Thomas Moore and Mr. Henry Raffington to the first of them my Book called Purchas Pilgrimage and to the other my Book called Pacata Hibernia, and to every person Man and Woman to whom I have bequeathed my Remembrance of my Affection It is my Will that the Men shall have Blacks for Mourning Cloaks and the Women Blacks for Mourning Gowns and to each of my Servants to whom I have given Legacies Cloth and black Stuff to make them mourning Suits of. ITEM I give to the poor of the Parish of Youghall Ten Pounds Sterling, to the Poor of the Parish of Lismore £10 Sterling, to the Poor of the Parish of Tallogh and Talloghbridge £10 Sterling, to the Poor of Bandonbridge and Cool Fadagh £10 Sterling and to the Poor of Cloghinkelly £10 Sterling. Moreover I do entreat and intrust Mr. John Wallie to be a faithfull and true Receiver and Auditor of all my Rents Revenues and Payments which Concern each of my Three younger Sons in Particular and to keep three perfect half Yearly distinct books and Accounts of each of my said three younger Sons Rents, Réceipts and Disbursements during his Employment in that Trust. Moreover I charge every one of my said Sons upon my Blessing not to make the least Benefit or Profit of any Advowson or Presentation within their several Possessions but as they respectively shall fall Void or in any of their Gifts, that they Pick out and make Choice of Learned and Religious Ministers and Preachers of good Life and Doctrine and bestow them freely upon them tying them to Personal Residence, And

it is my Will that upon the Vicarage of Mochell with the Members thereof which was lately worth 200 Marks per Annum (shall next fall void by the death of Dr. Goodwin the now Incumbent or otherwise) whom after the Death of my present Presentee Mr. John Lancaster I freely without Request presented thereunto (that my Son and Heir present thereunto) Mr. William Snell my Chaplain Whom I know to be a Learned, Religious and well deserving man and that they nor Either of them give any Advowson or Presentation to any Man till they respectively fall void and then freely to Present such Able, Learned sufficient Men unto them for Life, Learning and Conversation as are before mentioned. ALL the Debts that I know I owe the World are as follows: To Charles Rich Esq: my Noble Son in Law as the Remainder of the £7000 as his Lady my Daughter's Marriage Portion which is yet unpaid the sum of £3333.6.8d. Sterling or near thereabouts, To Sir John Appesley and Sir Thomas Fotherly Knts. and Gabriel Appesly Esq: for the Remainder of the £10350 Sterling for the Purchase of my Mannor of Marston Bygod in Somersetshire £2000 Sterling, to an Irish Merchant wherewith I have acquainted my said Son and Heir £350 Sterling. And other Debts I do not know that for myself I owe any, For the Payment of which £2000 to Sir John Appesley and Sir Thomas Fotherly Knts. and Gabriel Appesly Esq: I am confident that there will be money sufficient in my Servant William Chettle's Hands with the Proceed of such Barr Iron as I have in the Store House in Youghall and in Money remaining in the Hands of Mr. Smith of Torrington for Iron he sold for me and 100 Tons of Sow Iron for which George Hellyar of Bristol is to Pay me £500 when I send it over unto him which Moneys in Cash and Iron will fully Discharge those £2000 and the better to enable my Executor to Discharge my said Debt owing to Charles Rich I did lend out these several Sums of Money following: Vizt. To my Son in Law Sir Arthur Loftus Knt. and his Uncle Nicholas Loftus Esq: £500 in ready money Gratis upon their Bond, and to the said Sir Arthur other £250 upon his own Security, To the Earl of Kildare, for which the Rents of the Mannors of Croonac and Adare in the County of Limerick are secured unto me, £600 Sterling, To the Lord Viscount Ranelagh which I lent him in ready Money upon his Bond £500 Sterling, To Sir William Hull for which I have his Recognizance £450 Sterling, Lieut. Walter Croker owes me £500 Sterling for which I have a Judgement in the Exchequer against his Body, Goods and Lands. The Earl of Roscomon owes me upon his Bond perfected

to Arthur Champion of Dublin Merchant £200 Sterling which in ready money I paid for him to my Cousin Birtwith Five Years Forbearance, my Servant Thomas Badnedge Esq: owes me £200 which I lent him in ready money Gratis, Mr. Robert Mead owes me for Ready Money I disbursed for him in England, for which Sir Piercy Smith his Son in Law stands Engaged £200 Sterling, Edmund Fitz Gerrald of Ballymalow owes me £100 Sterling which I lent him in ready Money in England and took up upon use for him in London and altho' these moneys or the greatest part of them were by me lent Gratis to be Called in when my Daughter Mary should be married and were by me laid aside for that Purpose from the rest of my Personal Estate and that they are all very good and separable Debts and would have been duly repaid me if this General Insurrection had not happened, to answer (R. Corke) my Payment to Charles Rich, Yet I charge my Executors not to defer ye Payment of my aforesaid Debt due to Charles Rich untill he hath got in those several sums but to make him the speediest satisfaction that with any conveniency may and afterwards to get in those debts to repay himself withall and all other my Moneys Goods and Chattels, Iron Works, Steel Works and Stocks not formerly hereby Bequeathed nor hereby or otherwise by me Given, Conveyed or Disposed of, I give and bequeath to my said Son and Heir Sir Richard Boyle Knt. Lord Daungarvan, Lord Viscount Kinalmeakie, whom I do hereby nominate, Constitute, Make and Ordain my Sole and only Executor of this my Last Will and Testament and I do also make and ordain Sir William Parsons Knt. and Bart. one of the Lords Chief Justices of this Kingdom, Sir William Fenton, Knt. Sir Garret Lowther, Knt. Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas and Joshua Boyle Esq: to be Overseers of the same, whom I do seriously entreat to bestow their faithfull Pains and Care in Endeavouring and Causing this my last Will and Testament to be realy and punctually observed and performed in all Points so as no differences nor Contentions may Grow and Arise betwixt my said Son and Heir and the rest of my younger Sons or amongst or betwixt any of them (which God forbid) but that without Suit or Misconstructions of my Plain and Honest Intent and true Meaning herein Expressed ALL Differences may be presently and Brotherlike ended composed and reconciled by my said Overseers according to my true Meaning and Intent, even as they desire to have their Own Wills accomplished after their Deaths, Moreover I do upon my Blessing Charge and Command not only my said Son and Heir but also all and every of my

three younger Sons, Roger Lord Baron of Broghill, Francis and Robert Boyle, and all my Daughters, to be most zealous and Constant in that undoubted true Protestant Religion now possessed and Established in the Churches of England and Ireland in which they have been by myself and their Worthy Religious deceased Mother season'd trained up and bred, and that they and Each of them breed up their Children in the same true Protestant Religion and that my said three Younger Sons be and Continue observant respective kind and Loving unto their Eldest Brother and that He will be helping Comfortable and assistant unto them and they Lodged and Entertained by and with him in his House in Dublin when their several Occasions draw them thither and he or his Heir be there Resident and that all his younger Brethren do hearken unto incline and follow all such good Council and Advices as he and my said Overseers or any of them from time to time shall give unto them. IN WITNESS thereof and that this is my last Will and Testament and that I do hereby revoke disannull and declare all former and other Wills and Testaments by me heretofore made to be Void and this only to take Effect and be in force according to the Words Sense and true Meaning herein I have here unto put my Hand and Seal this 24th Day of November Anno Domini 1642 and in the 18th Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord Charles by the Grace of God King of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., 1642, R. Corke. Being Present when the before named Richard Earl of Corke signed sealed, published and Declared this to be His last Will and Testament and did revoke, disannull and declare all former Wills and Testaments by him made or conceived to be utterly Void and of none Effect and this His last Will and Testament Consisting of Seven Skins of Parchment whereof every Skin is signed below with his own hand to be only in force We whose Names are Underwritten GEORGE CLOYNE, RICHARD DEANE, EDW. ADAMS, JOSHUA BOYLE, THOMAS LANGDALE.



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ERRATA

Page 69, line 10, *for* Mary Boyle *read* Elizabeth Boyle.

„ „ „ 22, *for* Elizabeth Boyle *read* Mary Boyle.

„ 141, „ 20, *for* Lady Barbara Villiers *read* Mrs. Anne Villiers.

„ 216, „ 7, *for* Lady Kildare *read* Mrs. Fitzgerald.



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